

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

# PHOTOPLAY

May 25c



BETTY COMPSON

IN THIS  
ISSUE

## WHO IS POLA NEGRI?



# IVORY *Pyralin*

*ASIDE* from its evident beauty and lasting usefulness, one of the most appreciated features of Pyralin toilet-ware is that all patterns are standard, always easy to match at the leading stores everywhere. Many graduation gifts will be complete sets of Pyralin, but a great number will be a few essential articles, which can be added to from time to time until all twenty-five pieces adorn the dressing table.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.  
Pyralin Department  
ARLINGTON, N. J.



*Each piece is plainly stamped with the name "Pyralin", your assurance of life-long service.*



*THE popular DuBarry pattern, in Ivory Pyralin, is illustrated. It is made also in Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin, with exquisite decorations in color, if desired. Or you may prefer the delightful LaBelle pattern—or the Plain pattern.*



## IS YOUR OWN SET COMPLETE?

HAIR BRUSH  
CLOTH BRUSH  
HAT BRUSH  
BONNET BRUSH  
MILITARY BRUSH

COMB . . . MIRROR  
NAIL POLISHER  
NAIL FILE  
CUTICLE KNIFE  
SHOE HOOK

SCISSORS  
SOAP BOX  
CREAM BOX  
PUFF BOX  
HAIR RECEIVER

SHOE HORN  
DRESSER TRAY  
PIN TRAY  
PICTURE FRAME  
JEWEL BOX

CLOCK  
PIN CUSHION  
PERFUME BOTTLE  
BUD VASE  
TALCUM STAND



# New models that are true musical instruments



Victrola No. 240, \$115  
Mahogany or walnut

Being musical instruments the first requirement is quality of musical performance and in these new models the design is determined by their *musical* requirements. These requirements have been learned through twenty-four years devoted solely to the talking-machine art.

See and hear these new Victrolas which, while new in design, have all the characteristic tone-quality which has made the Victrola pre-eminent.



Victrola No. 260, \$160  
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 280, \$200  
Mahogany or walnut  
Victrola No. 280, electric, \$265  
Mahogany



Victrola No. 330, \$350  
Victrola No. 330, electric, \$415  
Mahogany



Victrola No. 300, \$250  
Victrola No. 300, electric, \$315  
Mahogany, oak or walnut



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

# Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.  
**Victor Talking Machine Company**  
Camden, New Jersey



# Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?



## Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount's he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It's no good simply talking among yourselves when your

indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don't like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world's greatest entertainment all you have to do is act,—and remember that

*If it's a Paramount Picture  
it's the best show in town*

# Paramount Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLEN ZUKOR, President  
NEW YORK CITY



Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

## PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Listed in order of release

March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

"The Mistress of the World"  
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures  
Directed by Joe May  
with Mia May  
From the novel by Carl Fidor

Wallace Reid in  
"The World's Champion"  
Based on the play, "The Champion"  
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas  
Louden

Gloria Swanson in  
"Her Husband's Trademark"  
By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
"Fool's Paradise"  
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's  
story "The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in  
"The Heart Specialist"  
By Mary Morison  
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"  
By Sophie Kerr  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in  
"The Green Temptation"  
From the story, "The Moose"  
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in  
"Through a Glass Window"  
By Olga Printzlan  
A Realart Production

"Find the Woman"  
With Alma Rubens  
By Arthur Somers Roche  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"  
Adapted from the play by  
Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in  
"The Sleep Walker"  
By Aubrey Stauffer  
A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in  
"Bought and Paid For"  
A William DeMille Production  
Adapted from the play by  
George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in  
"The Crimson Challenge"  
By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in  
"The Truthful Liar"  
By Will Payne  
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production  
"The Spanish Jade,"  
with David Powell  
From the novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"  
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee,  
Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's  
"Beyond the Rocks,"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in  
"The Young Diana"  
By Marie Corelli  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in  
"Val of Paradise"  
By Vingie E. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

## In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's  
"Manslaughter"  
From the novel by  
Alice Duer Miller

George Melford's  
"Burning Sands"  
From the novel by Arthur Weigall  
A man's answer to  
Mrs. E. M. Hull's  
"The Sheik"





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 6

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# Who Is the Future Film Star?

SOMEWHERE in America there is a Girl who is destined to make a name for herself in motion pictures. In some city or town or hamlet in this country, she is dreaming her dreams, hoping for the opportunity to realize them. A way has been provided for her to test her talents; her picture possibilities. The chance that thousands of girls have been waiting for has come. It is The Screen Opportunity Contest, sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

A practical, sane, and fair opportunity for young American women to win success in the films. No promises of immediate stardom or magnificent salaries; simply a good chance to work for fame. Every girl who has longed to act before the camera, who feels she possesses film qualifications, should enter her photograph. If she has ability, she will have ample opportunity to prove it.

The world wants new screen faces. The screen must have them. PHOTOPLAY and Goldwyn Pictures are cooperating to find these faces and to photograph them. It is the most unusual and far-reaching enterprise the screen has seen.

Don't delay. Send in your photograph now.

If you are one of these girls, send in your own likeness to the New Faces Editor, in care of this Magazine. If you know one of them, secure her picture and send it in for her.

—

*Next month there will be  
the latest developments in  
the Screen Opportunity  
idea. Watch for them.*



# May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

## The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

## What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invita-

tions correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

## The Famous "Book of Etiquette" In Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the

second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it.

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

**NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,**  
Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only \$3.50 in full payment.

Name..... (Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

[Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



## How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl enclose her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?



# How Did They Do It?



**D**O you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

*They will prove invaluable to you*



# Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and the use of harmful cosmetics clog them even more, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

The use of harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. Creams very often clog the pores only more. Many lotions and tonics cause enlarged pores and make the skin dry and coarse. Massage helps temporarily, but it stretches the skin and eventually causes it to droop and wrinkle. The natural, scientific way to remove both the blemishes and the impurities *at once* is explained by the remarkable discovery.

## The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

## Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It is not a skin tonic or beauty lotion. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them *at once*. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the

facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

## Special Free Examination Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Complexion Clay is not on sale. It is sent to you direct, freshly made. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

## Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive

skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful new discovery.

statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful new discovery.

## Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works always. You won't have to wait for results, either. They are immediately evident.

Just mail the coupon—no money. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now, while you are thinking of it. Domino House, 269 South 9th St., Dept. 265, Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE Dept. 265  
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls send remittance right with this coupon.





*In her face—the charm  
he seeks to find*

## Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

**I**NSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl can have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use every night the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

**J**UST before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake

of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

### *A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Sq., London, E. C. 4.

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HERE is Madge Bellamy, for whom critics are predicting a bright future. She has given several performances of astounding beauty

Edwin Bower Hesser

*New Photos*





**A** GRACE of early Italy lingers about Alma Rubens. Actually a charming, modern young woman, artistically Alma possesses a poignancy too subtle to be exactly twentieth-century

Ira L. Hill





**G**IPSY O'BRIEN lives up to her unusual name. She has contributed portrayals of a depth seldom attained by seasoned stars. You've seen her opposite Lionel Barrymore

Satony





**WE** ARE worried about the Follies. What are they going to do if beautiful girls like Betty Francisco persist in pursuing celluloid careers? Betty is much in demand as a featurette

Edwin Rower Hesser





**YOU** never hear of a thrilling jewel robbery or a rescue from bandits in connection with Katherine MacDonald. The lady is content to rest upon her laurels as an American beauty

Edwin Bower Hewer





**A** LOVELY profile has governed the destinies of nations.  
Claire Windsor started in pictures "just for fun" but has  
found it a serious and highly remunerative profession

Edwin Bower Haver





**S**HE has grown up. Not so long ago, Edith Roberts was just a pretty little ingenue. Now, Cecil deMille has made her the dramatic heroine of his latest silk-lined problem plays

Seely





Actual photograph of fine silk lace stockings after 15 years of wear and the care that Ivory Soap Flakes gives. There is not a hole in toe, heel, lace or garter cap.

## *Silk Lace Stockings 15 Years Old!*

*Kept unbroken and lovely by the purity that is in Ivory Soap Flakes*

FIFTEEN years ago, in Paris, France, a Kentucky man purchased the pair of delicate, hand-embroidered silk lace stockings shown in the photograph, as a gift for his wife. During the years that followed she wore them occasionally, dipping them into Ivory Soap suds after each wearing, to rid them of the perspiration which always, though perhaps unnoticeably, clings to a stocking which has been worn, and which rots the silk if permitted to dry into it.

In the past year and a half the daughter of the original owner has worn these same stockings at least twenty times, continuing to wash them after each wearing. The only change in method was that the daughter made the washing suds with Ivory Flakes, which suds and cleanses almost instantly, instead of

going through the more tedious process of preparing the suds with cake Ivory Soap.

Mother and daughter both attribute the wonderful wear from these stockings to the fact that they never have been touched with anything but Ivory Soap. They never have been subjected to the chemicals in harsh soaps, which are as harmful as perspiration acids to silk fibre. They never have been rubbed—the rich Ivory suds remove dirt simply by dissolving it so that rinsing carries it away.

To rinse out a pair of silk stockings with Ivory Flakes takes just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl. It is as easy as washing your hands, and you will find there is nothing quite so satisfactory for giving you long wear from silk hose and other dainty finery too delicate for the family wash.

Send for Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

with instruction book on the care of delicate garments of silk, wool, and all fine fabrics. Address Section 45-E.P., Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Ask your dealer for

# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Snowlike Flakes of Genuine Ivory Soap*

**MAKES PRETTY CLOTHES LAST LONGER**





*The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine*

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXI

May, 1922

No. 6

## WHAT DO YOU WANT?

**Y**OU know what you want.  
Ask for it.  
Don't murmur. Shout!  
If there ever was a democratic institution it is the motion picture.

In a few short years it sprang up among the skyscraper industries of the world, because it appealed to the masses.

It was created by you. It will live by you. But it needs your attention.

Every motion picture producer is striving to please you.

What does the public want?—that is the constant query of the motion picture.

The boxoffice reports supply a fair gauge but it is not absolute. It merely states that a certain picture did a big business. But why? Was it because the theme was mother love, or because the players in it are popular, or because the director of it always pleases you?

The motion picture is not a luxury; it is a necessity. We realized this poignantly in war times. We must have recreation. The motion picture supplies it at a lower cost than any other form of entertainment. Furthermore, it is one in which all members of the family may participate.

Since it is a necessity it deserves your study.

You know the brand of coffee you like and you demand it. You know the newspapers that supply you with the kind of news you want, and you ask for them.

Accord the same interest to your entertainment.

If the exhibitor is charging you more than you can afford, more than you believe the entertainment justifies, kick!

If you would rather have the price lowered than to have the present prologue numbers of music, song and dance, tell the exhibitor.

He's not conducting a theater for his own amusement.

If you like certain stars, tell the exhibitor. If you dislike certain others, tell him that, too.

We believe the exhibitor should find a means of direct communication with patrons. Some of them have. But it is not easy.

A merchant knows what you want. When you examine a piece of goods you express your approval or disapproval and give your reasons. Why not do the same with the motion picture?

Don't leave the theater grumbling. Step up to the manager or an attendant and state your opinion. He won't be offended. He'll pass it on with emphasis to the man who sold him the picture. That man will tell the producer. Don't think for one moment that the motion picture industry can afford to ignore what you say. It is too directly dependent upon you.

Some exhibitors make reports to trade papers as to how a picture draws, how you liked it and what the virtues and weaknesses were.

We ask that you make similar reports to the editor of *Photoplay*.

From our two million readers throughout the world we now receive on the average of twenty-five thousand letters a month. We want more. We consider very carefully your opinions as to *Photoplay* magazine and we put into it the personalities and the information which you indicate you want.

If your theater manager does not supply you with what you want, tell us. We'll pass the tip on to the producer.

Start in today being your own critic of stars, stories, directors and producing companies. Learn to know them by their brand names. Learn to know what you want—and Ask For It.



# She Delivered the Goods

The first authoritative personality sketch of Pola Negri, the Polish Star, written in Berlin for Photoplay

By  
MAXIMILIAN VINDER

The reasons for Pola Negri's immediate American popularity were threefold: first of all she was new; secondly she appeared in a "vamp" part—a type of part which, having been rendered ridiculous by Theda Bara and subsequently abandoned, stood in real need of resuscitation; and, most important of all, she was not camera-wise. If she had to rave, she raved; if she had to laugh or cry, she laughed or cried.

**A**ND she didn't care whether the emotion made her look pretty or ugly. She delivered the goods.

The other established American screen favorites were beginning to sicken the public by their insistence on looking pretty at all times. Too many close ups, too many left profiles, too many soft focusings; it was all of the same school. The cameraman was prettifying the screen to death, and the stars liked him for it.


In "Passion" the photography was dull, the lighting was flat, there were few close ups of Negri. She, with her wide intelligent forehead and her big restless eyes, her unascetic mouth, dashed about from one scene to another, and

went through all sorts of emotional changes. But when the director said "Go to it!" she went to it like one doing an honest day's job for a day's pay.

There were times when she looked hideous; in "One Arabian Night" there were scenes when she was nearly ghastly. She overacted scandalously in "The Last Payment," but the audiences in the higher priced American movie houses had been so surfeited with underacting that they were ready for the Medusa of the Loud Pedal.

Actually, in "Passion" the best characterizations, exemplified by technique were those of the King and De Choiseul. They needed no tuition by the director; but Negri did. Naturally emotional, temperamental in every sense, she let herself go. From the viewpoint of absolute art her Du Barry was not wonderful. But it got the audiences in America all worked up, just as they get aroused by Al Jolson or Billy Sunday or anybody who puts his heart into his job.

**M**UCH has been written, still more talked of, concerning Negri's life before she became celebrated. Really the details are commonplace, with a record of hard work, struggle for recognition first of all as a dancer in Poland and Austria, until 1914 when, Poland getting to be the cockpit of Europe, ravaged with destruction equally by Slavs and Teu-



Pola Negri is a lavish hostess at her estate near Bromberg, Poland. Her hospitality admits of no class distinction. She is no adherent of artificial dignity, and is as democratic as in her days of climbing

**P**OLA NEGRI is a screen product, as are the great women of the screen. In that lies her astounding success, just as in that fact lies the success of Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. While it is true that both Miss Gish and Miss Pickford had some slight experience in the legitimate theater, they did little more than learn the alphabet of their art.

So with Pola Negri. Her dramatic experience prior to entering motion pictures was negligible. She was a dancer and a pantomimist, learning thereby the rudiments of gesticulation. Now, at the age of twenty-seven, she is a meteor flashing through the heavens, a product of the screen, and not a transplanted stage actress.

In Germany, many screen fans are still dazed and bewildered at the phenomenal reputation she has already acquired in America. For in German film-land she is not so esteemed as not to have competitors. Asta Nielsen and Henny Porten have quite as great a following as has Pola Negri. Much finer work in the subtler forms of acting has been done by Henny Porten. Pola Negri has one advantage over both Henny Porten and Asta Nielsen—she is better to look at.

Is this the reason for her American popularity? ask the Germans. Is it possible that mere looks are any criterion to histrionic excellence? they inquire.



tons, she fled to comfortable Berlin. She worked as an extra in the studios of the Ufa Company.

So little was she thought of that when Lubitsch made his first big picture, "The Oyster Princess" in 1917, the young Polish woman did not have even a small part. It was a comedy purporting to show the adventures of an American millionaire and his marriageable daughter; the story by Lubitsch, vulgar and coarse, and the stellar honors ('!) fell to Ossy O-wahla.

At this time there was a director named Stern who was beginning to direct pictures for the Ufa Company in Berlin. His pictures had to be cheaply made, and when economy is the order of the day, it conviction cannot be obtained by elaborate settings; it may be attained by casting to type.

**T**HE story that Stern was scheduled to direct was one of those gloomy things in which German art delights to gloat. A young married woman in high society is unfaithful to her middle-aged invalid husband, selecting his nephew as her lover. The husband discovers her treachery; and before he dies makes a new will, leaving her the castle and grounds and other appurtenances of wealth (which would otherwise pass to the nephew) upon two conditions: that she never remarry, and that she spend eight hours, alone, each day in a certain room.

She has no qualms about continuing her intrigue with the nephew of the defunct; but a revelation awaits her in the room where she has to remain the prescribed eight hours, for the walls are almost entirely covered by life-sized portraits of her husband with the eyes staring accusingly at her. Not unnaturally, she becomes a raving lunatic, which is the end of the story.

**A**S the sophisticated will see, this is the sort of part that can scarcely be overacted, with its scenes of passionate abandonment to her lover in the garden, its no less passionate denial of her husband's deathbed accusations, and the foamings at the mouth in the scenes of insanity.

Stern needed a woman just like Negri in looks for the part, saw her, found her salary was small, and made his picture. Later when Lubitsch saw the picture, and various well-known actresses had rejected, for one reason or other, the part of Du Barry in the film now known as "Passion," he selected Negri for the leading woman.

This was the beginning of four years of excellent team work in which both director and star increased their reputations. Such team work is not unknown in America also, those who saw the pictures of Mary Pickford directed by Marshal A. Neilan—Rebecca, Miss, Daddy Longlegs, and



Pola Negri is highly emotional in private life as well as on the screen. She never spares herself. Her restlessness probably accounts for the fact that although two or three years younger than Mary Pickford she seems so much older.

She doesn't care whether an emotion makes her pretty or ugly.

the others—will remember, sighing for the days that are no more.

Together, therefore, Lubitsch and Negri made their pictures—Carmen ("Gypsy Blood"), Samuray ("One Arabian Night"), and a host of others. The association was broken, temporarily, when Lubitsch left the Ufa last summer to make "The Love of Pharaoh." Their last picture, a woeful comedy of the Lolly Moran School, called the "Mountain Cat," written by Lubitsch, was badly received in Germany. Its appearance in America seems unlikely.

**W**HAT is much more interesting is to speculate on Lubitsch and Negri again joining their forces. Neither is so successful individually as when working with the other.

Having decided to take a rest last year, Pola Negri went back to Bromberg in Poland, near which city she had bought a chateau and estate. She and her husband had been divorced two years previously, and thus she is no longer the Gräfin Apollonia Dworkaska. Her taste in thus selecting Bromberg as a place of residence whilst her ex-husband was actually Military Commandant of that city was much questioned at the time. Negri's hospitality at the chateau was notorious, and she recognized no class distinction.

But, after all, her democratic tendencies in a country of aristocracy. (Continued on page 199)







BILL HART  
BY  
JAMIE MONTEGOMERY FLAGG

*Drawn from the life by Mr. Flagg especially for Photoplay Magazine.*



# "Bill Hart"

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**A**N extraordinary thing this personality business. Out of the hundreds—thousands rather—of actors in America a few that you can count on your right hand have burst the ropes that tied them to the pretty-goods of the legitimate to become the damwonderfuls of the screen. What these players have is as rare and as precious as radium. Maybe it is human radium. When they are found, nothing the world has is too good for them—everything is poured into their laps that the needful old world has to give to those that give to it—affection, praise, limousines, terrapin, pearls, vintages, purple and gold raiment, and palaces!

They are the chosen of the fickle old world—the old reprobate of a world—and a few of the few can stand it. Stand the furious glare of the world limelight, the terrific admiration and satuous idolatry and the riches. One of the few of the few is Bill Hart.

I had never met him, although I had corresponded with him. I wanted to paint him in his war clothes, as I have always admired him and what he stood for on the screen. What does he stand for? For the great West, young feller, for the one and only epic romance of America—the pioneer—the frontiersman, that's what! The strength, courage, resourcefulness, the chivalry, simplicity and the clean-heartedness of American manhood, if I must tell you—all! The laughing opposite to the pallid, nervous timorous time-serving insects of the East! And I say this, an Easterner.

**H**E came to my studio on his trip East—You no doubt detect a faint aroma of hero-worship in my sentences? Well, suppose you do! Haven't you ever done it yourself? He wore a cap. He carried one of his forty Stetsons and an old silk bandana—for me to draw him in—at my request. He is what you see him on the screen—only much bigger and taller than you would think. The screen tells almost everything but the age and height of the player. It is dumb on those scores. He is magnificently built, but two weeks of New York have strained his waistcoat and it will take another two weeks' hard riding on "The Faint"—(which is what he calls his little fourteen year old pail, his horse)—to get down to normal.

**H**E looks about forty-five, is an easy talker, modest and simply nuts about that paint pony! He said that when he gets back to his ranch he has to be darn careful to watch

his step, as the pony in his delight in seeing him is likely to "rare" up when Bill isn't watching and come down on him with his front legs. He has ripped his sleeve from shoulder to wrist in just such affectionate caressings. He told me dramatically how he and the pony nearly cashed in in a water hole in doing the "Toll-Gate" and about the night in "Branding Broadway."

He had a fight in the story with a number of waiters and he had to get a lot of new fighters for the scene. It doesn't do at all to fight with amateurs, as it is much more dangerous than with professionals, so Bill says. He had a talk with the fighter whom he was supposed to mix with first, and told him to pull his punches when he could, but that if he hurt him, Bill, never mind and on the other hand he wasn't to mind if Bill hurt him—BUT when Bill got to a good place he was going to knock him cold apparently and the pug was told to wait for the signal, "Go!" and then drop.

All the time that Bill was giving his instructions he was rather annoyed and curious at the man's peculiar furtive expression and at his silence, which came into his mind again when he had cleaned up the other waiters and had reached this last one. At the propitious moment in the mill Bill yelled "go" and swung on him.

The man to his surprise paid no attention but went at him harder than ever. It flashed through Bill's mind as he now fought in desperation to keep from taking the count that this was a plant and he saw the hand of an ex-partner of his who was a blood relation of some hydrophobia skunk—so sailing in like a demon he managed to get an opening and landed on the man's jaw.

Then in a cold fury he corralled the fighters and accused them of a plot to knock him out—one of them begged to be allowed to explain. It wasn't a plant, my God, no! Then what in Tucson was it? Why the feller was stone dead!

Bill has had his hands broken several times, and some few ribs, and several teeth loosened—but as I can't remember a picture of his in which there wasn't a fight I have come to the conclusion that somewhere in the dim past among his ancestors there must have been a strain of Irish!

Although I see the funny angle to lots of his pictures—the bad man being miraculously regenerated by one look into the blue eyes of a pure young girl—and I guess he does too—still I hope he goes on making the same kind of pictures because I and millions of others love them!

More power to Bill!

## Sonnet Impressions

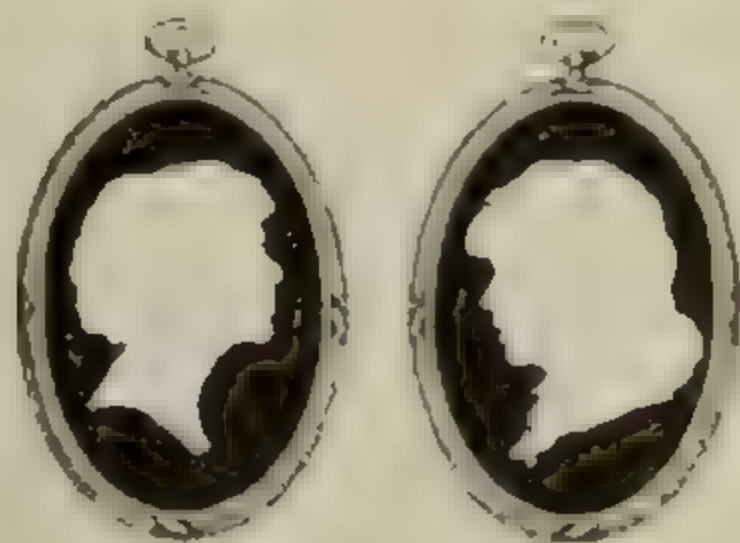
By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHIRLEY MASON

There is a boyish freedom in the way  
You laugh at life—there is an elfin thrill  
That clings about you, half-elusive, 'till  
Some grown-up comes to frighten you at play—  
For then you put your toys and games away,  
And act the lady, quite against your will,  
And say and do things you should, until  
One longs to see you young again, and gay!

When years have passed, when time has  
left its trace  
Of silver in the sunlight of your hair,  
When you sit, idle, in an easy chair,  
And smile into an unguessed future's face  
You'll keep, laid in some place that no one knows,  
A doll, a ribbon, and a faded rose.

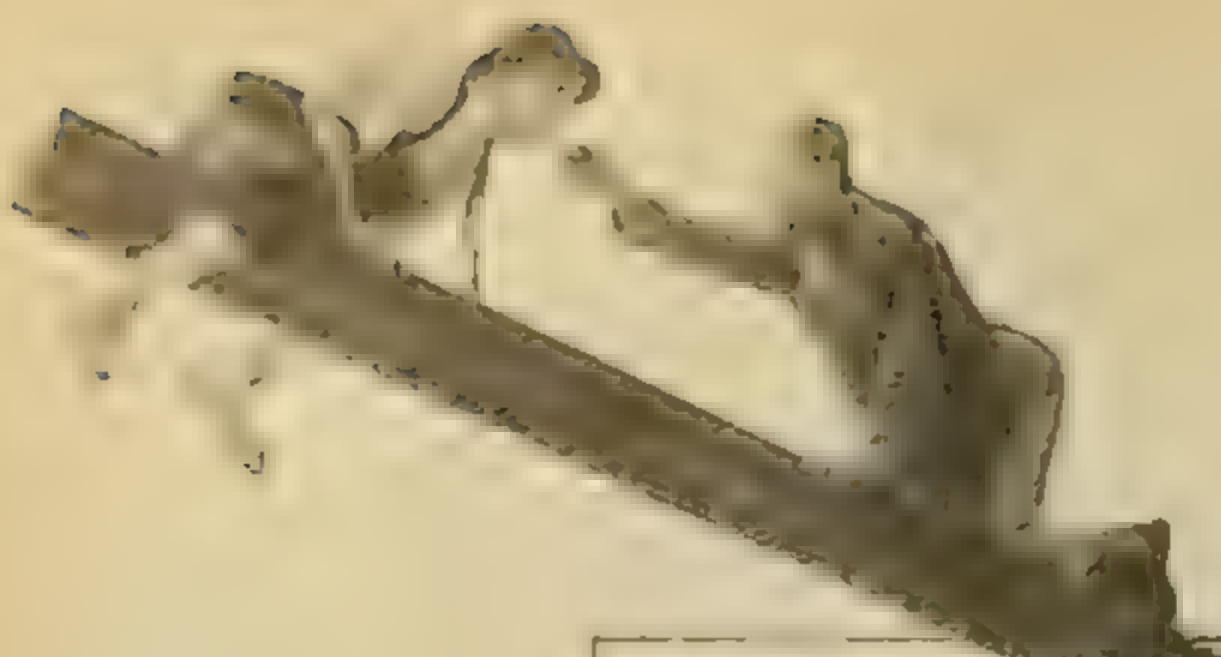


PAULINE STARKE

Your hands are slim and very pale,  
Your dark hair lies against your face,  
As if it loves its resting place  
And weariness is like a veil  
Across your eyes—Your form is frail  
And yet unbending—Winsome grace  
Fights with an urgent pride of race,  
That binds you like a coat of mail.

One always thinks of song, among  
When seeing you—of words unsaid,  
Of youth that never will be dead,  
Yet deathless, never will be young  
One wonders if your dreams are lies,  
Or shadow things, or butterflies!





Larry Semon is no John Barrymore, but he isn't kidding himself, and that's a great start



He may say he's crazy, but he isn't. If it's crazy to get \$100,000 a year to stop custard pies, bring on your bakeries

# It's No Laughing Matter

This business of making comedies

"YOU'VE got to be crazy to do it," says Larry Semon. I'll say you do!

A fat man stood on a platform about twenty feet high and dropped a large pail filled with very gooey, smeary, thick soap-suds on the unprotected and innocent head of another fat man below. The pail which had been previously broken and tied up with string, broke and the soapsuds Niagaraded all over the man's head and eyes and mouth and nose and ears and down his open shirt front, and seeped through his collar and trickled down his back.

Then they took a big towel and wiped him off and dried his hair and brushed it, so that it looked all nice and then—they did it all over again.

When they began to do it for the ninth time, I emitted what I suppose sounded like an exclamation of protest. It felt like one, so I suppose it sounded like one.

"What'd you mean, you got to be crazy to do it?" I asked. "Well," said Larry Semon. "Don't you?"

"Do you think anyone that's sane is going to stand up there and let you throw soap-suds on their head like that for two hours and enjoy it? Do you think anybody that can have a good time saying good morning to a custard pie or falling on their anatomy continuously all day and not mind it a bit, can get by an alienist?"

"No wonder most comedians are sad away from their work. They ought to be."

"A comedy is only as funny as its gags. The comic is of secondary importance. I have thirty-two members of my company in stock, including property men, technical men, cameramen, assistant directors and actors. I expect them not only to be ready to do any doggone thing I ask 'em to, but to eat, sleep, think and read gags. Now you can't do that and not go crazy."

"How can people spend their lives falling into ponds and pies and off tressles and girders, and chasing up and down hills, without getting a trifle different? Now, understand, I

don't think it's a thing in the world wrong to be a little crazy. I'd rather be crazy and successful and happy, than so darn sane, and a failure and miserable."

He got up, took a small, black leather book from the voluminous pockets of his short high pants. It was just an ordinary, commonplace little book—the kind of little black book that always makes all the trouble.

Larry Semon consulted this one earnestly and I was trying to determine whether he was planning to blow up the Vitagraph studio—when he said, "Now my script says that the next thing we do is in the theater, so let's go over to the theater set."

I TROTTED patiently by his side as we crossed the rough and rugged hills that divided us from the lot. Finally I gathered up courage enough to ask, "Is that your script in that little black book?"

"Sure," said the slapstick comedian. "I write it up every night, like a diary, with the next day's work."

Oddly enough Larry Semon comes of a good old Quaker family, too. New England.

But perhaps Larry Semon comes by his comical antics naturally, after all. New England, like Indiana, has been noted not only for poets and fiction factories. It has turned out a multitude of antis and pros. Most of these legitimate. Occasionally, though, there is a tendency to the freakish, the bizarre.

But not many like Larry Semon. If he's eccentric his brain cells are all there. He knows how to coin them into dollars. Every caper he cuts adds to the national exchequer. His income tax grows that fast.

This character he is establishing in his films, he originally drew when he was a famous cartoonist on the New York Sun.

He left there to act 'em instead of draw 'em—that's all. Like a nightmare come true.

And—well, you know what cartoonists are!



# Night Life in Paris

If there was none there before there was when Teddy Sampson breezed in.  
Garcon! Attencion! Toute suite!

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**A**ND I said to Lottie, "So this is Paris!"  
Teddy's voice came across the bank of orchids and roses and I left my dinner partner flat.

He was only a business man.

In the first place, we had waited dinner half an hour for Teddy.

It is one of her charms that you always wait dinner for Teddy—and sometimes she comes.

Then, just after we sat down and the butler served cocktails (don't break any commandments, they were only lobster) there was a burst of conversation at the outer door, a whirl of silk and perfume and fur, and Teddy stood in the doorway, regarding us with that pugnacious little glance of hers, like a cross baby boy.

"Say, listen," she said, holding her mole-skin tight about her and regarding the glitter of silver and glass and flowers, "before I swallow a bite of that food, I want to ask you fellows a question. What do I have to do for this dinner? It looks too grand to be moral."

She dropped her fur cape on the floor with a swift aside. "Only paid \$175 for that in Berlin," flung her smart turban upside down on the nearest serving table, and dropped into her chair.

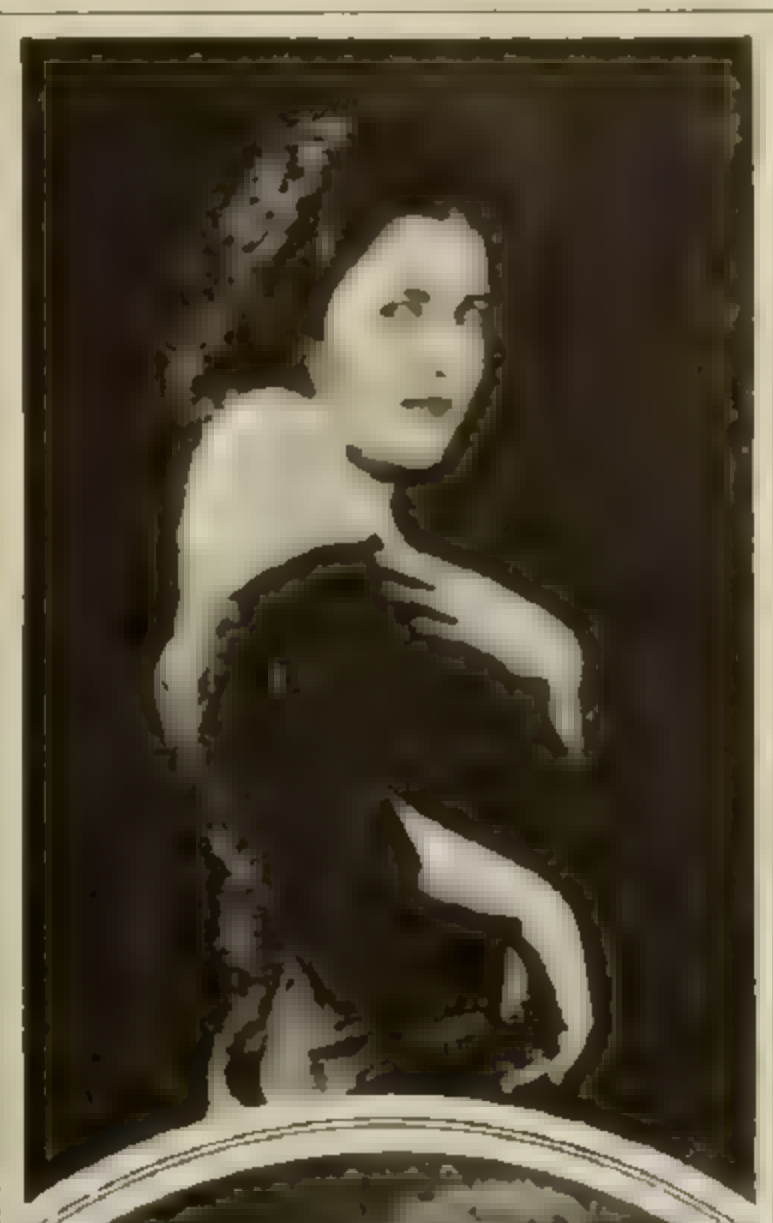
And grinned. Black, impish eyes, little white teeth between her carmined lips, wrinkled pug nose. Even her flying bobbed black hair. *Gamin*.

It was almost ten minutes later that I heard her remark about Paris, and I shamelessly listened in.

"When we got into the railroad station in Paris, a fellow in uniform rushes up to us and begins to deliver the President's message in Chinese. I understand French perfectly—I took six lessons before I went over—but this guy was talking against time or something. I said to Lottie, 'It's all right. Don't pay any attention to him, and he'll go away in a minute.' I was right. With a gesture of his good right arm, he cast us into outer darkness."

I don't see what need Teddy Sampson would have for French or any other language as long as they didn't tie her hands. If they did that, she couldn't talk English over a telephone. I don't know whether the Frenchman who wrote the delicious *gamin* story of "Ki-ki" for Lenore Ulrich ever saw Teddy or not. If he did, she ought to get a royalty.

Teddy went to Europe with the Fairbanks-Pickford party—to keep Lottie Pickford company and help Mother Pickford manage the expedition. It was her first visit.



Black, impish eyes; little teeth white between carmined lips; flying bobbed black hair—Teddy Sampson. In the circle: a scene from one of her first pictures, "Sympathy Sal"

"It'd be a great little place if it wasn't for the money," she went on. "But after all any country'd be better off without that. I bet the French nation could pay its war debt with the bills I got and I throw away because we thought they were telephone numbers we were through with. We couldn't read 'em, much less talk 'em. Guess that phrase about dirty money originated with some bird that had been to Paris for the first time."

"How did you like the climate?" asked her neighbor.

"Never saw any," said Teddy. "Did you ever ride in a French taxi? When I got back to New York I thought I was in a funeral procession every time I took a ride. Mother Pickford said to me, said she, 'Teddy, learn just one word of French. Learn to tell those war-eating chauffeurs to go slow.'"

"So I did. The next time we went out in a taxicab and the driver started to vol-plane, Ma Pickford yells 'Oh, Teddy, tell him. Tell him to go slow!'"

"And like a dumbbell I'd forgotten the combination. But I took a chance—after all, what in the world is the difference, you're only here for a little while anyway. I shrieked, 'Vite, vite, for the love of St. Patrick, vite!'"

"By the time I brought Mother to, we were in Versailles."

Teddy sipped her wine reflectively.

"We stayed in a grand old French hotel in Paris. If I told you the name of it in French, I'd probably get mixed up and insult you, so I won't. Lot and I had a royal suite."

"They must have built those old French hotels for convention purposes only. The drawing room we had would have held the French army. Lottie said to me, 'Teddy, if you don't stop trying to see the ceiling, you'll break your fool neck.' So I quit. I'm no Lillian Lorraine."

"Oh, the night life? Well—I saw enough of it to hold an intelligent conversation with the other nuts who have been to Paris. It's a great idea, but it's too expensive. Every time you throw a party in Paris it costs you a couple of years' income tax. D'ye know, I thought I looked French—I'm not, my real name is Nora Stitch and I'm proud of it—but I've always been told I looked French and I tell for it until I got my first peep at the checks they handed me in those Paris cafes. Then I knew they had my number."

*Concluded on page 109*

## Next Time, Jim


**J**IM KIRKWOOD is noted for being a good actor and an unfortunate investor. He probably owns more oil stocks than any star in the movies.

But the other night his title was seized by Julius Tannen, the famous monologist of the varieties.

Julius declared that he had invested in a proposition to plant rubber bands in Mexico and raise automobile tires.

"My Gawd," sighed Jim, "I wonder why they didn't let me in on that."





"She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one"

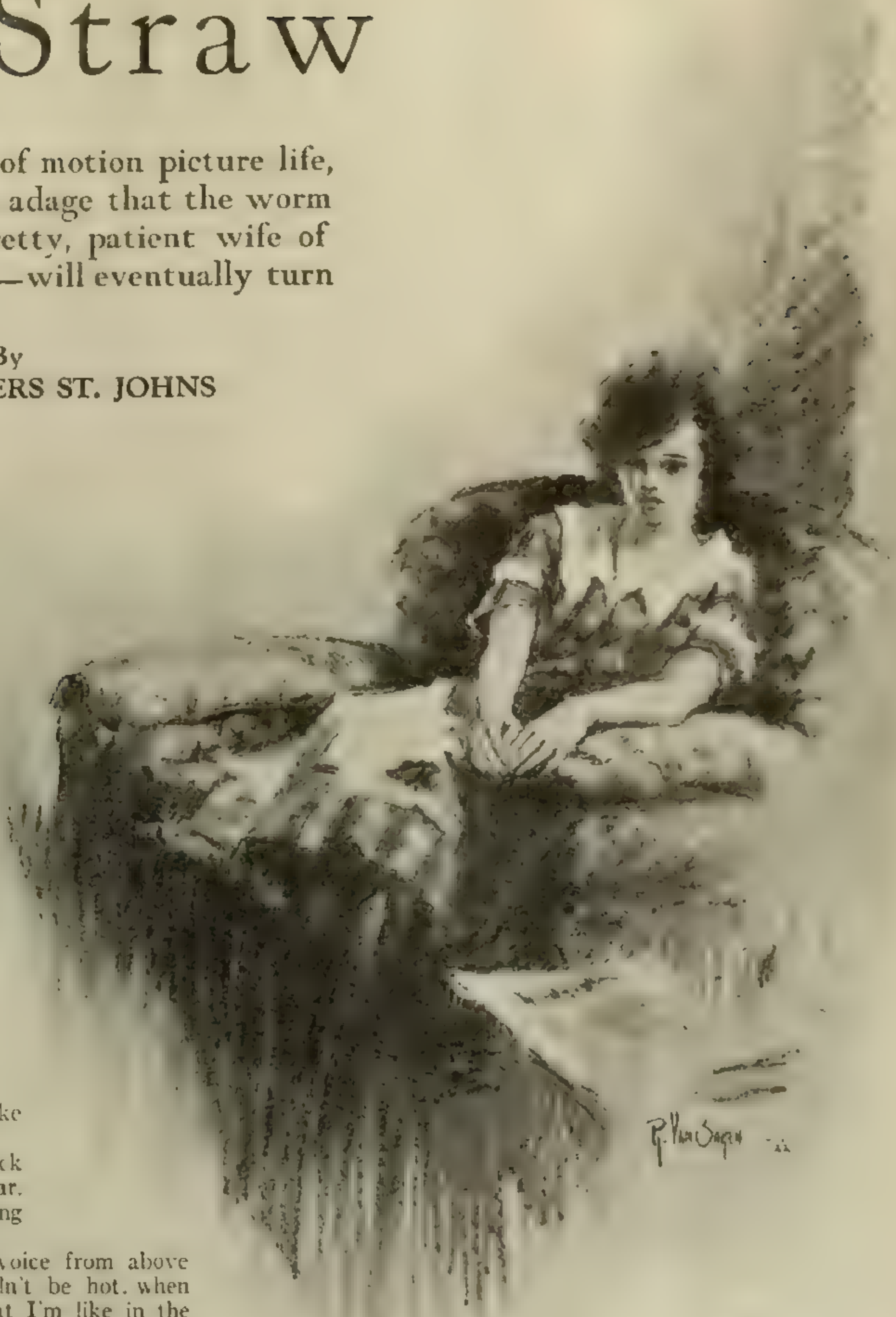


# The Last Straw

An entertaining tale of motion picture life, illustrating again the adage that the worm—in this case the pretty, patient wife of a pompous film star—will eventually turn

By  
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrated by  
R. Van Buren



"LUCY! Lu-ee-eee!"  
The ting-aling of a little bell. Then, "Luc-ee-eee?"

Lucy Beresford winced, swallowed a final bite of egg, grinned and flew to the stove, where she lighted the gas under the coffee pot.

Hugh simply couldn't bear coffee made in a percolator. In fact, he often declared that his old colored mammy used to say a coffee pot should be colored just like a meerschaum pipe.

Lucy went to the foot of the back stairs and called sweetly, "Yes dear. Coffee in just a minute. It's getting hot."

A moment's silence. Then the voice from above declared, "Too damn bad it couldn't be hot, when I wake up. You know, Lucy, what I'm like in the morning before I've had my coffee. And for goodness' sake, have the toast hot, too, and see if you can find a ripe melon."

Without waiting to hear the end, Lucy had returned swiftly to the stove and with tiny, deft hands made the toast, buttered it with sweet butter, and chose a melon from the basket on the back porch.

She was a pretty, trim little woman with big, dark serene eyes and a humorous mouth. In her morning dress of pink crepe with its white embroidered collar, she was a goodly sight for the eyes of any man to rest upon when he arose in the morning.

But Hugh Beresford failed of so much as a glance in her direction when she came in a moment later, bearing the tray with its steaming fragrant coffee, crisp toast and ice-filled, golden-hearted melon.

He was absorbed in his paper.

"Where's the Times?" he asked briefly.

"It's not come yet, dear." Lucy was arranging the tray on the little swinging table over the bed.

"For a quarter of an hour she sat there sputtering"

"It seems funny, Lucy, that you couldn't even tend to a little thing like my having the papers in the morning. Why don't you call up the silly office and tell them I must have my paper in the morning by eight? I shouldn't think that would be a great deal of trouble, when you haven't a thing to do all day long."

Lucy shut her lips tightly, then her usual cheerful smile spread over her face. "I did 'phone, dear. I'll try again to-day. They don't seem to pay much attention to me. Everyone around here complains of their delivery service."

The man threw down the paper in his hands and sat up in bed, his handsome brown eyes snapping. "Lucy, don't argue with me. Please don't. You know how I hate to be argued with in the morning, specially before I've had my coffee. Why will you do it?"



Mrs. Beresford ignored the remark and went quietly to the big walnut chest-of-drawers. With the efficiency of long practice, she began laying out clothes—socks, handkerchiefs, a colored one and a white one, a shirt in which she carefully placed all the buttons, a soft collar to match, a suit of pongee underwear. Opening the door of the big wardrobe closet, she took out a pair of tan and white sport shoes.

She glanced at the bed, where her husband was placidly consuming his melon and the paper at the same time. Then she hurried into the bathroom, laid his shaving things on the plate-glass table and ran his bath, testing it carefully with a thermometer cased in wood.

A bellow from the bedroom made her drop it and, with little beads of perspiration beginning to stand out on her forehead, she flew back to his side.

"My God, Lucy, this coffee is stone cold—absolutely stone cold. Isn't there some way—*some way*—that I could arrange to get my coffee hot in the morning? Heavens knows I don't ask for a great deal. You know I can't drink my coffee unless it's hot."

"Well, dear," said his wife, taking up the cup from his tray, "you took so much time to read your paper that—"

"Lucy! Let's not *argue* about it. Of course it's my fault that you give me cold coffee morning after morning. I admit that. But could you figure out some way to get me a hot cup of coffee without my listening to endless condemnation and explanation?"

MRS. BERESFORD ran down the narrow back stairs to the kitchen and with hands that trembled just a little, reheated the coffee. This time she carefully carried the pot to the head of the stairs and poured out a clean cup, but when she carried it in to him her former smile had completely vanished.

She waited until he had finished and she heard him leap out of bed. Silently she flew to test the bath water again, ran an added stream of hot and shook in a handful of scented bath salts. Dextrously, she sharpened a safety razor blade on the patent sharpener.

Then she went to her own room to wait.

Outside her window was a bush of climbing roses—yellow roses. A few blocks away over the tops of the trees, she could see the sun glinting on the glass roofs of the stages at the studio. She stood, one little foot tapping, until as usual her smile came back.

Gracious, what was the use of paying any attention to Hugh?

She heard him splashing. Then whistling as he shaved. He came back to his room. She waited, poised.

Nor did she have to wait long.

"Lucy! Lu-ce-eee!"

There were times when Lucy passionately wished that her mother had selected some name for her that did not lend itself so well to shouting—anything, Bridget, or Augusta, or Mehitabel.

"You haven't laid me out a tie."

"But, dearest boy, you said that you—"

"Lucy. I don't even know where my ties are. Please find me that knitted blue one with the henna stripes that I bought last week."

With the greatest care he finished brushing his hair—he



"There was a Lucy stood on

always brushed it ten minutes at night and ten minutes in the morning—adjusted his tie, settled his coat, gave himself a final survey in the mirror, and turned to his wife with a beaming smile.

"All right, sweetheart," he said. "Now, is the car ready?"

"Yes, dear, it's been at the door for twenty minutes."

He slipped his arm about her as they descended the broad front stairs, and Lucy, still holding herself tense for the last moment explosions, patted his cheek with her free hand.

"Will you be home to dinner, dear?" she asked.

"I can't tell yet, love." He paused to choose a flower from the little vase on the hall table that always held several flowers for his morning selection.

There was an instant of pregnant silence.

"I don't see a white carnation," he said evenly, ominously.

Lucy started. "Why, dear, the man didn't have a white carnation, and so—"

"YOU mean there wasn't a florist in town that had a white carnation?"

"Why yes, dear, I suppose they did. But my arms were full of bundles and it was so hot and quite a long walk to the next place. If I had the car for a little while each morning—"

"In other words, it was too much trouble for you to walk a few steps to do something that I had specifically asked you to do. As for the car, Lucy, I didn't think you'd bring that subject up again. You know how it distresses me to be kept waiting. I shouldn't be able to work all day, if I weren't sure James was there with the car in case I needed anything done."

"Yes, dear, of course."

He took a gardenia from the glass, adjusted it, and kissed her affectionately.

"Better prepare dinner, darling, in case I do come home. I'll



little patter on the stairs, and the landing, flushed but quiet"



have James let you know. I may go to the club. But be careful about your selection of food, Lucy. This hot weather, you know—something light and cool, but nourishing, something that will tempt my appetite and still give me the right strength. Don't forget the clothes to be pressed—both light suits. And darling, make out the checks for all the first of the month bills, and I'll sign them when I come home. Good-bye, sweetheart. Oh, yes, you might order those new books Tom McInnes spoke of. Don't forget. My lamb is such a forgetful little girl, though you'd think with so little on her mind and when she's been married eight long years, she'd learn how to think.

"Oh, yes, dear, be sure to have my two new dress shirts—the two I like, you know—clean, will you? I think we'll get to the dinner stuff in a day or two. Better do them yourself, sweetheart, since you haven't anything else to do, because I don't always like the way they're done when anyone else does them. And are my dinner clothes all ready to put on?

"By the way, midge perhaps you'd better come over to the studio this afternoon and look over the dressing room. I'm nearly out of powder and cream, and you know, darling, how it upsets me if I get in a mess. Good-bye, darling."

He chimed in. The motor started. Lucy held her breath. There was a wail from the tin-pan-alley no other word could describe it. She rushed down two steps.

"What is it, dear?" she cried.

She was not calmed by the sight of two heads—blonde and curly, and belonging to a couple of girls who worked at the studio and had crushes on Hugh—which appeared in the window across the street at that moment.

"My stick, Lucy. You almost let me go away without my stick."

Mrs. Beresford ran back into the house and brought out a polished brown stick with a curved handle which she handed him. Her temper was getting out of hand. Why *didn't* he go?

He contemplated the cane for a long moment. Then, slowly, "N-no, dearest, not this one. The gray one with the hammered silver handle. Quickly, Lucy, I'm getting late and you know how it upsets me if I'm late and have to rush with my make-up."

Lucy Beresford flew back into the house and—could not find the stick. She hunted, desperately now, through the downstairs closet, ran upstairs and searched frantically through every closet.

Her head was throbbing with confusion and her pretty face was drawn.

Hopelessly she decided to try the hall closet again. It *must* be there.

She started violently when she saw a figure in the front doorway. Hugh would be so—but it wasn't Hugh. It was the liveried chauffeur. He touched his cap. Mrs. Beresford nodded, gasping.

"Mr. Beresford says he's in a hurry, ma'am. But I think myself—that is, I'm sure he left that gray stick with the silver handle over to—that is, at Miss Sutton's last night, Mrs. Beresford."

Lucy set her teeth and marched to the car again, followed by the chauffeur.

"YOU'VE left your gray stick at Miss Sutton's," she said. "So you'll have to carry that one."

"All right, dear, if I did. That was careless of me. But why couldn't you have remembered it sooner, love?"

This time the car was really gone and Lucy Beresford—after a final glance through the window to see it actually disappearing—sat down in the cool, quiet drawing room and kicked off her high-heeled slippers. (Hugh simply couldn't bear to see her around in house shoes.)

He was gone!

For a quarter of an hour she sat there sporting—tragically, she began to laugh. (Continued on page 101)



# Will H. Hays—A Real Leader

A word portrait of the man selected  
to head the motion picture industry

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

**I**F I were asked to state the qualifications of the Hon. Will H. Hays for the general directorship of the motion picture industry I should answer in these words:

*He knows and loves America!*

Not lightly does a man of Hays' intelligence and ambition relinquish a position of honor in the cabinet of the president of the United States to enter a new and unfamiliar field. The governorship of his state and, in due course, a United States senatorship were clearly indicated in Hays' horoscope on the day he resigned the postmaster-generalship. And there are those in the corn-belt who even visualized him in the White House.

It has been said that money was the compelling motive for the change, but to any one who really knows Hays this is a contemptible slander. His reason for taking the job may be set down in exactly the same phrase that I have used to describe his qualifications:

*He knows and loves America!*

He not only knows the heart and mind of the nation but he is animated by a passionate desire to serve the people—the folks as he likes to call them.

Try your best to think of some man who is like Hays and you will give it up. Hays is different. He baffles classification. I have eaten with him, traveled with him, sat up all night with him and exchanged views with him on every subject, from the literary productions of Isaiah to the latest political rumpus in Raccoon Township, and I will say that I am unable to forecast with any certainty just what will be his views on a given matter.

This isn't because he is erratic or thinks queerly or loosely; it's because being original and not an imitation he has his own individual way of looking at things.

And God Almighty clearly intended that Hays should do a good deal of looking at important things, for He gave him about the clearest, seeingest pair of brown eyes that were planted in a human head.

To any foolish persons who may feel disposed to dissimulate, equivocate or lie to Will H. Hays I utter this solemn

warning: *Don't do it!* Hays' ears are large roomy ears, constructed for service rather than beauty. Bill hears everything. He will listen to a fool up to a certain point. When this point is reached the fool will be aware of it.

He hates with the greatest cordiality liars and side-steppers. This may have an odd sound when you remember that the

man's training was in politics, a game in which a highly specialized talent for lying is popularly believed to be essential to success.

Hays' political activity began in his native town of Sullivan, Indiana, when he was twenty-one, and for the succeeding twenty-two years he continued his apprenticeship until he became the Republican National Chairman, conducted the Harding campaign, and was rewarded for his brilliant services with the cabinet seat he relinquished to become the Supreme High Potentate of the motion picture world.

He always played politics straight. He believed and proved by many experiments that clean politics will win. Nobody ever "got" anything on Hays because there wasn't anything to get!

When Hays walks quietly into a roomful of people you know at once that somebody has arrived. He's a dynamic person; tremendously vital, all alive. When you've shaken hands with him and met the gaze of his friendly brown eyes you feel that you've known Hays a long time. Through

no conscious effort on his part you get the impression that for years he's been hankering to meet you and that the meeting is an event in his life.

Alone on a desert island Hays would die; he's simply got to be where there's folks! But if he found a savage on that island Hays would make a friend of him; if he discovered two savages he would tame and organize them and put 'em to work.

People who are easily fatigued will do well to avoid Bill Hays. Laziness and slipshod work are painful to him. His own method is to work till he's tired and then begin all over again. I have seen him dictating letters while he listened at the telephone. I have gone motoring with him when he read his mail and talked cheerfully for miles at a stretch. Sleeper-



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

When Hays walks quietly into a roomful of people you know  
at once that somebody has arrived



jumps have no terror for him and if he misses a couple of meals in a day it doesn't worry him a particle. He doesn't have to feed or rest his enthusiasm; it's always keyed to the highest pitch.

**I** ONCE asked him to lunch to meet a man twenty years his senior—a dignified white haired gentleman I knew very well myself but never thought of addressing by his first name. Within fifteen minutes Hays, in the most natural and casual fashion and without a hint of familiarity, was calling him Louis! And this wasn't just a political trick for establishing an intimacy with a man likely to be of use to him: it was the spontaneous expression of Hays' big, friendly heart. He liked that man and he wasn't afraid or ashamed to let him know it. And you may be sure he made a friend of that man.

Hays is a graduate of Wabash college at Crawfordsville, Indiana, where General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." If given his choice he would prefer to live right on at Sullivan with the rest of its three thousand population, practice law and go on Sunday to the Presbyterian Church, of which he's an elder, with his wife and boy, and otherwise live the quiet country town life.

But fate has played all kinds of tricks with Hays. Some bigger job has always been looking for him. Hays *likes* hard jobs—things that resist and fight back and require all the ginger that's packed into his slim body—which is some ginger!

But the doubting ones are asking, what does Mr. Hays of Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, know about the pictorial drama? This is a foolish question. Of course he knew nothing about pictures the day he took the job, but the skeptical may rest assured that before Hays is many moons older he's going to know all there is to know about the business. The past proves the future.

That's Bill's way. He's a regular human sponge for soaking up facts. He wants to be shown; he's simply got to know! He has the healthy curiosity about all things of a boy who attacks an alarm clock with a hammer to see how the darned thing works. Only Hays can take the wheels out and oil 'em up and put the machine together again. Whatever he organizes is organized. During the war he made the Indiana State Council of Defense known all over the country for the scope and effectiveness of its work. In politics, he built fences so tight a gnat couldn't squeeze through.

In 1920 he perfected a national organization that was the best the Republican party had ever known. There were difficulties and perplexities innumerable. Discordant elements had to be brought into line. Hays was a marvelous peace-maker; his appeals for harmony were irresistible. He got men together who hadn't spoken since the Progressive kick-up,

and made them sing the doxology out of the same hymn book.

Hays has always puzzled the prophets and baffled the mind-readers. It has been said that he was going into the picture business to use the screen for political propaganda. Or that he was to become merely a high-priced lobbyist to assist motion picture interests in defeating censorship legislation. This, of course, is all sheer rot.

Hays isn't a fool. He views life in long broad vistas. He considers this world a pretty grand old place and it's a habit with him to think the best of his fellow man. He's that rarest of birds, a practical idealist.

And there's no bank in Hays, no pharisaism, no hypocrisy. He will talk religion if you open the way, and will express his views in the same tone in which he discusses politics or any other subject about which he has definite views. No simpering; no sniffing or evasion.

Hays has gone into motion pictures wholeheartedly and enthusiastically to give the industry the benefit of his organizing and executive genius. He will strike snags. There will be criticism; perhaps in some quarters weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But you can bank on this: Hays is on the job with a definite idea of what needs to be done and how he's going to do it. It's not his way to shoot with his eyes shut.

Knowing America as he does he has a vision of the throngs that daily view the comedy and tragedy of life in picture theaters, seeing them as one vast assemblage; and it seems to him a pretty fine thing to serve these people to be as a Master Magician waving his wand to win them to laughter and tears. He sees in motion pictures the greatest of all mediums for increasing the enlightenment and promoting the happiness of the millions.

Hays believes the enormous possibilities of the screen to entertain, instruct and

inspire have been only partially realized, and that in the task of developing and advancing the newest of the great arts lies an opportunity worthy of his best endeavors.

Hays' manner and words inspire confidence everywhere. Even the skeptics who have to be shown with a microscope, are soon converted into loyal adherents and ardent boosters.

Anyone who has watched the man in action knows that he knows. They see the loose threads of organization tightening, the broken ones replaced, the whole fabric taking on a new form. Hays weaves with the certainty of knowledge, and with equal facility he can use the materials at hand, or improvise others.

With business in all lines a little dull, with industrial leaders eager for new ideas, with the nation going through a period of cautious readjustment the leaders of the most astounding amusement enterprise in the history of the world, have welcomed this forceful, compelling personality to their ranks.



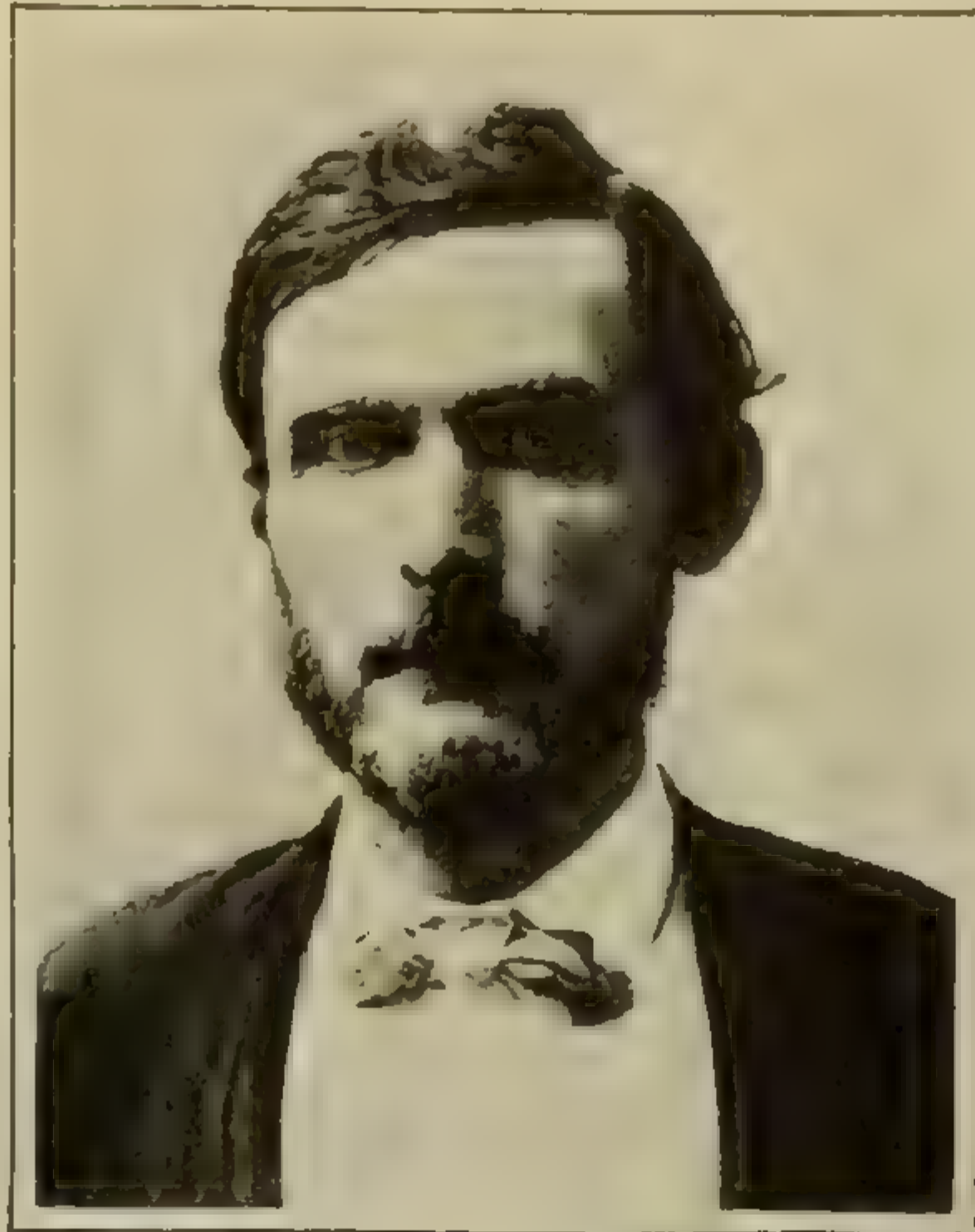
Cartoonist Cesare's idea of Hays going into the motion picture business



# The Romantic History

## A Human Story of Amazing Interest

Woodville Latham, scientist and scholar, had set out to make a machine to put the motion picture on the screen in behalf of his sons Otway and Gray Latham, who had become interested in the exhibition of the Edison kinetoscope at peep show arcades



This is the second instalment of the amazing history of the films—the first history. The mechanical progress of the screen has been followed before, but this is the first story to describe the fascinating evolution of the art, involving its great men and its most interesting movements. The romantic aspect of the industry has never before been considered. There has never, in the world's history, been an art or an industry which has such a wealth of romance connected with its development. The outstanding figures have been giants. Many who helped to make the films the great industry they are have been forgotten. But with a mighty force its celluloids have rolled on and on, until today it is far more powerful than those who conceived it and helped to develop it. This, then, is its history; its colorful biography, woven and interwoven with the stories of its makers.



Known as the Beau Brummel of the prize ring in the days of 1894-5, Mike Leonard fought the remarkable six round fight that the Latham brothers presented in a series of six peep show machines

### CHAPTER II

**T**HAT August day in 1894 when Woodville Latham walked out of the peep show exhibition at 83 Nassau street, he was very sure he could soon put the motion picture on the screen.

The dignified old chemist was impressed with the interest of the crowds that lined the street, waiting to peer in at the Leonard Cushing fight pictures in the little Edison kinetoscopes, presenting the show that his sons, Otway and Gray Latham, were conducting.

At well near the same time in not less than three other places, widely separated from each other, other men saw the same opportunity and were about to go to work on the same problem. Within a few months all of them were to reach some degree of success.

Commercial opportunity was the tool of destiny, as always. Any of these men would have ultimately given the world the motion picture projection machine of today. In the first period of picture development we found many minds independently working: Muybridge, Levison, Marey, Anschutz, LePrince, and Edison. The motion picture was inevitable. So now the screen, too, was inevitable.



Otway

Gray

But never again in the motion picture field was another success to be so independent, isolated and clean cut as Edison's kinetoscope. Each successive step since has brought more and more minds to bear on the problems of the picture. This increasing ratio is evident in the history of projection machines which give us screen pictures.

It is natural at this point to raise the question as to why Edison seems to have paused after capturing the secret of the motion picture and locking it up in the kinetoscope box where one might peek at it.

Now that this had been done there were many anxious to see it put on the screen so that whole audiences might see it at once—and pay an admission for the pleasure. It was relatively a small thing to do, after the basic work of Edison in recording the picture on the film.

**W**HAT did not Edison go forward with the next step and build the projection machine?

The astounding answer is that he did not think it worth while.

He had other things to do that were more interesting to him.

It is true that Edison had done some casual experimenting with projection and had in his work with Dickson got a flickering promise of a picture by projection. The screen was

In London, Paris, Washington and New York inventors were trying to wed the films to the magic lantern



# of the Motion Picture

By TERRY RAMSAYE

limited to five feet square and the results were unsteady and unpromising. These experiments were abandoned. That they did not represent true projection is evidenced both by expressions of Mr. Edison at the time and by later experimental efforts of W. K. L. Dickson, his laboratory assistant.

There is a bit of tragic humor in the fact that if at that time they had taken the shutter off the Edison camera, used for making kineoscope pictures, and put a light inside of it they would have had the modern projection machine in all essentials.

With the completion of the kineoscope, Edison paused. The next step, the step to the screen, so little to take and so great in its result, was left to others. It was as though Edison had exposed the ore of a gold mine and left it for any one who came along to dig.

**A**MONG others early to acquire kineoscopes along with the Lathams, were the two Greek speculators who had seen the machine at the World's Fair. They hastened away to London with it and sought the services of Robert W. Paul, a mechanic famed for his skill. Paul had his workshop at the top of a three story brick structure, at 44 Haddon Garden, in the midst of a busy district of minor manufactures. There they took the kineoscope and asked Paul to make them many duplicates of it. They saw money.

Being a person of principle and caution Paul made inquiries, and found that the Edison machine and its wonder of living pictures had not been patented in the United Kingdom. This obviously left him legally free to execute the orders of his clients. So the duplicate kineoscopes were made. The enterprising Greeks went out to startle Europe with their pictures. Meanwhile Mr. Paul proceeded to make many more of these machines on his own account and disposed of them to a swiftly growing trade.

Birt Acres, another Englishman with photographic and pictorial interests, had a notion that brought him to Paul with an order. This man had evolved an idea for putting the pictures on the screen, and he thought that the capable Paul could help.

Meanwhile over on the Continent in France at the establishment of Louis Lumiere, the kineoscope bearing Edison's idea had planted the same inspiration. Lumiere was then, as now, one of the world's most able makers of photographic materials. He was interested in wedding the kineoscope to the magic lantern.

At about the same time in Washington, D. C., Charles Francis Jenkins, a young stenographer in the coast guard service division of the Treasury Department, was tinkering

Carmencita, famous in her days of the early 90's, as a Spanish dancer and music hall favorite. She appeared at Koster & Bial's music hall in 23rd Street near Sixth avenue, in New York, a theater identified with the start of motion pictures



It was at this location, Number 35 Frankfort Street, New York City—now a vacant lot—that Woodville Latham built his first projector. Here, in April, 1895, he gave an exhibition of his device, called the "Pantoptikon"

with photographic experiments and developing a growing interest in the kineoscope. An acquaintance, E. F. Murphy, who was conducting exhibitions of the kineoscope and the phonograph, supplied Jenkins with bits of Edison film from the machines. Jenkins' first efforts

were toward the building of a machine that would do as much as the kineoscope would. Late in 1894 he achieved a sort of kineoscope and called it the "Phantoscope." In it he showed Edison films. He, too, was taken with the idea of putting these pictures on the screen.

**A**N interesting bit of coincidence arrived to complicate the workings of motion picture destiny.

Jenkins' technical interests took him to the Bliss School of Electricity in Washington. There he confided his motion picture aspirations.

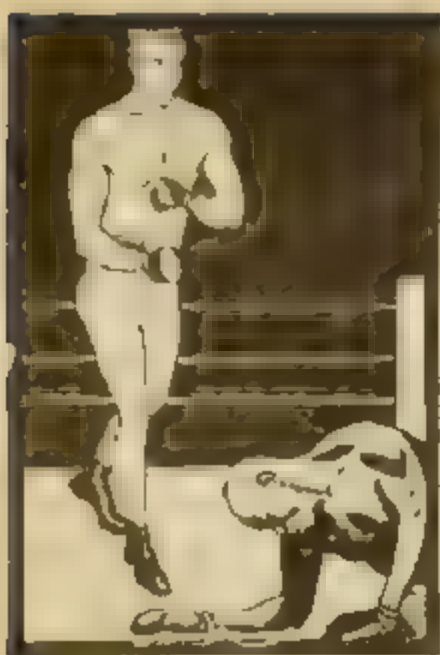
"There is another young man here working on the same thing," the instructor remarked, and proceeded to introduce Jenkins to Thomas Armat. It will be remembered that Armat had seen the Anschutz tachyscope pictures of a lumbering elephant at the World's Fair. Out of this introduction grew a brief but eventful partnership. Jenkins and Armat joined forces in their effort to produce a device to put motion pictures on the screen.

So the pioneering of the screen was left to the endeavors of a Virginia professor who wanted to leave a fortune to his sons, to a British mechanic serving a customer, to a French photographer,



All of the experiments toward the projection machine started with films from the Edison peep show device





## Edison's studio put James Corbett into a knock-out film feature that was nearly fifty feet long

and to a couple of young electrical students in Washington.

It was a race in which no contestant knew of the other. Small wonder that the honors of that achievement have remained in casual dispute until today.

that some of them have been mis-awarded, and that even yet each nation points with pride to its own laurel crowned inventor of the motion picture.

It is a caprice of fate that among these the only men who were not to come in for some share of the honors were the man who first put the picture on the screen for the public, and the man who was the first to build a truly effective projection machine.

The most dramatic interest of the period centers about the efforts of the Lathams, now for twenty-seven years in the past, and for a decade forgotten and unmentioned in the world of the motion picture art. A remarkable web of consequence grew out of their work. A train of events was set in motion that continues today. In a direct line of heritage are some of the most remarkable of the developments that we may expect in the motion pictures of tomorrow.

While Woodville Latham, in his patient scientific way, was thinking over the problem of picture projection, his impatient and impulsive son Otway was taking other steps of his own that the expediency of the moment seemed to suggest.

When the special kinetoscopes to carry the Latham pictures of the Leonard-Cushing fight were built at the Edison plant at West Orange, Otway spent a great deal of his time watching the work. It seems that the young man was at some pains to build up a warm friendship with W. K. L. Dickson, who continued the chief of things photographic around the Edison establishment. Otway Latham, as events were later to bear witness, had a notion that Dickson might be of value to him.

**T**HE blithe young Southerner made a less interested friendship with William E. Gilmore, then general manager of the Edison enterprises at West Orange. Gilmore, big of stature and with a dominating personality, had been called to West Orange from a post with the Edison General Electric works at Schenectady, N. Y. He was due at West Orange on April 1, 1894. He reported promptly at his new desk at 8 o'clock on the morning of April 2.

"I wasn't going to start anything on April Fool Day," he explained.

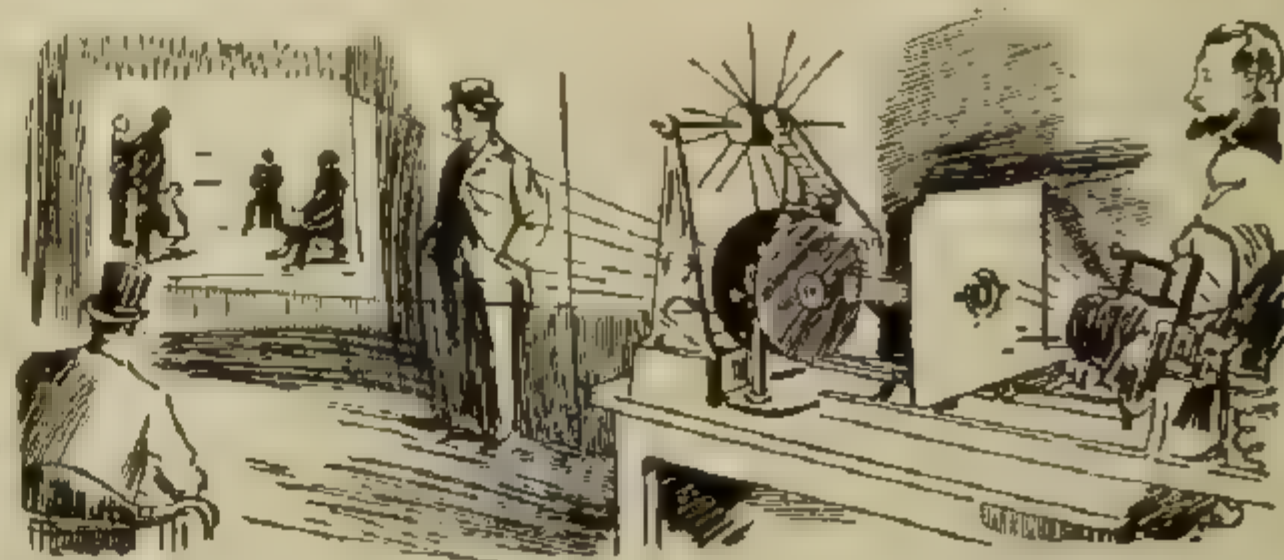
It may be set down here that this was probably the first and last evidence of anything akin to superstition in all the brass-tacks career of William E. Gilmore.

Gilmore's first official act has not been

recorded, but it is a safe assumption that he brought down a hard fist on a surprised desk and demanded action.

There was neither superstition nor sentiment in the new order of things at West Orange under Gilmore. He found

that Edison, between his good nature and his concentration on scientific affairs, had allowed many to impose upon him. Meanwhile the Edison interests had been increasing in magnitude and complexity. There were problems of financing and administration. It is not that Edison might not have been able to cope with these problems, but rather that his stronger interests were elsewhere. Among other elements of the situation was a maze of patent litigations. It seems to have been painfully true that every important patented development from the Edison laboratories was sure to result in a flock of competing claims, seldom in good faith and not a few of them downright frauds conceived in criminal cleverness. The con-



The Latham Brothers first used the enlarged kinetoscope to throw pictures on a screen. This has caused controversy to this day, Edison declaring the apparatus was essentially his invention



This is Woodville Latham's projection machine. The picture is of the third which he manufactured at 101 Beekman Street

spicuous successes of Edison made him an object of continuous attack

"Damn the patents, give me the goods with your name on it and we will do business." Gilmore's advice was as sharp cut as his judgments.

It is no testimonial to the court made justice, that the thousands upon thousands expended by Edison in defensive litigation probably never saved him a penny or gave him a nickel's worth of protection as measured by ultimate results.

**G**ILMORE started some house cleaning and some merchandising. He was disposed to be friendly toward Otway Latham, on two counts. Latham was a customer, also he was an entertaining and cordial young man. He breathed of the spirit of Broadway and the gaiety of the period. He was a contact for Gilmore, with this amusement world, in which it seemed probable that this kinetoscope was likely to figure. He was interesting to Gilmore.

It was also to be noted that Otway Latham was being rather friendly toward Dickson.

Meanwhile the Edison kinetoscope business was growing as Raff & Gammon gained new clients and sold more and more territorial rights. The little revolving photographic building, the famous "Black Maria," was busy with its first year of production, making motion pictures for the peep shows. Minor celebrities of the stage and the heroes of the prize ring were the actors.

The success of the Lathams with their Leonard-Cushing



Naturally the first girl pictured was a "vamp" but in those days they called her "a music hall favorite"



## Latham's first screen showing started a controversy in letters to the papers that continues today



picture indicated the drawing power of fight pictures and a number of them were made. James J. Corbett, the mighty champion of the day, was employed to star in a massive production of fifty feet of motion pictures.

A husky dandy from Newark was cast as the champion's opponent. The black boxer was locally famous and highly self-esteemed.

Only a few days before the making of the picture, Corbett scored one of his most sensational ring victories by an astonishing knockout.

A sudden realization that he was face to face with something sudden and drastic came over the dandy as he squared off before the camera.

Corbett made a single pass.

The Black Terror of Newark went down in a heap. He had not been touched.

**T**HEN the picture had to be started all over again.

This picture, a precedent in early producing policy, was merely an effort to utilize for the motion picture the ready made fame of the renowned in other fields. Not a year passes without many, more or less ineffectual, attempts of the kind. Borrowing fame, however, has never been a complete success.

There was, incidentally, quite another reason for the popularity of the prize fight as an early motion picture subject. This lay within the limitations of the first cameras. The picture taking machine was not the facile portable instrument of today. It was a vast bulky device of about the dimensions of a large dog house. It was heavy. It had a rather fixed viewpoint. It could not be swung to cover panoramas and it could not be tilted up and down to follow moving centers of interest. It had about the same pictorial availability as a knot-hole in a ballfield fence.

The ropes of the prize ring automatically limited the radius of action. It was simple to set the ponderous camera to cover the ring. The cameraman could then grind away, secure in the certainty that the picture was not getting away from him, unless indeed the combatants jumped the ropes and ran away.

For the same photographic reasons dance acts were especially available for the camera of the period, the kinetograph, as Edison called his picture taking machine. Also New York was as dance mad then as since. But in this period the performance of the sexy, jigging jazz was left to professionals on stage, to be enjoyed vicariously from the comfort of music hall seats. The World's Fair at Chicago had brought to our hospitable shores some of the best work of the justly famous "Ouled Nail" dancing girls of the North African coast. Both more and less polite versions were being presented for years after at New York shows.

To Koster & Bial's Music Hall at the northwest corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street came Carmencita, a dancer after the Spanish manner, and a sensation of national

scope in those days of 1895-6. A half square away in Twenty third street at the Eden Musee a damsel of lithesome grace known as Otero was presented in ardent rivalry. Self-appointed committees of the sportive gentry of old New York, in their long tailed coats and silk hats, spent a deal of time comparing the merits of the dancers, and to this day it is impossible to get a real decision on their relative merits.

But this vast interest did result in one milestone for our history of the motion picture. Carmencita was drafted for the films. She went to West Orange and performed before the kinetograph. So far as can be ascertained by careful search, Carmencita was the first woman to be pictured in the films: certainly she was first to be photographed for public presentation. The verb *to vamp* was then uncoined, but the art itself was well established.

Otway Latham and Dickson took motion picture a great deal in this period. Young Latham was afire with the possibilities of profit which seemed to be promised by showing pictures on a screen. The line of standing patrons, at 83 Nassau street, waiting to drop their coins and peek into the kinetoscopes annoyed him with the tediousness of the process. He wanted the screen so that they could all see the pictures at once. The profits would come quicker that way and one machine and one film would do the work.



Carmencita, the clever "vamp" of her day—the term had not yet been coined—was very likely the first woman to appear in motion pictures. She created a sensation

**D**ICKSON encouraged Latham's hope for the possibility of the picture on the screen. What all their conversations may have covered will have to be left to assumptions based on subsequent action. There remains, however, in various sorts of records, evidence that Dickson was not entirely satisfied at the Edison establishment. Otway Latham once testified in court that Dickson had let it be understood that he, rather than Edison, had really invented the kinetoscope. If so, it is not remarkable. Other laboratory assistants have had similar ideas.

There can, however, be little doubt that Dickson saw farther than Edison into the commercial future of the films. He was restive and anxious to push the business ahead.

An examination of old Edison accounting records indicates that in this period Dickson was paid thirty dollars a week for his laboratory services, a rather sizeable salary for 1888-89. Others have said that Dickson was paid considerable sums by Edison as bonuses. This is not verified by inquiry addressed to the best authority.

Late in 1894, at just about the time that the other experimenters in London, Washington, and Paris were starting Woodville Latham's study of the problem of pro- (Continued on page 95)



It was on Broadway, the world's greatest show street, that the public first came to see "living pictures"



# Alas, Poor Hamlet

As some producers would do it

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



Ophelia climbs out of the tub in a rage

CECIL B. DE MILLE

presents

"UNDER THE BED"

BY

JEANIE MACPHERSON

(Suggested by Shakespeare's story)

CAST

J. Hamlet Frothingham.....WALLACE REID  
Ophelia, his wife .....GLORIA SWANSON

SUPPORTING CAST

Charles S. Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Nazimova,  
Ben Turpin, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Har-  
old Lloyd, Theodore Roberts, Jackie Coogan, etc.

Settings designed by

Eureka Plumbing and Bathroom Fixtures Co.

Mr. de Mille's megaphone by Tiffany

## The Story

**H**AMLET is a wealthy young New Yorker of the better sort, who lives in the residential district. His house (which he shares with his wife, among others) is full of trap-doors and bath-rooms. (Shot of Hamlet pressing button, which causes wall to slide away, revealing Ophelia in a tub full of opaque water. Close-up of Ophelia's right knee.)

Hamlet lectures Ophelia, telling her that she must stop going around with her father-in-law--his step-father. Ophelia pettishly tells him not to be so damned mid-Victorian. Hamlet, in a rage, extracts a telephone from a basket of fruit, and hurls it through a Louis XIV pier glass. (For cost of pier glass, see program.) Hamlet then

presses another button, and a Rolls Royce rolls into the drawing-room. Ophelia climbs out of the tub in a rage. (Close-up of the rage.)

The next scene is in the gentleman's room of a gigantic cabaret. Hamlet stalks in disconsolately, and produces a gem-studded pocket flask, from which he takes a sip. He immediately becomes uproariously intoxicated, and reels into the main salon, where an orgy is under way. Everyone wears paper caps and throws confetti. All the men are insulting all the women, who are offering no argument. In the center of the place is a swimming pool filled with champagne. The various guests are executing high and fancy dives into it. As the ladies emerge from the pool, their wet evening gowns cling to their bodies.

This is too much for the susceptible Hamlet, who falls in an alcoholic stupor. He dreams that Ophelia is in trouble, wakes with a start, and dashes home to find that his wife is trying to drown herself in the bath-tub. He throws her a cake of Ivory Soap to which she clings, and is saved. They embrace. (Close up of Ophelia's left thigh.)

FADE-OUT.

WILLIAM S. HART

IN

"HELL-FOR-LEATHER HAMLET"

Adapted from a story by

W. SHAKESPEARE

in the *Argosy* Magazine

CAST

Sergeant ("Hell-for-Leather")

Hamlet .....WILLIAM S. HART

Ophelia .....WINIFRED WESTOVER

FADE-OUT

(Note: Since the Danish production of "Hamlet" appeared, the suggestion has been made that one of our native film producers should attempt to reproduce Shakespeare's immortal tragedy on the screen.

The accompanying article speculates on the manner in which this task would be handled by a number of representative American impresarios.)

## The Story

**"H**ELL-FOR-LEATHER" HAMLET, as the boys up Dawson way call him, is a sergeant in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police (close-up of a C. N. M. P. badge, with words, "Get Your Man," superimposed). He is summoned by his colonel and told that there is a bad man, named Windy Pete, operating the territory between Skull Gulch and Cut-throat Creek. "It may take ye a year t' ketch him," says the bluff old colonel, "an' it may take ye ten. But yew go git him, Hell-fer-Leather, an' don't fergit t' write." Sgt. Hamlet squints, salutes, and exits. Close up of Hamlet and his horse. (Hamlet is the one with the hat on.)

Hamlet rides into Skull Gulch, which is full of mesas, arroyos, and the like, and the first object to meet his eye is something that shines brilliantly. "Can that thar be a nugget?" he inquires of the welkin.

Upon closer examination, however, the object proves to be something more than a mere nugget; it is the golden head of a pure young girl, who is sobbing bitterly, mingling her salt tears with the alkali of the desert. She tells Hamlet that they call her Ophelia, but that she "ain't got no other name." Hamlet winces. (Close-up of wince.)

Ophelia then directs him to Windy Pete's cabin, and as he enters the place, he starts back, horror-stricken, for Windy Pete is none other than his long-lost step-father. One of his own kin! But Hell-for-Leather Hamlet does not flinch. (Close-up of not flinching.) He proceeds to kill Windy Pete with his two fists in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Then Hamlet goes after Ophelia, who is trying to drown herself in the Old Swimmin' Hole in Cut throat Creek, and seizes her in the nick of time. Purged in the holocaust of a mighty love, they saunter off together into the great, clean sunset.



WILLIAM FOX

presents

THE SUPER-COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

"SIN ETERNAL"

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Whose writings are known and beloved in every town and city where Fox Films are shown. Ask your local exhibitor

Cast includes William Farnum, Betty Blythe, Annette Kellermann, Theda Bara, and Pearl White,—with 68,978 elephants, 2,156,045 camels, 4,638,291 fatimas and 7,460,318 lucky strikes

Produced under the personal direction of Mr. Fox and a directorial staff of 97,863.

The harem scene alone commanded the services of 68,945 people, for whose costumes no less than eight yards of material were used.

Expense of production computed to be \$41,987,371.16, at which time the adding machine broke.

### The Story

AT the start, a picture of Shakespeare (played by Mr. Farnum) is shown. He is smoking a cigarette, and scribbling with a fountain pen. Mr. William Fox walks up to him, pats him on the back, shakes hands with him, and hands him a fat contract. Shakespeare registers gratitude. (Close-up of figures on contract.) (Fade out.)

The first scene is in Hamlet's home in Fort Lee. He is reading a book called "Hamlet." Half-way through he falls asleep. (A pretty tribute to Mr. Shakespeare.) (Fade-out.)

He is walking through a gigantic castle with canvas walls. The rooms are size five by nine (miles). The architecture of the place varies from Babylonian to Colonial, with here and there a touch of the early Ohioan. The people wear the sort of costumes that you rent for those parties to which you are invited with the stipulation that "no one will be admitted who is not dressed in old-fashioned garb."



Kills Windy Pete in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout

He goes to the parapet of the castle, and sees Ophelia (Miss Kellermann) trying to drown herself in the waters below. She is clad in the North Sea. (Close-up of the North Sea.) Hamlet dives in to rescue her, and the cold water awakens him. It was only a dream—a bad dream.

FADE OUT

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN

"THE GREAT DANE"

Shakespeare's Masterpiece

BY

EDWARD KNOBLOCK

CAST

Hamlet ..... DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS  
Ophelia ..... MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

### The Story

HAMLET, the dashing young Prince of Denmark, has everything in the world that his heart can desire, except excitement.

He is bored stiff with the daily routine of teas, dances and petting parties, and his soul yearns for adventure, thus proving he is a real hero.

Every day he goes out and hurdles the Skagerak and the Categatt, or vaults the Schleswig Holstein peninsula.

But that is mere child's play, in view of the fact that he has a Douglas Fairbanks reputation to maintain. (Close up of Douglas Fairbanks's reputation.)

Among other things, he has conceived a most intense dislike for his step father King Claudius, who is a tyrant and an oppressor of the poor. Hamlet is extremely popular with all classes, because of his engaging personality and his Douglas Fairbanks's smile.

(Close up of Douglas Fairbanks's smile. Hold it long enough for the audience to count the teeth.)

It so happens that Hamlet is in love with a wide eyed slip of a girl named Ophelia, who doesn't know that he is the Prince of Denmark.

So Doug—I mean Hamlet, to carry out the illusion, pretends to be a revolutionary desperado and, as such, breaks into the palace and does battle with the entire Danish army, which has been more or less patiently waiting for a little excitement, to.

They chase him all over the State of Denmark and surrounding countries, up duns, down waterfalls, across deserts, through polar oceans, until he reaches the palace again, hurdles the walls, and engages King Claudius in a duel. After three quarters of an hour of steady fighting, the King resembles a slice of Sweitzer cheese and is ready to cry, "Yes, Uncle," or its Scandinavian equivalent.

So Hamlet lets up, for Douglas Fairbanks maims his victims, but does not kill them as it might displease the ladies.

Hamlet unmasks and discloses his true identity and the grateful populace proceeds to crown him, as he should have been crowned long ago.

Hamlet—I mean Doug, then magnanimously permits Ophelia to come on the scene and pose with him during the triumphant finale.

FADE-OUT.

(Continued on page 38)



Hamlet carves the King into the likeness of a Sweitzer cheese





Great excitement on a California Beach following a terrible catastrophe. One of the Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, Too Intent On Realism In Her Art, Got Her Feet Wet



# Would I Do It Over Again?

LIBRARY  
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURES  
ARTS AND SCIENCES  
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA  
Lillian Gish said

"**W**OULD you do it over again?" I asked.

She gave me a stricken look, a sudden red flag of defiance in her cheeks.

"No—no. Never. Oh, never! Work on a farm—scrub floors. Anything!"

"But go through again what I have gone through, work as I have worked, *knowing*—I couldn't."

A vibrant silence fell on the room.

Lillian Gish sat looking into the fire with her head bent.

Schopenhauer said that not one of us, given the privilege of a choice, would live again the life already lived.

Yet here sat a girl who in her early twenties is not only the idol of a nation, but a great artist—perhaps the greatest tragic artist of the screen. A girl who had climbed from obscurity, poverty, to the top rung of the ladder.

What more could she want?

That is why I asked her that question.

I have given you her answer.

The road had been too hard, the sacrifices of personal life and privacy too great.

And yet—I didn't believe her.

It was my great good fortune, in the first place, to find Lillian Gish furious.

I realize this rings heretical to those confirmed in the belief that she is a sister of the saints and speaks never a word that could not be incorporated in a Book of Good Thoughts. Dervish devotees, celebrating her virtues in a dizzy fervor, have made one almost suspect her kinship with that Asiatic trinity which hears no evil, speaks no evil, sees no evil. After reading certain of these hymns, purporting to be works of portraiture, I have felt that their subject was not in reality a human being but a sweet floral token velvety inscribed "At Peace."

But Lillian was in a rebellious mood.

Pushing back her hair from a forehead that is high, she inveighed gloriously against law,—government—its tyranny—democracy—its mockery.

It was good old-fashioned indignation. But it was far from lily-like.

She had just come from the office of an income tax Shylock.

"It makes you feel like leaving the country when you realize the things that are going on. What is the government thinking of? What is the matter with everything? Laws, laws, laws,—but where is justice? I tell you—it makes you feel like—"

"A bolshevist. Bravo, Comrade Gish!"

That soothed her. She wearily accepted the arms of a big chair.

Let me tell you this, Lillian Gish is no broken blossom.



Photo by Frank Jones

"Spiritual, fragile and wonderfully tolerant—yes. But she's also practical, firm and shrewd in the ways of picture making"



"I'd rather work ten weeks in a sweat shop than one day in that closet of 'Broken Blossoms!'" exclaims Lillian

She has been painted for you as a crushed lily—a saccharine gook-ess. I found her strong fibre.

No meek and unassertive yes-girl. She has stamina and surprising vitality. Practicality is one of the keynotes of her character. She possesses entirely the faculty of education. Her decisions are instantaneous when necessary to enforce respect from those under her.

Not one ounce of mawkish sentiment.

While she was working with Director Jerome Storm I heard her argue many a point. Always with brilliant logic, but with an almost stubborn determination. Upon one occasion when the director remained unconvinced, she said, "Let me act it for you. It is always best to demonstrate what you mean if you can. Any good salesman can tell you that."

Don't ever let anyone tell you that Lillian Gish's genius is tributary to Griffith's. She did it by way of demonstration for us—a bit of impromptu acting in a cold rehearsal hall, that had the entire company in tears. When she had finished she turned to us in a matter of fact manner and said, "Is that it?"

It is understanding rather than sweetness that looks from Lillian Gish's eyes.

I wondered how she, among the stars of the tinsel realm, had attained such detachment, such tolerance, such forgetfulness of self. I put the question bluntly.

"Perhaps—" she hesitated "perhaps it is because I started on a career so young. Yes, I think that is it."

If Apollo goes to see "Orphans of the Storm" he'll walk right out and have his face lifted so as to look like Joseph Schildkraut. So say the ladies.

Joseph is a gay and gallant Viennese who acknowledges but one master,—his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, a fine old actor now appearing in a Yiddish theater in New York.

Joseph invited papa out to the Griffith studio to watch the taking of the love scene in which the Chevalier Joseph creates an ecstatically purple moment with Lillian Gish.

The elder Schildkraut watched his son and Miss Gish with rapt attention. When it was over Joseph asked, "Did you like me, papa?"

The old gentleman still spell-bound his eyes on Lillian finally said:

"Oh, you—I can't see you when that girl is around."

This proves our contention that even a god couldn't win laurels when Lillian Gish is around,—not even when she hides her face and turns her Grecian profile camera-ward.



# The Still Hunt

Getting down to business in the Photo  
the actual canvass

By ROBERT

Robert E. McIntyre, casting director for Goldwyn Pictures, who canvassed Manhattan for girls with picture possibilities, made daily pilgrimages to smart restaurants in his quest

Mr. McIntyre probably knows as much world. As the casting director for the interviewed thousands of girls, tested had parts which gave them opportunities to nearly as anyone can know, what constitutes screen; if she has the dramatic spark. Mr. Goldwyn, commander-in-chief of the Gold-literally to canvass it for filmable girls, hunt; a practical search for screen beauty, results of his hunt, besides giving you an beauty and brains. He is, by the way, one play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity. He will judgment is correctly considered of vital

personality, intelligence, youth and beauty. If she does not interest you, it is hardly possible that she will interest the camera. On the other hand, the most beautiful young woman I met while in New York proved a perfect frost in her screen tests. I'm sure I don't know why. The camera is psychic; that's all I can tell you. The girl had perfect yet piquant features; a beautiful body; a plasticity, very valuable; marvellous hair; gorgeous, soulful eyes. On the screen, cold as ice, and as interesting. Another girl possessed exactly half her beauty and charm; yet, because of a tilt to her head, re-inforced by a curve to her lips, she was an absolute knock-out in the films. And that's the way it goes. Which makes a search for screen material exceedingly interesting, but a little difficult.

Primarily, what we are seeking is a representative American young woman, who will get across on the screen the qualities



There was a young lady who came to see me about screen work. The moment she entered my office I was impressed by her. She had youth; sparkle; beauty; refinement—everything I was looking for. I talked to her and discovered she was also intelligent. She seemed too good to be true. Well, she was. In her screen tests she "registered" an entirely different personality. She lacked soul

IF I were not firmly convinced that somewhere in this country there is at least one girl who possesses every requirement for screen success, I should not be writing this

When I left California for the east, it was with a definite object. I was to find a filmable girl. That's all. But it was enough. I was not to pass up a single possibility. I was to make a thorough search for beautiful, intelligent girls, and to have screen tests made of them. As far as it was possible, I was to scour the country, personally, and bring back with me, all tied up in celluloid, the most interesting young woman I could find.

I have done this. I have interviewed literally hundreds of young ladies. I have passed upon thousands of feet of film. And now I want to tell you the conclusions I've arrived at, after this pleasantly harrowing beauty quest.

Don't think it's been easy. I am aware it sounds something like a permanent first-row seat at the Ziegfeld entertainments, or a perpetual stroll up Fifth Avenue, or daily pilgrimages to the smartest, the most individual restaurants of Manhattan. Well, I've done that. I have even followed a certain woman for blocks and blocks and blocks, simply because her marvellously graceful walk made me think she might be a future film star.

I have looked into limousines and disgraced a dowager by asking her granddaughter if she could arrange to meet my wife, Mrs. McIntyre, for an interview. I have been watching interesting women for weeks. Mr. Ziegfeld is not the only critic of American beauty.

Interesting women. Not particularly pretty women, or intelligent women, but interesting women. If a girl is interesting, she very probably meets our requirements of

## THE FOUR ESSENTIALS FOR SCREEN SUCCESS

Personality; Intelligence; Youth; Beauty. I put beauty last because it is at best, an illusion. A girl may seem to rival Venus off-screen; photographically she may be a failure. By personality, I mean charm; magnetism; that indefinable something that hits you when you encounter it, and that you can't forget. Intelligence and youth you must have



Aspirants before the  
see the man who may  
Goldwyn Screen Op-

we most admire. This girl may be in Manhattan; she may be a native daughter of Kalamazoo. That's what we are going to find out in this PHOTOPLAY-Goldwyn quest. I served as a sort of courier in the quest because it has been my business for some years to pass upon women and girls who are, or who want to be, actresses. My mission, to discover the young woman to play a certain famous part in a forthcoming



# For New Faces

play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity—  
for filmable girls

E. McINTYRE

about film requirements as any man in the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, he has them, and put them in pictures where they exercise their abilities. He knows, as tutes a screen face; whether a girl will McIntyre was commissioned by Samuel wyn film forces, to visit Manhattan and It was to be a real, almost house-to-house In this story, Mr. McIntyre tells you the actual insight into the essentials of film of the men chiefly concerned in the Photo-help to pass upon all entrants because his importance in this search for new types

The screen authority walked on Fifth Avenue for hours watching the crowds. In this story he tells you the results of this practical search for the motion picture actresses of the future

Goldwyn photoplay; and incidentally to keep an eye open for other screen possibilities.

My conclusion is that the winner in the Screen Opportunity is going to be a girl from a small town. A girl who was born and brought up in a small town; a girl who has never been away from a small town. That's the girl who will have the necessary sincerity, the earnestness, the wholesomeness, the determination. Her sister, who got restless at home, and went to the city, to seek her fortune there, is by this time a little tired, a little disillusioned. She may even be cynical. She has seen perhaps too much of the seamy side of life, and it has given a droop to her mouth and a lack-lustre look to her eyes. Whether she is successful or not, she has become imbued with New Yorkitis: she would probably not be content with any other existence, but she is not enthusiastic about her own.



casting director's office, at any film studio, all waiting to give them parts to play in pictures. The Photoplay-opportunity eliminates the necessity for standing in line

She would screen just like that. The little girl at home, the seventeen-to-twenty-two-year-old girl, with her fresh outlook, her enthusiasm, her undulled emotions, her bright, wholesome, I-am-willing-to-work-and-to-learn quality, has ten times more promise. She will work, she will fight, for success. She will not expect or demand sudden fame and fortune. She will take direction.



One of the most famous beauties in Manhattan came to see me while I was east in my quest. I had seriously considered offering her a contract, but first I asked her her terms. "Well," she said, "I might consider a contract for a year, to make four pictures, once as a lead, to be starred in the rest. I shall also expect" and she named an exorbitant sum, a personal maid, and other items. That girl didn't get the job

Another thing: this small town girl, and by small town you understand I do not mean, necessarily, the village or hamlet, but the smaller cities—has a very valuable sex unconsciousness. She would be able to wear an abbreviated ballet skirt with a complete and delightful unconsciousness. Her home surroundings, the influence of her mother and her brothers and sisters, of her Sunday-school and dancing-school existence, all helped to make her the kind of a girl we want.

The Goldwyn studio is the safest and sanest place in the world. Healthy morally, mentally, and physically. A place every mother would be content to have her daughter be. In fact, the mother of a little girl whom I cast for several rôles—Patsy Ruth Miller is her name—a girl of unusual mind—had always accompanied her daughter around the studios. For about a week she came with her to our studio. She, or her husband, Patsy's dad. Then one day she didn't show up. I didn't see her for a month. Then I asked her, "Don't you ever come here any more, Mrs. Miller? I thought you always chaperoned Patsy everywhere." Mrs. Miller smiled. "I don't have to come with her to Goldwyn's. Mr. McIntyre, I know she's safe here—as safe as she'd be at home."

There is to be a morality clause in every new Goldwyn contract. We don't want immorality in our studio. As soon as we discover it, we take immediate steps to remove its cause. There is no reason why a motion picture studio should not be the cleanest place under the sun. It's got to be if good pictures are to be made there. That's why I say: a good, wholesome home influence counts for much in a girl's character. The girl, I am willing to wager, will be a girl from home—the kind of girl you'd like to know.

The most accurate representations of American girlhood are to be found in the small towns. You are not likely to find the Screen Opportunity winner in New York. She may come from one of the other large cities in the country, but I doubt it. The small town girl has a sincerity, a directness, an unforced appeal which her city sisters often lack. There may be more real star-dust in a gingham apron than a French gown



# "Who's the Prettiest Girl



Here is Miss Georgia Hale of Chicago: a vivid brunette, whose deep eyes predict the depth and sincerity essential for emotional work, and whose vivacity indicates an ability for light comedy. Her hands are worthy of notice. They will undoubtedly help her



More of Miss Hale. A little like Bebe Daniels

Here are the representative young ladies whose pictures were among the first thousand—the immediate response to PHOTOPLAY's call for new screen faces. A glance at these girls will show you the high standard of the entrants for the Screen Opportunity. Every one of these young women is a potential screen star, provided she possesses as much intelligence as her features would indicate and the ability to pass the acid test—the camera! Every one has beauty—if not classic features, then a piquancy or prettiness which more than makes up for their lack. Every one has refinement, too.

DO you know her? If you do, mail a picture of her to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE at once. You will be doing a favor to her and to the motion picture, for the screen needs that girl. Put your town on the map. Find her.

Already we realize that a choice is going to be difficult. Mr. Goldwyn has agreed to engage the winner of the contest on a year's contract at a salary equal to that of a competent actress. For more than a year he has been seeking new faces with little result. Within a few weeks after the announcement of PHOTOPLAY's quest he has seen more promising face than ever enter his studio gates. Mr. Goldwyn has expressed his surprise and gratification.

The response has been quick and straightforward, demonstrating the faith which our two million readers have in PHOTOPLAY's integrity



Louise Lavisson, a blonde beauty from the southland—Memphis, Tennessee, to be exact. Her intelligent brow, her sensitive mouth, and her calm eyes all proclaim her the patrician. A relative sent in her photograph because Louise was too shy to send it herself!



# in Your Town?"

**B**UT we want to reach out still further. We want to be sure that we have a photograph of every screen possibility in America.

The American girl is distinguished for her directness and frankness. We do not believe she would withhold a photograph through a mistaken sense of modesty. But she might not realize her own qualifications; she might feel that it was not worth while to enter the race with so many thousands. Therefore, if you know an attractive girl one whom you believe would develop into an excellent screen actress—obtain her photograph and send it to us.

The screen has taught us to see personality and character in pictures. These are the attributes which are more important than beauty of outline. The photos herewith shown prove that many girls in America can meet our requirements.



Poignantly charming; seeming to possess potentialities for tragedy, yet with a saving sense of humor—Dolores Jernigan, of Little Rock, Arkansas. She is an accomplished singer and sportswoman, at twenty-two. Many emotions may be mirrored in that expressive face.



The fragile femininity of Gladys Andrews would provide the canvas for many characterizations. Her beauty is versatile; she might portray either debutante or mature woman.



Helen Andrus of Manhattan is young and shy and sweet. There is a wistful appeal in her eyes which, if the camera can catch it, will help her to "register" on the screen. She has, besides, a piquancy extremely interesting.



# Great Authors' Ideals of Beauty

## Feminine Preferences of Master Writers

**W**ITH great writers, as with great painters, the feminine ideal has radically varied—each one reflecting in his heroines his own personal ideas of woman's beauty. Here are a few famous authors, and the types of women they generally depicted:

**GEORGE MEREDITH:**—The subtle, mentalized, brilliant, intellectual woman, with a gift for repartee, and a somewhat cold nature, capable of calculation; well poised and self-confident. She is mature, slender, imperious, with classic features, an impressive manner, and a graceful body, healthy but not athletic.

**JOSEPH CONRAD:**—Strange, tense, semi-mystical women, of deep passion and powerful personalities, to whom love is everything, and who are capable of the most intense suffering and tragedy. As a rule, they are dark, womanly, tall, stately and regal, with something of the mysterious East about them.

**DICKENS:**—Weak, hyper-feminine, domestic women with the frailty of girls—naive, unsophisticated, and without any particular intelligence. Many of Dickens' heroines (like Dorrit) are the sedentary, clinging-vine variety, with petite bodies, and sweet, characterless faces—women who are narrow and prim, but loving.

**BALZAC:**—Intensely feminine, primitive and loyal women who submerge themselves in the men they love. They are the genuine, warm, emotional, spontaneous, unpretentious, sensuous type, with all the feminine vanities—the true daughters of Eve. And their physical beauty is a direct reflection of their natures.

**E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM:**—The neatly tailored conventionally beautiful modern girl, medium sized and refined of feature, who, though possessing a strong feminine appeal, is capable, self-reliant, and cosmopolitan. Her inner nature is warm and emotional, but her surface is somewhat cold and sophisticated.

**EDGAR ALLAN POE:**—Dark, strange, mysterious women, "like the night," with deep cryptic natures, and eyes like luminous black pools—women who symbolize the sorcery and the mysticism of the decadent East, and who breathe an atmosphere of the uncanny and the abnormal.

**JANE AUSTEN:**—The heroines of this author are products of early Victorianism—prudish, prim, religious, conventional, frail, clinging, narrow-minded women, who dress plainly and have plain features. They make a virtue of their weakness, and consider it inelegant to show their emotions.

**ROBERT W. CHAMBERS:**—The Chambers heroine is a literary counterpart of the Christy girl. She is dashing, healthy, normal, independent, athletic, capable, and slightly aggressive—with a lithe, well-rounded body, fair hair, large blue eyes, and a mouth in which sensuousness and restraint are combined.

**JOHN GALSWORTHY:**—The matured, dignified, aristocratic woman with a leaning toward social revolution and unconventionality; cold of exterior, self-controlled and repressed, but with an almost tropical warmth beneath the surface. Tall, healthy and vigorous, and possessed of semi-classical, semi-voluptuous features.

**TURGENEV:**—Dark, flashing, competent girl-women of an Oriental type of beauty—passionate, tragic and vital—with the eyes of martyrs, and a mouth of sensuousness and purposeful sincerity. They have quick, active intellects, are self-reliant, and capable of doing whatever a man can do.

**JAMES M. BARRIE:**—The wistful, ethereal, dreamy, fragile, girlish type of woman—with a quaint, old-fashioned nature, breathing forth a delicate atmosphere of lavender and old lace. Her features are small and piquant, her eyes shy and vivid, her nose delicate, and her mouth at once sad and playful.

**JAMES MAKEPEACE THACKERAY:**—Two types—one the essence of prim propriety, the other the dashing, daring kind, whom women instinctively mistrust and fear, and men openly seek. The outstanding example is Becky Sharp, green-eyed and blonde. Thackeray secretly admires her.

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:**—Strong-limbed young women, slender and athletic, keen of mind and quick of tongue. Self-reliant, yet they have their tender moments. Even then, however, their alert mentality is never dormant. Great facial beauty is always an outstanding attribute, judging by the remarks of others of the *dramatis personae*.

### Terms of the Screen Opportunity Contest

**T**HE Goldwyn Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations.

The first choice of the judges in this contest—Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures. During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in pictures at that time. The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California, and shall have a three years' option on the winner's services.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn films. Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities, tests to be made at Goldwyn exchanges, transportation of those chosen to be paid by the company. Photographs of all entrants will be received from February 1st to July 1st, 1922; and shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. No photographs will be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands August 15th.





He's changed the Rudolph to Rodolph since he has been made a star. Otherwise he is the same Signor Valentino

# When Valentino Taught Me to Dance

By MARY WINSHIP



Remember the fascinating tango in the Argentinian episode of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"? That picture established Valentino as an actor as well as a dancer. But he hasn't forgotten how to dance!

"Now, see if you can follow me. I'm going to do a fancy step or two."

His arm supported me like a brace. I swung myself back, closed my eyes, breathed in the music and—followed. I couldn't have been so proud if I'd swum the English channel.

We sat down and Rodolph ordered more coffee and lit my cigarette.

"You know," he said, "the secret of good dancing lies in the knees. You must be elastic in

your knees. Always dance on the ball of the foot. The most terrible woman in the world to dance with is one who dances on her heels. Never touch the heel to (Concluded on page 118)

CHARLES WHITTAKER, the well known English dramatist, had just completed the screen adaptation of Ibanez' "Enemies of Women" for the International, and he was telling Rubye de Remer about it when they met in Paris.

"But how," said Rubye, "can you write a whole scenario about wrinkles?"

THERE'S a new descriptive phrase concerning the de Mille brothers that was heard on the Lasky lot—you know, William and Cecil B. de Mille. You know what their pictures are like. Somebody called them "Sacred and Profane Love."

NATURALLY, I was scared to death.

Who wouldn't be?

I'd seen Rodolph Valentino dance on the screen—and in the ballroom. You know how he dances.

I must borrow a word from Elnor Glyn and simply say, "Divine."

So, when we had finished our coffee and he asked me to dance with him, right there in the Ambassador ballroom, I was petrified.

And yet—I simply couldn't resist it. Like Oscar Wilde, I can resist everything except temptation.

I said, "I'm a perfectly rotten dancer."

And I am—or was.

Rodolph Valentino smiled. "Oh, that's all right. I've taught dancing, you know. This music is corking. I'll see you through somehow."

I got up. He put his arm around me.

Well, there never was such a dancer. In a couple of minutes I had decided I was Pavlova.

"Now," he said, as he swung into the most fascinating little step, "don't be stiff. That's the first essential. You know, good dancing is not a matter of knowing a lot of fancy steps. It's purely a sense of rhythm—and of control of your muscles that makes them flexible to follow your will.

"Shut your eyes and listen to that music. You must feel its variations: not only in your feet but in your soul."

I did.

"That's great," he said. "It is the grace with which your body follows the music that makes a really good dancer. If women forget self-consciousness they usually have grace and elasticity.

"Do you mind if I tell you something?"

I shook my head. I didn't. He could have told me anything.

"Well, you don't hold your shoulders and neck erect enough. A woman should always hold her shoulders well back from her partner and her head tipped back just a little. That's fine. See how much easier that is? And hold up the weight of your own right hand and arm. You have no idea how a woman tires a man when she lets him support her right hand as though it was a piece of iron."

The music stopped. Rodolph gallantly applauded. He's really awfully sweet.

"Why, you're a corking dancer," he said.

Anybody not on crutches could dance with that man.

"Most women dance too close to their partners—or too clumsily far away. You can't dance with a woman that gets too close. See—this is right. I hold you close to me about the waist. Then, with your shoulders back, we are several inches apart from the waist up.



# "Come On Over!"

About a lass who came all the way from Ireland to answer the call of her heart



"Shane O'Melia—what a pretty name!" said Judy as she signed the book

**A**S Shane O'Melia sat on the driver's seat of the express wagon, he was musing—thinking of his home land across the sea and of the dreams and hopes that were waiting for him there. After two years in America they were just as dear to him, and just as remote as they had been when he landed at Ellis Island—as fresh and green as the very sod of the "auld country." After two years in America he was just as far from making them come true!

Moyna Killiea—she was the very essence of these dreams. He could still see her as he had last seen her, sitting upon a stone wall waving her farewells to him. The rising sun had made magic with her unbound hair, it had made the tears upon her cheeks glisten like jewels. Small wonder that he had come running back to her, that shaken with sobs of honest emotion, he had taken her fiercely into his arms.

"It's because I love you so that I'm lavin' you," he had told her. "But in New York I'll be soon makin' a million shillin's a day and I'll send for you out before you know I'm gone!"

Moyna's voice had trembled as she answered him.

"There's beautiful women there in droves," she told him, "and they'll soon have your heart in their hands."

But he answered ardently,

"How will they get my heart when I'm lavin' it here under your feet?"

Well, the million shillings a day had not materialized. So often modern Jasons come sailing to America to find the well

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

advertised golden fleece, and so often they are doomed to disappointment! For the streets of our city are not covered with coin of the realm. Sometimes even the

silver lining of our storm clouds would seem to be only nickel-plated.

Shane had gone at once, upon landing, to the home of Michael Morahan, the well-to-do son of an old neighbor in Ireland. And there he had made his home, while he found jobs and lost them, in rapid succession. There he had made his home and there he had built plan after plan to send for his sweetheart. But the plans never seemed to come to anything. . . .

With a sigh Shane got down from the driver's seat of the express wagon, and started to lift down a box that he was to deliver at a fashionable shop. It was at that moment that a big touring car drew up at the curb, and a little fat man with a belligerent expression climbed out. The little man was gloriously full of the stuff that Volstead made famous and so were his companions, who remained in the car.

"BOYS," said the little man, turning to address said companions, and pointing to the shop that was Shane's destination, "Thass my daughter's new store—Smarter's girl in the world. My little Judy Dugan!"

With bewildered eyes Shane looked upon the name plate upon the door. "Mlle. Julie Du'Ganne, Modes de Paris," it said in gold letters.



As he was puzzling over the matter the little man's voice came to him.

"'Course, Milly Joolie DuGanny ain't her name!" the little man snorted. "She's a millner an' that's her nom de plume. People pay twice as much for a French name as they do for an Irish one—in a hat."

Shane turned, with a suppressed grin, and entered the store. It was his introduction to Judy Dugan.

**D**ELIVERY men usually don't get along very well with French modistes. They don't move in the same circles. But, after all, Judy Dugan was not French. Shane, while waiting for his receipt, was forced to witness an unpleasant scene between the girl and her intoxicated father. And it put them, at once, upon a common meeting-ground.

Shane was immediately only a willing-to-help Irishman and Judy was only an Irish girl in trouble. Before he had left the shop with his receipted book, Shane was a friend who had promised to get Judy's father a job as night watchman with the express company that he worked for. For, as Judy said, "He's a dear old daddy, when he's himself. But since he's lost his job again, and he's drinking hard, I'm in despair."

So Shane went to his boss to beg a job for old Dugan. And he got one—for Dugan. But for himself there was only another disappointment.

"Sure, I'll give your friend work as a night watchman," the boss told him, "but say, I'm sorry—but I'll have to fire you. We're selling our horses and buying motor trucks. And you can't drive a motor truck, can you?"

Sadly, Shane had to admit that he couldn't. And still more sadly he went back to the Morahan flat to write to Moyna of another bitter disappointment that had come to him. Somehow life seemed very hard.

In the meanwhile, back in Ireland, old Bridget Morahan was reading a letter from her son, and Moyna, close beside her, was reading one from Shane in which he told her that he had a grand job driving a truck, and would soon be sending for her. Her eyes were joy-filled as she read the letter, for how could she know that the "grand job" was a grand job no longer?

**T**HERE must be something, after all, in mental telepathy. For, back in New York, Michael was feeling shades of remorse for leaving his mother so long alone. In response to Shane's heartbroken remark,

"Every time I save up a little to send for Moyna, me job drops away from under me," Michael answered sadly,

"Moyna is pining away for a year, and me mother has brooded there for twenty-five!" He sat thinking of the old home as Shane stole out of the room. And as he sat there a resolve was born to go for his mother, and to bring her back with him.

Shane, in the meantime, depressed and hopeless, wandered out of the flat. And, drawn as if by some magnet, he found himself walking in the direction of the Dugan apartment. And something made him go in.

Judy was glad to see him, of course. For Shane was a very personable young man. And before he had been there long, he was cheered up again almost smiling. Judy had a way

with her—she could teach a man to dance almost as easily as she could give smartness to a plain little hat. And she could teach other things, too. It was the first of a series of calls that Shane made.

The days drifted on—not too eventfully. Shane, with the little money that he had saved up, decided to take lessons as a chauncer. He studied hard, and it was small wonder that he should want relaxation of an evening. It was to Judy that he turned—Judy who had troubles of her own, what with a new business and an old set of a father, and could understand the heart of a fellow who was lonely and discouraged. Moyna had never seemed so far away, before—the little money that Shane had saved had been to bring her to America, and soon there would be none of it left. The situation was hard—but Judy was always comforting.

Yes, Moyna had never seemed so far away. But in reality she had never been much nearer—since that day when Shane

"If he truly loved me," said Moyna, "he'd feel it in his bones I was here!"



bade her goodbye in Ireland. For Michael Mornahan, who had made good his determination to visit his mother in the old home, had decided that he could not say goodbye again. His mother should go back with him to America, he declared, and Moyna should go with them.

"We'll surprise th' boy," he told the radiant Moyna. "He's a good boy, so he is!" And it was speedily arranged.

It was the morning of their arrival that Shane, at the Mornahan breakfast table, exploded—or was instrumental in exploding—a real bomb shell. The family—Delia, Michael's wife, Miles and Barney—a policeman and a fireman respectively, as well as the sons of the family—and Kate, the daughter, were all seated there teasing Shane about Moyna, and his inability to send for her. And as they were talking a sudden knock came at the door and Judy flounced in. She had smiles for everyone, but her most glorious smile went to Shane.

"IT'S all right!" she told him, in a low voice, and Shane answered, "Then I'll see the priest as soon as you get your father's consent."

Was it any wonder that the Mornahan family believed there was a wedding in the air? Especially, when Shane refused point blank to answer any of their questions, and would say, "It's something I can't tell anybody. It's a sacred secret!"

After Shane left, Delia was much disturbed. She talked



"I can explain,"  
cried Shane. But  
Moyna ran out  
of the room



over the state of affairs with her daughter while together they cleaned the house preparatory to the expected arrival of her husband and his mother. It was while they were talking that a second knock came at the door and they opened it to greet Moyna, who had been too impatient to wait for the others and had come on in a taxi. She had only one thing to say in response to their excited, amazed and slightly worried exclamations, and that was—"Is Shane home?"

**H**URRIEDLY, Delia answered, but her mind was in a turmoil as she thought of Judy's remark, that very morning, and of Shane's answer!

"He's away at his work," she answered, and then to change the subject, "shure, it's a born blossom you are! Shure you've had the use of the May dew on yer cheeks!"

Moyna waved aside the compliment. She felt somehow that Shane should have been there to greet her, even though her coming was a surprise.

"Ooh! the slathers of beautiful ladies I passed on the streets, she said sadly, "better dressed in a week day than I'll be in Heaven. I misdoubt Shane will blush for me!"

Delia and her daughter exchanged a glance fraught with meaning. Frankly they were nonplused, worried.

Moyna was strangely excited, and suspicious. And they realized the fact

The morning dragged on. Michael Mornahan and his mother were held up by the customs and in the Mornahan flat the time passed heavily. Moyna became more and more upset, Delia and Kate more and more nervous. And, just as the unrest was becoming unbearable, the door was thrown open and Judy Dugan came breezy into the room. Almost ignoring Moyna, who had been hurriedly introduced to her, she asked for Shane. And, when told that he was not at home, she left a message for him.

"Tell him," she said briskly, "that I've talked with my father and forced him to give his consent, and we'll all three meet at the priest's at four o'clock." And then she hurried out, leaving a white faced girl and two inarticulate women who did not know how to comfort her.

"They're goin' to th' priest to arrange to be married," said

Moyna, and her voice shook, "to have the hanns called. Oh! this is the beyant the beyants!" She burst into tears, but after a minute she spoke again

"Oh! it's a bitter day for me," she sobbed, "that I ever set foot on the ocean. Is it a heart Shane keeps in his breast, or is it a hotel?" she paused, and then—"But why," she cried in sudden anger, "should he care for me when there's queens like her about?"

Striving to calm her, Delia took the overwrought girl in her arms. But Moyna tore herself free of the comforting embrace.

"I'll be going," she cried. "It's not blamin' you I am, Ma'am dear—but I can't stay anywhere where Shane is at all!" Without waiting to put on her hat she started for the door.

Delia stood aghast. But Kate, her daughter, spoke.

"Where will you be afther spendin' th' night?" she questioned.

Moyna's hand was upon the door knob, but she half turned to answer.

"I've a brother in Chicago," she said. "I'll go over there for the night, or push on to Boston!" And the door closed with a bang behind her.

**M**OYNA had scarcely run from the flat when Shane came in. His head was bent in dejection, for the firm who had employed him since he had gotten his motor driver's license had gone into bankruptcy and he was again without work. As he came in at the door, he smiled at Delia ruefully.

"I lost me job as usual," he said, trying to make his tone light and cheerful. "It died on me, and thin I went to the church as I promised Judy."

It was then that Delia, almost hysterical, told Shane what had happened. She told him of Moyna's pilgrimage to surprise him, and of Judy's call. As she talked, Shane went white with astonishment and fear. Without an explanation he dashed out, leaving Delia and her daughter in a state of collapse—a state from which she woke suddenly with the thought of her policeman son. Going to the telephone, she called him and told him to give in a general alarm for a red-headed, grey-eyed girl with a wild look about her.

With Shane and Moyna both (Continued on page 112)



# Ten Years From Now—EDISON

The inventor of the motion picture tells what he thinks of the screen in education

By TERRY RAMSAYE

**A**BOUT thirty-four years ago an ingenious scientific and industrial investigator over at West Orange, in New Jersey, completed a new camera device and photographed the first motion picture. He had a

notion that it was an interesting thing to do and that it might prove a largely useful thing in the world of affairs.

By the use of this interesting instrument the inventor found that it was possible to show things in the process of happening and to show things being done, instead of merely telling about them in words. Words had the fault of being limited, not alone by the person using the words but also by the capacities of the persons who heard them. It does not make any difference what a word means to the man who uses it, if it means something else or nothing to the person who hears it.

This idea concerning instruction in general and schools in particular was pretty deeply set in the mind of the inventor, and he labored quite a while to make the motion picture of service to education.

These thirty-four years having elapsed, it occurred to me that possibly sufficient time had passed now to enable this man—who by the way is Thomas A. Edison—to have arrived at some conclusions of interest and value about the motion picture, the institution of his creation.

I was waiting in that three storied, high-vaulted office of his over at West Orange, sitting between the world's biggest roll top desk and a long work table, when Mr. Edison dashed in.

"Dashed" is correct. It was well near a run. I had heard rumors that he was getting "pretty feeble." Those rumors seemed incorrect, extremely incorrect. Mr. Edison is in his seventies.

Edison tossed his derby down on the long table, snappily jerked a chair up, and sat down, beckoning me to one alongside. I had had it in mind to interview him. He apparently decided to interview me, and he has a way of doing what he pleases.

We talked motion picture affairs, past and present, for a time.

"I got out of the picture business when I saw where it was headed at the time," he remarked. "The people getting into it were too smart for me—they had more business ability. The world is too big to bother about a thing like that—there are

so many interesting things to do—opportunities everywhere."

Edison stopped and looked reflectively up a moment.

"Do you think it is always going to be like it is now?"

He leaned forward and added the penetration of his eyes to his question.

"There are some of us who think that one day the theater and the amusement field will be the small end of the pictures—just as in the art of printing the publication of fiction is but a fraction of the work that keeps the printing presses busy."

The answer seemed to please him.

"Oh, the educational picture?" He lighted up and gestured wide with a toss of his arms. "That's an ocean—a whole ocean of possibility."

"But not yet." He raised a hand as though in caution.

"In ten years from now—maybe—about ten years."

"You see it does not matter how much anything may be needed or how much the people want it, it takes a long time to get them to accept it. It is very strange."

Edison swung about vigorously in his chair and raised an emphatic finger.

"Why, do you know it took about half a dozen years to introduce the electric light?"

"It took eight years—eight whole years—to get them to take the typewriter seriously."

"It took years with the telephone—it is that way with everything!"

Edison came to a halt and laughed.

"There are many things in the way of the educational picture, yet. Boards of education—teachers—school book publishers, the text book trusts—that is a powerful group. They will have to be interested first."

"Ten or eleven years ago I thought I would make a start. I had a little boy and a little girl (Continued on page 110)



The educational picture is coming into a great sphere of usefulness in the next ten years. The motion picture will be a part of the equipment of every class room, says Thomas A. Edison



# Petrova's Page



Mme. Petrova, as she appears in one of her costumes in the stage success, the "White Peacock"

## One Night Stands

JEANNETTE chérie:

It doesn't seem possible that over a month has passed since my last letter to you. Once on a time I had an idea that I was somewhat original, but as moons wax and wane I find myself uttering such banalities as "time flies," with a conviction that goes to prove that a sense of originality belongs only to extreme youth.

The last few months have been busy ones. My play, the "White Peacock," is now an acknowledged success in New York, after two weeks of one night stands and a Boston run of two weeks. As you don't understand the jargon of the theater, I might explain that "one night stands" means all that the term implies. I doubt that I did must else but stand during the entire two weeks.

Even when my day's work of rehearsals, matinee, reception (which consists of shaking hands with some odd hundreds of people), interviews, lectures to the Rotary Clubs or the Elks, evening performance, and what-not, seemed about finished, I was hurried off to some sleeper (that word is distinctly humorous) located anywhere within half a mile of the station proper; to which one wallowed one's way through mud and snow, only to be pulled off it again, at about seven in the morning, in time to start all over again.

I am glad for some things for the experience.

I have gathered many mental photographs along the way, which I shall develop later for your amusement, Jeannette chérie, but—and I say this with the most profound seriousness—I would rather scrub floors than go through the ordeal again.

I wondered oft times to myself, as I saw play bills announcing other plays and players, that I was told put in about thirty weeks a season in this way, what can be the possible attraction in such an apology for existence.

Is there some pot of gold at the rainbow's end that I do not see?

OR is it just a dumb acquiescence, which in the long run brings atrophy of sense and feeling? And what a huddle is this thing called the theater! What a huge circumference of nothing, as far as the player is concerned. Is there one among them that really considers the noisy plaudits of a public any equivalent for the peace of home, the association of a few discriminating and cultured minds, the time to read and to think? There may be some glamor from the "front" of the house, but surely there is none in the stinking alleys that lead to most of the "stage entrances."

Pon my soul, I think that when a group of financiers gets ready to build a theater they go to much trouble to find the dirtiest and narrowest back street in the town. Having found it they clap hand to thigh and say, "Ha! this will be a splendid location for the stage door." And O Jeannette! It is impossible to conceive of the filth of some of the dressing rooms. With one or two exceptions only, they were in underground cellars, without either light or air. Windows, of course, do not figure in cellars. An acrid odor of bug killer battles with the smell of plain dirt in many of them. If there were any preference, I think the bug killer had the advantage.

Pornographic sentences adorned many of the walls. Placards (I annexed one from one of the dressing rooms allotted to me, and am keeping it as a curiosity) instructed the artists not to spit on the floor as the wall was just as handy.

Of all the tawdry sights I have seen in my span of life, and I've seen many, these two weeks will stand out forever in my consciousness as silhouettes carved in black stone.

I should love to tell you of some of the "hotels" where they charge you almost Ritz Carleton prices for fare that would shame a poor house.

One in mind is the Exchange Hotel at Shanklin, Pa. Here we dined in a restaurant which contained also a lunch counter. Men ate with their hats on their heads and spat abstractedly on the floor during unoccupied intervals.

I could cover more pages than I have time to write or you would have patience to read, but last month I promised to tell you in this letter of the corrida, so the other must go for another time.

For at least a quarter of a mile, approaching the plaza, the entire traffic moves only in one direction—the direction toward the bull-ring. I am carried, rather than motivated by my own legs, through the enormous gates of the plaza. There are some twenty thousand chattering human monkeys gathered in the enclosure, which rises to the height of many hundred feet. I place my little cushion (price one peseta) on the stone ledge which forms the seat, and I look about me.

There is so much to see; such a tremendous kaleidoscope unfolds itself, that after taking a hasty mental picture of the whole, I prepare to specialize in detail. Before and below me is the enormous arena covered with yellow sand. We are on the shady and therefore the most expensive side of the ring. Directly opposite is the low white gate, through which, our courier tells me, the first bull will soon emerge. At this moment the ring is empty except for a few attendants in red caps and blouses who are giving a few finishing touches to the primrose sand, so soon to be trampled, and stained scarlet.

Above the door, a little to the right and high up on the last tier, there is the orchestra. It is a colorful affair both as regards players and the noise that they manage to evoke from their brass instruments. On this side (Continued on page 110)





"Nothing counted but you—" he held out his arms. And with a little cry she went to him, swaying a little, so that he had to catch her

IT was just because she liked Stafford so instinctively and so much that his attentions bothered Virginia Blaine and rather frightened her. She had always listened with disdainful contempt to the people who talked of the dangers to which her work in the hotel, at the telephone switchboard, exposed her. Dangers! The word amused her. Of course men annoyed her, sometimes. But you weren't in danger from that sort of thing, Virginia felt, unless you were tempted, and she wasn't.

Clara, at the telegraph counter, was different. For all her youth and inexperience Virginia could see that—just as she could see the envy in Clara's eyes when Stafford was bending over the switchboard beside her. Oh, Clara complained about how fresh men were! But—she went out to dinner with them. She liked a good time; the sort of thing such men offered her did tempt her.

But Virginia had never liked any of the men who gave her invitations—until Stafford came along. So it had been easy for her to say no; she had made no sacrifice. She would have liked to know Stafford; to be able to talk with him. She wasn't in love with him, or in any danger of being in love with him, she thought. When it came to love Virginia was pretty well walled in and guarded.

It wasn't that she hadn't had, didn't still have, dreams, hopes, ideals. But she thought of her sister, Fanny, and Jimmy Gilley, waiting till Jimmy got his raise from twenty-five dollars a week to thirty. Virginia wasn't mercenary, but she knew that the sort of life Jimmy and Fanny would have to lead would

# Bought and Paid For

By  
GEORGE BROADHURST

Fictionization by  
William Almon Wolff

choke love, romance, beauty, in marriage for her. And, on the other hand, the sort of men who asked her to dinner, or to go out to dance, the prosperous men of the hotel lobby, didn't think of marriage when they tried to flirt with girls like her.

Yet it hadn't always been easy to say no to Stafford. She must, though. What had they in common? Why, in one of the magazines, right now, there was an article about him and his tremendous success—his great manufacturing business, that he had built up under every sort of handicap. There were pictures of his home, of his art collections, of his yacht! And then he was beside her, smiling.

"Miss Blaine!"

She did like his voice. She

couldn't help the smile it evoked from her.

"I've thought of something."

"Yes?" she said.

"You don't have to dine with me alone, you know," he said.

"Bring some one along. Can't you?"

"I—" She hesitated. He had taken her by surprise. Why—

—I suppose—I might bring my sister—"

He laughed like a boy, and she sighed. He was so nice—so simple. Wasn't she silly? Clara said so—even Fanny did. As for Jimmy—!

"Do!" he said. "Tomorrow night? At my place?" She hesitated still; nodded, at last. She was curiously excited. "Good!" he cried. He laughed again. He was like a little boy! "And—some one to talk to sister?"

She had to laugh herself then.

"WELL—she's engaged!"

"Splendid! Bring her fiancé of course! That's settled, then!"

She was smiling when she reached home. As she opened the door she could hear Fanny and Jimmy Gilley talking. "Fat, good-natured, old Jimmy! You couldn't take him seriously, but he was rather sweet. Not good enough for Fanny, of course. She supposed Jimmy was a pretty good shipping clerk. And he was always talking about how he was kept down about his big ideas, and what he'd do if he could just bring himself to the attention of the big fellows!"

Dinner was nearly ready. Fanny got home earlier from



her millinery shop than Virginia did from the hotel, and cooked, always. Jimmy brought something—frankfurters, tonight, Virginia saw, with a little point. She hated them, but Jimmy revelled in them; you couldn't begin to get anything so filling for the money, he always said!

"Go and sit down, dear," Virginia said. "I'll put the things on the table. You've done enough."

She brought the food and put it down on the oilcloth cover. Was it the thought of Stafford's invitation that made it all seem so distasteful? Jimmy had been reading a magazine, she saw now that it was the one that had the article about Stafford.

"GEE," said Jimmy. "If I could just get next to that guy Stafford! That's what holds me down—not being able to meet men like him! They talk my language! These dubs I'm with—!"

Virginia glanced at Fanny. But Fanny looked acquiescent. Well, she loved Jimmy; she took him seriously, of course.

"Has—has he asked you to dinner again?" said Fanny.

Virginia nodded. And after a moment, when she said nothing, the others exchanged puzzled, disgusted glances. Until Jimmy broke out:

"Say—didn't you ever think what it'd mean to me and Fanny if you knew this chap—really knew him?"

Fanny nodded at that. Virginia smiled.

"Why, no," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. But—it just happens that I'm dining with Mr. Stafford tomorrow night. And—"

"You are?" Fanny cried out. And: "Say—that's the stuff!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"—and so are you two," Virginia went on.

"Us!" Jimmy whistled. His expression grew solemn. "Say—"

thoughts, and she opened her eyes to look at him. He was smiling at her.

"I suppose so!" she said. "Oh, Bob—I'm so happy! You've made me so happy."

He came over to her, sitting on the arm of her chair.

"I knew I could," he said. "I wouldn't have dared to ask you to marry me if I hadn't been sure."

"But what a chance you took! Marrying a girl who—who didn't love you—only liked you—oh, ever so much—"

"I think you loved me," he said. "It was just that you didn't know it. I was sure you did—and that what I had to do was to wait till you found it out—"

"Perhaps," she said. "But how many men—oh, Bob—I'll never forget how sweet you were—how patient—"

"Look!" he said. There were roses on the table nearby. "See that bud—and the full blown rose. You can cut the bud—and it's lovely. But if you cut it you'll never have the flower in all its beauty. And that was what I wanted—and what I could wait for."

She laughed; drew him down to her.

"YOU have it!" she said. "Bob—I never dreamed what loving anyone could be—would be—"

"Oh!" he said, a moment later. "I asked Jimmy and Fanny to come to dinner tomorrow." He laughed. "Jimmy's a jewel! He's worth the two hundred a week I'm paying him just for the joy he adds to life around the office!"

"You've been wonderful about him," said Virginia. "When I think of how happy Fanny is—and the baby—"

"Nonsense!" he said. "I tell you Jimmy's worth it. He's immense!"

He got up; rang a bell. And when the Japanese butler came in:

"Scotch, Oku! I'm thirsty!"

Virginia frowned faintly. When Oku had gone she hesitated a moment.

"Bob!" she said. "Dear—it's the one thing—I do wish you wouldn't drink quite so much—"

"You little Puritan!" He laughed. "I don't drink enough to hurt me! It's a relaxation—I go to it pretty hard when I'm at work, you know—"

"I know—but I wish—" She shuddered. "Do you remember—in the hotel one day—a man who was bothering me? He was—he really was drunk. And you burned his hand with your cigarette? Oh—if you knew how I felt about it—"

"Sweetheart—because a chap takes a drink now and then it doesn't mean that he has to let go! I used—oh, I suppose I've taken too much, sometimes—you get started with a crowd—but you don't want to take things so seriously! Everyone—"

"I don't care what everyone does! It's you you—" The passion in her voice surprised her almost as much as it did him. But it roused in him, too, a curious, defiant stubbornness that was really the necessary complement of the boyish quality that she most loved in him.

"I CAN take care of myself," he said. "If you—" He caught himself, and laughed. "Let's not quarrel, dearest. After all, I'm not a youngster who needs looking after."

She sighed; he had silenced her, though. Yet she was worried; this was the first time she had spoken, but not the first time she had thought, of this. He did drink more than he should; she was sure of it.

"Has he asked you to dinner again?" said Fanny. Virginia nodded. "Say, that's the stuff!" Jimmy exclaimed



I guess you haven't been as dumb as I thought! If—say—if he asks your folks along he must want to marry you!"

Virginia just looked at him. But she said nothing. What was the use? He wouldn't understand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Virginia sat back in a deep, soft chair, her eyes closed. She couldn't quite believe that if she opened them they would show her the luxury that was all about her, and Stafford, smiling at her a few feet away. Married! Away, forever, from the lobby and the switchboard; from the tiny apartment, with its kitchenette and its frankfurters and canned soups! How absurd her doubts, her struggle, seemed now.

"Dreaming?" Her husband's voice broke in upon her



Happy Virginia was, certainly—and with reason. The comfort, the luxury, that surrounded her had its part in making her so, but it was, she was sure, only a small part. What really counted was her husband. She loved him; the completeness of her love, the utter satisfaction of it, amazed her. It was splendid to be able to do everything and have everything she wanted; it was even more splendid to do everything with him.

Yet she did worry about his drinking. It changed him so. She felt that he was a stranger. And it hurt her, too, that he did show a sort of remorse, often—expressed, as a rule, in the gift of some costly jewel a day or two afterward. She shrank from those gifts.

She wanted to talk with Fanny about her trouble, but it was not easy. Yet one night such a talk was thrust upon them both. Fanny and Jimmy were to spend the night, since they were going with Virginia and Stafford to the opera, and they had come in, with the baby, to avoid the necessity of catching the last train to their suburban house. And just before dinner Stafford telephoned to say that he was detained, and they must go without him. Virginia came back from the telephone tight-lipped; she knew Stafford's voice.

"Oh!" Fanny laughed, when she had the explanation. "Men! If it's not one thing it's another! He adores you. What more do you want? Lots of men drink a little too much sometimes. It's no great harm."

"It is!" said Virginia, hotly. "It changes him—he isn't himself—"

Fanny shrugged her shoulders.

"You want too much!" she said.

Late as it was when they came home, Stafford was later still. And Virginia realized at once that things had gone further than ever before. She shrank from him when he kissed her; he laughed.

"FANNY won't mind my kissing my own wife!" he said.

He insisted on seeing the baby; Jimmy brought her out, and Stafford, who adored her, was delighted. But Virginia sat apart, brooding. And when Fanny and Jimmy had left her alone with Stafford she moved toward the door of her room.

"Oh, wait a bit!" he said. He caught her in his arms; tried to kiss her.

"I'm dreadfully tired," she said. "Please—I think I'll go right to bed—"

He chuckled and rang the bell.

"Know the very thing for that tired feeling!" he said. "O-k-u—champagne!"

She stood still as he poured the sparkling wine and held out a glass to her. And she shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't want any. And you've had enough."

But he only laughed and drank, and leaned toward her, then, to kiss her arm.

"Please!" she said.

"Oh!" His irritation broke out. "What's the matter? Don't you love me?"

"I—I love the man I married!" she cried, desperately. "But when you're like this—when you make love to me like this—I hate you!"

And, eluding him, she moved swiftly toward her door. His face darkened; he was at her door before her, barring her way.

"Please!" she said. She was beginning to be frightened.

He shook his head. The veins in his forehead were swollen.

"I've had enough of this!" he said. "You—with your talk—your preaching! You didn't love me when I married you, either—but I bought you and paid for you—"

He touched the necklace at her throat, the rings on her fingers. She shrank back, appalled, incredulous. She stood still. For a moment he was touched by a confused remorse.

"Come on!" he said. "Give me a kiss and I'll let you go!"

She stood still, passive. And he caught her in his arms suddenly and kissed her. But in a moment he let her go, with an exclamation of angry disgust. For a moment she looked at him, shuddering; then turned and rushed into her room. Instinctively she slammed the door and turned the key, stood



She shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't want any. And you've had enough." But he only laughed and leaned toward her, then, to kiss her arm.

still, then, panting, shuddering. The doorknob was turned; then shaken; she heard him calling to her.

And then, incredulous, appalled and frightened as she had never been in all her life before, she heard a crashing blow fall upon the door, followed by another and another. The wood splintered and broke; the panel was driven in. She saw her husband's face, inflamed and furious; saw his hand reach in and turn the key. Then, as he came in, she cried out, once.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was as if nothing that she remembered had ever been; as if the memory of her marriage, of luxury, of comfort, were only a dream. To Virginia, going each morning to her work in the factory, returning each night to the cheap flat in which she lived with Fanny and Jimmy and the baby, sharing the expenses, there was no future and no past.

FANNY and Jimmy, bickering, quarreling, getting on each other's nerves. She could see the disintegration of the life they had been building up. And she felt, always, their reproach, seldom as they dared to put it into words. She was making them suffer poverty, discomfort! She—because she had left Stafford the morning after that unforgivable and deadly scene!

They could not understand. How should they? How could she expect them to see that she had had to leave him just because she loved him, and had to tell him, and had now to stick to her word, that she would never go back unless he came for her, with his promise to stop drinking forever? Oh, if he had made that promise the next day—instead of trying to buy her off with another gift of jewels!

He had been sorry—oh, yes! Even ashamed. Bitterly ashamed, she knew. But that had not been enough. He had not understood—or else, he had not loved her enough to meet the only terms she could impose. It didn't matter which. And now she had to go on, knowing how Jimmy and her sister felt.

Dinner—as wretched, as unappetiz- (Concluded on page 111)



# Rubye de Remer's New Clothes, Designed

## Some New Ideas About Dress

As outlined to Carolyn Van Wyck

By RUBY DE REMER

I AM a very practical person. I have been told I don't look it by artists who have painted my portrait, and I hope that is true. Nevertheless, underneath I have a sort of practical, school-ma'am way of looking at things.

And I believe that the best thing to be about clothes is practical.

I have absolutely no use for the woman who declares that she buys things she thinks she likes in a store, and when she gets them home finds they aren't what she wanted at all. That is stupid and impractical and I should like to show women how to avoid it.

The secret of remaining young is never to wear an unbecoming hat. Nothing ages a woman like the feeling that her hat detracts from instead of enhancing her good looks. And nothing worries a woman so much, not even her husband, as the knowledge that there is something wrong about her clothes.

I really love beautiful clothes. If I went to interview a producer and found that my gown had two buttons off, I know I shouldn't make the least sort of an impression on him. Every woman's morale depends upon her clothes.

Now there is only one way to insure against mistakes in dressing—both in selecting clothes and in wearing them. And that is to be practical and use good common sense about it.

I wouldn't love the most beautiful dress ever designed if it wasn't practical.

That is the reason I distinctly prefer American clothes to Paris models and why, though I just returned from the French capital, I have as many American made and designed things in my new wardrobe as I have Parisian things.

When you want to buy things for a new season, sit down quietly and decide what you need and what sort of things you want to fill that need. Go to see some of the new films in which stars, who spend fortunes and invaluable hours in selecting their garments, are appearing. If possible, go to see a star who is something of your own type. Get a pretty good idea of what you are going to have. That is the way to avoid buying things you don't want. Then, either go to good shops or, what I believe is much more satisfactory, get good patterns and a good sewing woman, and have them executed in your own home. If you are clever along that line, you can make your own dresses.

Then you are sure of the value of what you have. It is certainly much more economical in every way.

Never select things that are easily torn, that are very difficult to put on, that have a lot of fancy trimming or a

## One of these Patterns Goes to You

ONE of the three charming frocks, especially designed by and for Rubye de Remer, the screen star, may be owned by you. You may have the pattern of any one of the three, and with the knowledge that you have a costume comparable to the smartest and most exclusive design conceived this season. Because Le Bon Ton Patterns are celebrated for their originality and good taste; and Miss de Remer is one of the celebrated celebrities who set fashion standards for all America. She has cooperated with PHOTOPLAY and Le Bon Ton in presenting to you these frocks.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Design 8

A one-piece dress especially designed for Miss de Remer of heavy sport crepe. The severely simple lines are smart and becoming to her youthful figure. The necessary materials and their costs are as follows:

3½ yards sport crepe @ \$3.00	\$10.50
¾ yard fillet lace @ 7.50	5.62
Silver clasps about	5.00
	\$21.12

lot of buttons to come off, or that are composed of a number of different pieces to put on.

The American woman is a pretty busy person. I don't know a single woman in New York or in California, the two places where I spend most of my time, or in my home town of Denver, who hasn't interests outside of her clothes. While we all have the instinct to be well dressed, in this country, there are very few of us that will spend hours over a toi-

lette or devote our chief mental and physical energy to our personal appearance. I have to do a lot of it, because it's my business, but at that I don't pretend to make a sacred rite of dressing, as French women do.

Therefore, I say again, be practical about your wardrobe. Get things that are easy to put on, that don't need a lot of repairing every time you've worn them, that continue to look attractive after they've had some wear. I have a more extensive lot of gowns than the average woman. But except when I buy a gown for a certain purpose, I always



Design 9

Miss de Remer's long circular cape designed to be worn with one-piece dress. It can be obtained at a ridiculously small cost. It has no lining

4½ yards sports crepe.....	@ \$3.00	\$12.75
Silver clasp about.....		2.50
		\$15.25



# by Le Bon Ton with Patterns for You

buy things that I know will continue to look nice after I've worn them a while.

I design a great many of my own gowns and have them made under my personal supervision. I find I get the best results that way. And I always take into consideration how they will hold up, how convenient they are to put on, for, except at the studio, I do not keep a personal maid.

I am personally very fond of one-piece dresses that slip on over the head, without hooks and eyes or buttons. I like cape-coats that do not wrinkle your frocks. Being a blonde, I prefer dark colors, because I think they bring out my hair and

Look smart, of course. But try to look sweet.

Sport things are always the order of the day during the summer season. But in choosing them, keep the feminine note as much as possible.

I myself prefer dainty, soft things in summer to too much of the sport effect. For evening I always prefer soft, lacy, delicate things to hard sequins, glistening bead effects and severely classic lines. And I must admit that for the average woman I prefer veiled effects to too much nudity.

The models I have chosen to give PHOTOPLAY are things I really love, and I think they ought to be of great service to American women. Everyone of them is practical. Mostly they are my own ideas carried out by Le Bon Ton.

I hope you'll like 'em



Design 11



Design 10

A charming dinner frock of flesh pink Corticelli Satin Patria uniquely draped with the front turned under in loops. The bead and floss embroidery on sash ends and across the front of blouse is also worked on the underbodice between the panel front and back. It totals but \$21.75.

5 1/2 yards Satin Patria	@ \$3.50	\$19.25
Embroidery silk and beads		1.50
Extras will cost about		1.00
		\$21.75

Design 11

An afternoon model of figured foulard smartly trimmed with plain foulard. It favors a double surplined bodice which terminates in sash ends at the left side and a skirt with a simple cascade drapery on the right lapping from the back. The approximate cost will be \$22.00.

5 yards figured foulard	@ \$3.50	\$17.50
1 yard plain foulard		3.50
Extras about		1.00
		\$22.00

Design 12

Plain and plaided gingham are used with effective results in building this model. The dress of plaided gingham is buttoned to the long front panel of white gingham and the scalloped edges are worked in an over and over stitch. Neck of panel is finished with a cross stitch embroidery. The materials can be bought for the very moderate sum given below:

4 1/2 yards plaided gingham	@ \$1.00	\$4.50
1 yard plain gingham		1.00
Buttons, embroidery silk and extras		1.50
		\$7.00



Design 12

skin. But color is always an absolutely personal matter. You must judge that for yourself.

There is one thing I want to say to all American women and girls

Don't be hard on yourselves.

Don't wear clothes, even though they make you look smart, that mar your sweet, feminine softness.

That is one thing I learned in Paris, and if we have a fault in fashions in this country it is in wearing and popularizing things that are chic but trying.

In getting your summer wardrobe, keep that in mind. Avoid severe lines. Avoid harsh effects. Avoid hard glaring colors and—this is my own personal taste, of course, but I believe I am right—avoid the masculine note.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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# Business



Almost any handsome young man can outwit an entire Camorra of old experienced Wall Street magnates

THIS is the seventh of one of the most unusual and talked-of series of satirical articles to appear in any American magazine. Not only is Mr. Wright recognized as one of the foremost satirists writing in English today, but Mr. Barton, who is illustrating this remarkable series, is America's greatest caricaturist. Next month these two famous humorists will collaborate on "The Theatrical Life in the Films."

By  
WILLARD  
HUNTINGTON  
WRIGHT

Decorations by  
RALPH BARTON

SOME years ago an impassioned speculator and *litteratus* inflamed the corpuscles of the Great American Common People with a series of lurid articles entitled "Frenzied Finance," in which he told astounding tales of Wall Street's goings-on, and set down fabulous descriptions of the practices and habits of the financiers themselves. But though he gave a new phrase to the language, his revelations were tame and commonplace in comparison with the business life which is presented to us nightly in the dramas of the screen.

Let us look first at the stock market of the films. It not seldom happens that the fate of Wall Street depends, in large measure, on whether or not an earnest and virginal young man with polished hair, arched eyebrows, and a skin-tight suit with slanting pockets and peaked lapels, can land some sort of a contract or other. The entire financial district awaits the result with bated breath and popping eyes. The curb is a howling pandemonium; prices have collapsed; panic reigns; and at least six capitalists are about to blow their brains out. If the young man puts the deal across, the market will pull together and go on. But if not! . . . Well, the bottom will just simply fall out of everything.

Moreover, almost any handsome young man, if he is honorable and pure, and really sets his mind to it, can completely outwit and ignominiously ruin an entire Camorra of old experienced Wall Street magnates.

Luckily these youths do not often invade the financial district. As a general rule, in the films, the stock market is completely controlled by a middle-aged gentleman with a square jaw, who tries to look like Tarzan of the Apes. Single-handed, he can wreck the works, and bring the entire financial struc-

ture of the country crashing down about the heads of his enemies. And he often does it, just to get even with somebody against whom he has a grudge. He merely calls up his broker on the telephone, speaks a few words out of the corner of his mouth—and, in five minutes, the entire Street is tottering.

And this brings up another curious point in the financial life of the screen. All millionaires habitually arrange their affairs so that it is possible for them to be wiped out clean in half an hour—so clean, in fact, that their old family servants are inspired to come forward and proffer them their meagre savings.

MOREOVER, despite the fact that they are always thus on the brink of ruin, and liable at any moment to have to face disaster, the shock of any catastrophe inevitably bowls them over. They all suffer from some serious cardiac disturbance; for whenever they get bad news over the ticker, they immediately have a stroke, as of acute apoplexy. Their chins sag; their eyes dilate; and they clutch at their breasts, sway back and forth, and then collapse on the floor, all tangled up in the tape.

Before passing on to the more general aspects of business life as depicted on the screen, attention should be called to the fact that all dishonest Wall Street plotters sooner or later come to grief. Virtue and honesty always triumph—one of the reasons being, no doubt, that all financial schemes of a criminal nature are invariably concocted and arranged over a telephone with a switchboard, so that the beautiful and chaste young daughter of the intended victim—enacting the rôle of



# Life in the Films

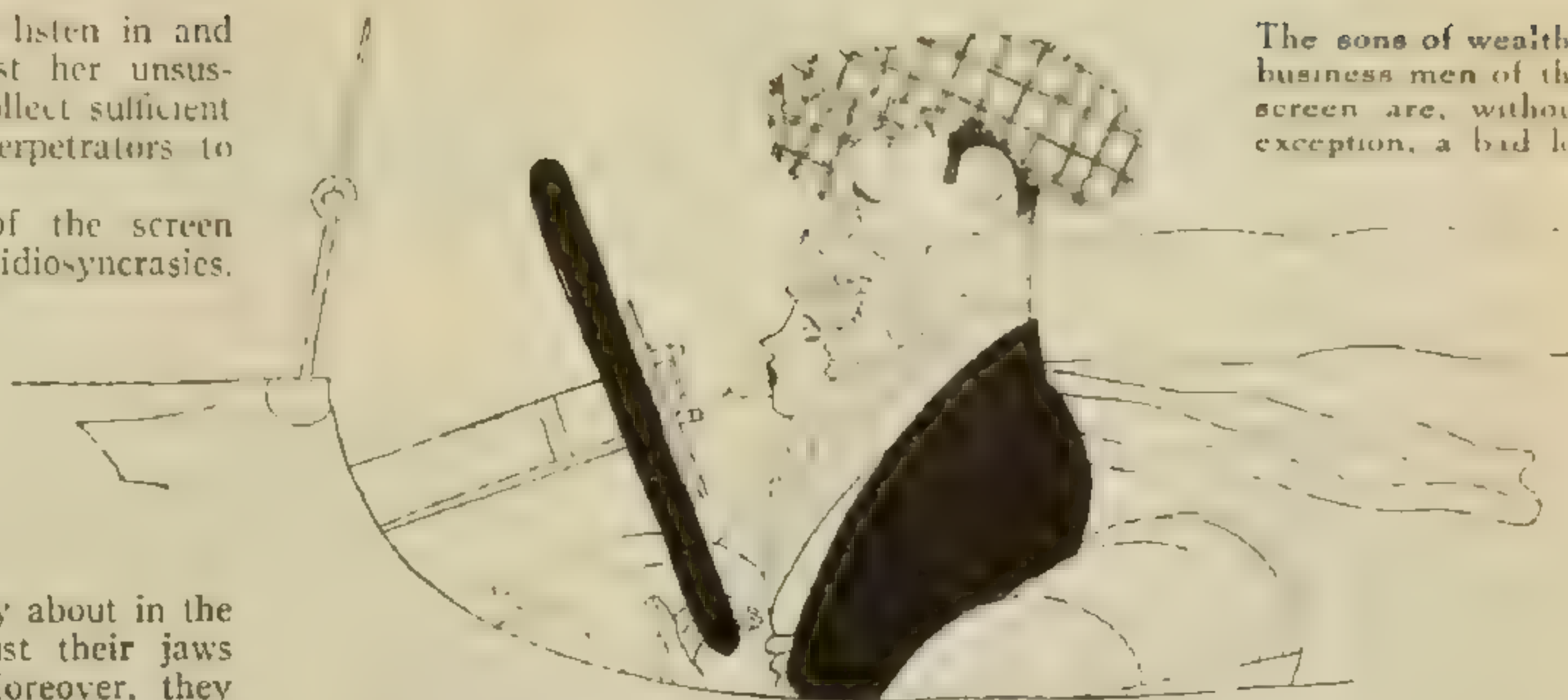
substitute operator—can not only listen in and thwart the nefarious plans against her unsuspecting father, but incidentally collect sufficient evidence to send the would-be perpetrators to the bastille.

Business men and financiers of the screen possess many peculiar traits and idiosyncrasies. Their eyebrows are always shaggy, and there are always gray tufts above their ears. Courtesy and geniality are antipodal to their natures. They are at all times gruff and aggressive, and wear mean, belligerent expressions. When they talk they roll a large cigar viciously about in the corner of their mouths, and thrust their jaws forward in menacing fashion. Moreover, they gesticulate angrily, pound the desk with their fists, and constantly shake their fore-fingers threateningly under the noses of their listeners.

Another thing: they apparently have a deep and ineradicable suspicion of banking houses; for they always keep their money at home in the library in a circular wall safe, where any burglar can get to it with but slight difficulty. And this suspicion of the banks would seem to extend to the storage vaults, as well; for no business man or financier ever puts his important papers, or his bonds and stock certificates, in a safe-deposit box. Instead, he keeps them in his desk drawer at his private office. And, because of this eccentricity, he is nearly always robbed by someone who, posing as a customer, picks the drawer open with a pen knife or hair-pin when his back is momentarily turned.

Another invariable practice of the motion-picture business man is that of keeping a long, pointed, double edged, highly sharpened, stiletto-like paper-cutter on his desk, so that any enemy or professional burglar will have a convenient and efficient weapon at hand with which to stab him. And it is nothing short of amazing how many commercial magnates are translated into the Beyond by this means.

The sons of wealthy business men of the screen are, without exception, a bad lot



Then there is the peculiarity possessed by every wealthy financier in his manner of employing help. No matter how crooked he may be, or how urgent his needs for caution and secrecy, he will engage a new stenographer without giving her a try-out or even asking her for references. The young lady simply walks into his inner private office, states her mission, and is accepted on the spot. The next minute he is turning over to her his confidential correspondence and making her privy to all his illegal and nefarious schemes.

Thus the daughter of the niece of one of his former victims, who is now in the Poor House, works herself in as a spy, check-mates all his dastardly plots, and gathers sufficient evidence to bring him, humbled and chastened, to the bar of justice.

The wives of all wealthy and successful business men of the screen are shallow, brainless, extravagant creatures, who live only for social diversions, and who spend their entire time buying new gowns and giving soirées and costume balls. They know nothing whatever of business matters, and when the financial crash comes and they are in- (Concluded on page 91)



When the watchman finds the secretary with a smoking pistol in his hand, there is nothing for him to do but turn the innocent young man over to the gendarmes



# Plays and

If you keep up with these more about film folks than

By CAL.

Engaged? Although they're still playing flapper and juvenile respectively in real life as well as films, Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are old enough to have made up their minds they're in love

As a tropical lovest, Corinne Griffith has few equals. She didn't have to play in a story of South Sea locale to prove that

of the German language had suddenly failed her and she was not hearing aright. She asked the child to repeat.

"You have made a mistake, madame. You gave me—see! too much."

Miss de Remer hastily thrust her hand into her purse and bringing forth its entire contents in silver forced them into the girl's hand.

"And the poor little thing wept," says Rubye. "She said it was more than she made in a whole year."

"Yes," interrupts Teddy Sampson, who was in the party, "and Rubye wept, too!"

**FRANCES MARION**, between scenarios for which she receives sums amounting to a pretty penny, has found time to turn out several plays. No—nothing to do with films. But the celebrated scenario writer is branching out, and her new literary efforts are along widely different lines than the Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge screen stories she has done. One one-act play from her trusty typewriter is a little masterpiece, according to those who've been fortunate enough to get to read it. It will soon be produced, with two other one-act plays by her, by an artistic group which has done most of the worth-while theatrical things of Manhattan. Besides the plays there's a book in the process of construction, and a few other little things. And in spite of all this work, Frances Marion continues to look as beautiful as the stars she writes for.

**DID** you see that kid with the black bobbed hair and the white hair-ribbon in the country drug store show scenes of "Polly of the Follies"? She was the prettiest little girl in the audience which watches Connie Talmadge as *Polly* cavort in her impromptu play. Anita Loos played an extra just for fun and to see how she would photograph. She has no intention of becoming an actress instead of a writer



**T**HE possibility of producing the Life of Christ in motion pictures was being discussed at a tea.

There were some doubts expressed as to whether there was an actor who could play the Christ.

"Or one who *would*," interposed Madge Kennedy dolefully. "I know a very capable actor who was offered the chance to play Lincoln in a picture based on the Life of Lincoln."

"Play Lincoln?" said the actor. "I should say not! Not with that ending!"

**DID** you know that D. W. Griffith predicted Rodolph Valentino's success several years ago?

Valentino was playing a villain's part in a picture with Dorothy Gish.

Turning to a man who was standing on the set at the time, Mr. Griffith said:

"There is a boy who is going to be a great idol some day, if fortune is kind to him."

**W**HILE Rubye de Remer was motoring through Europe she stopped at a small German inn for lunch. The little red-checked girl who waited on the table was so eager to please and so obvious in her admiration of the unusual guests that she attracted Miss de Remer's attention.

"She was so cute and so desirous of pleasing us that I gave her a good tip," explains Miss de Remer.

It was such a tip as an American waiter would accept as his due and say nothing. But translated into German marks it was quite a munificent sum. The little girl regarded it for a moment, then handed it back to Miss de Remer with a curtsy.

"You have made a mistake, madame," said she. "You have given me too much."

For a moment Miss de Remer was dumfounded. She believed that her knowledge



"Baby Stars"—Left to right, lower row: Mary Philbin, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bessie Love, Louise Lorraine, Helen Ferguson and Kathryn McGuire. Upper row: Pauline Stark, Maryon Aye, Jacqueline Logan, Claire Windsor, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee and Lois Wilson



# Players

columns you will know  
they know themselves

YORK

IT looks as though Jack Pickford had won Marilyn Miller, the Ziegfeld star of "Sally," and that they would be married this summer. Anyhow, George Stewart, the elebonair brother of Anita Stewart, who was also an ardent courtier at Marilyn's court, has withdrawn from the field to devote himself to his art. He will star in Christie comedies.

In New York, at the recent Sixty Club Ball, which attracted all the stars of the east, Jack Pickford escorted Miss Miller to the royal box, where she was presented to King Doug, Queen Mary, and Dowager Charlotte.

A FEW years ago, when the motion picture industry had more pompous prelates than it has today, a certain director was expostulating with a certain producer about a picture. The producer demanded that the director make radical changes in his plans. The director became vehement in the argument and blasphemed slightly.

"My young man!" shouted the producer, aghast. "Do you realize to whom you are talking? Do you realize that you are speaking to the man who made the greatest picture ever filmed, the man who made more good pictures than Griffith, the man who has made more stars and directors than anybody in the business?"

The producer was purple with outraged dignity.

"I can't help it," said the director meekly. "I would say the same things to the Lord himself."

The producer gave a moment of solemn thought to the reply, then said:

"Well, I guess that's fair enough."

HEDDA HOPPER, the presiding genius of the Algonquin dining room, the idol of the literary lights who congregate there, and an all-round, one-hundred-percent human being—plays a part in the popular stage comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," which

Mrs. Anna Townsend celebrated her seventy-third birthday by playing Harold Lloyd's grandmother in his new comedy. She's been appearing in pictures without her daughter's consent

Our old friend and comrade, Robinson Crusoe, come to life—celluloid life, at any rate. He is played by Harry Myers



features Ernest Truex. She lends her aristocratic presence to several scenes, utters a few pleasant or poignant lines, and then is seen no more.

The other day the lovely Hedda was presented to an elderly lady from up-state who had seen the play and admired Mrs. Hopper. The lady looked at Hedda adoringly, then remarked embarrassedly:

"I liked your play, I must say; and I liked you—always have. But Mrs. Hopper—I'd like to ask you something. In your last scene there—why don't you enter into the conversation more?"

IT is one of the curses of fame that every few months you are reported demised. Charles Whittaker, the famous playwright and scenarioist, has several times been obliged personally to deny the reports of his death. The latest rumor circulated several months ago, when an assistant director of almost similar name but different spelling died suddenly in California.

Mr. Whittaker, in denying this newest report, said:

"Even amongst those who are aware that I am in the flesh, I am constantly under the necessity of vociferously asserting my own existence or else get shouted down, but it's too bad to have my friends rejoicing and my enemies deploring an unjustified demise,—why, David Powell, upon arriving from England, was staggered to realize I am still on this oblate spheroid."

This expression may serve to explain why it is that Mr. Whittaker, in spite of the awe-inspiring and academic initials which belong after his name, and his literary prowess, is often called by his friends "Charlie."

AND speaking of queer kinds of rumors, John Barrymore at a party not long ago spent the whole evening talking about his baby boy. (Continued on page 74)

Every kid wants to ride a fire engine. One of Jackie Coogan's ambitions was realized in San Francisco recently when most of the fire department met him at the station on his arrival. After all, being an actor has its compensations. Jackie admits it's the life for him







FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount

**I**T is good to see Ethel Clayton in a picture that is worthy of her efforts. An actress of unquestioned ability, she has lately devoted herself to films of patently inferior quality. But she scores emphatically in "For the Defense." It is a vivid melodrama, describing the adventures of a young prima donna who is victimized by a sinister Hindu hypnotist. She falls under his spell, as many other women have done before her, and is only saved from an unspeakable fate when one of the hypnotist's former innamoratas steps in and punctures him.

Use is made in one place in the story of a cubistic Caligari setting, in order to convey the impression of the heroine's hypnotic dream. This is remarkably effective, and serves to heighten the dramatic interest considerably. In fact, everything in the picture is well done, and Paul Powell, who directed it, deserves a resounding salvo of cheers for his work on this production. He has not missed a single trick. Moreover, he has assembled an excellent and appropriate cast to carry out the idea.



COME ON OVER—Goldwyn

**R**UPERT HUGHES goes to Ireland, this time, for his inspiration and brings back with him a little story of pathos and laughter.

Colleen Moore plays the part of *Moyna*, a young Irish girl who is waiting for her lover to "send for her out"—which, translated, means come across with transportation and a wedding ring. But the lover, Ralph Graves, finds many an obstacle in his path. One of the most insurmountable obstacles is his inability to keep a job, the other is a blonde modiste with a Fifth Avenue address. And so *Moyna* waits until, weary of waiting, she decides to take the journey on her own. The complications that ensue go to make up a picture that is one hundred percent family stuff!

To Assist You in Saving You

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U S Pat Off.

*A review of the new pictures*



SMILIN' THROUGH—First National

**R**EMINISCENT of a gorgeous valentine,—one of those ornate lace-and-celluloid creations that remained in the drug-store window year after year because no one in town had enough money to buy it.

The subtitles are tinted and adorned with love birds on a twig, roses dropping their petals, a lily and a Bible,—everything but the clasped hands and the gates ajar.

The photography is thrilling. Charles Rosher, camera painter, is the co-star of the show. He creates shimmering splendors and then again quaint pastorals as charming as a Watteau.

The story would have been clarified and tremendously increased in dramatic power had it commenced at the beginning and smiled steadily through. As it is, there is some confusion and diffused interest. Yet it holds more real feeling than most of its contemporaries and its enchanting beauty lifts it among the peers of the season.

Norma Talmadge seems of late to be playing in a flapper key. There's not so much of that wistfulness and depth of feeling that she once displayed. She reminds us here of a lovely French doll with adroit and pretty surface emotions. Delectable, but a doll. Toward the end of the picture however, she delivered some tender moments that brought real tears from the spectators of the Ritz ball-room where the picture was previewed. And it requires rare acting ability to bring tears into the Ritz.

Harrison Ford is here; and with him as a vis-a-vis Miss Talmadge is at her finest. You will find that this is one of Norma's best numbers, pictorially a Kohinoor.



# Motion Picture Time and Money

## PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION of the SIX BEST PICTURES of the MONTH

SMILIN' THROUGH  
•  
THE LOVES OF PHARAOH  
•  
FOR THE DEFENSE  
•  
A DOLL'S HOUSE  
•  
COME ON OVER  
•  
POLLY OF THE FOLLIES



THE LOVES OF PHARAOH—Paramount

**PROF. ERNST LUBITSCH** is the great humanizer of history.

He was undeniably successful in applying the quickening touch to Louis of France and Henry VIII of England. But we feel that he went a little beyond his depth in attempting to excavate Egypt from the sands of 1,000 B. C.

It is pretty hard to put life in a mummy, and Lubitsch was unfortunate in selecting a Pharaoh who insisted upon shaving his head until it resembled a poultry product. At times he seems not so much a king of Egypt as a king of the dairy products combine. However, that impression may be overlooked in the real power of the performance.

Although Herr Lubitsch failed to generate the regular blood pressure in his characters he came as close to it as anyone could with mummies who were such freak dressers. His spectacular moments are gorgeous. The scene of the slaves working in the quarries resembles a hill swarming with ants. In a flash it suggests the panorama of man.

The film is a magnificent, dazzling orgy of splendors. And therein is its failing; the spectacle dims the individual. Dagny Servaes, the heroine, has a pure Greek profile and acts with distinction, but she is no Pola Negri. Emil Jannings as the Pharaoh is expert and effective in spite of his eccentric haircut. Henry Liedtke, called "the Wally Reid of Germany," is sometimes florid; but when he is content just to smile genially he does bear an amazing likeness to our native Apollo.

By all means see this, if only to exclaim that even the mighty Lubitsch is not always at his holy best.



A DOLL'S HOUSE—United Artists

**A** MENTAL masterpiece. The emotions are not called upon for such great exertions as is customary in the cinema. The spectator is asked to use his imagination and his mind.

By sticking as closely as adhesive plaster to Ibsen's original, Madame Nazimova has seen to it that none of the vitality has been lost. It is a literal translation. The atmosphere is not Hollywoodian; it is Norwegian. The very pictures on the walls are true to type. The sets are absolutely faithful. The acting is magnificent.

The story is a little bit old-fashioned in these days when nearly every wife enjoys the privilege of living her own life. But it will be preserved as a perfect record of its period and personality. The Russian star, usually eccentric, curbs her Camille tendencies, and as *Nora*, one of the drama's most absorbing women, really acts. Or rather, thinks. At times she is over-expressive. Charles Bryant is a truly good director; he knows the value of restraint and uses it. If this film is any indication of her state of mind, Madame Bryant is regaining her artistic balance and her next celluloid should restore her to her first high histrionic standard.



POLLY OF THE FOLLIES—First National

**T**HIS is one of the most uproarious comedies that has ever been permitted to roam about wild on the prosaic surface of the silver screen. It is absolutely crazy—making practically no sense at any given point—but it is gorgeously funny, for all that. The story is a vague affair about a little slavey in the drug store of a blue-nose town, who scandalizes the folks by running away and joining the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Needless to say, she is an instantaneous hit, not only with the suave Mr. Ziegfeld, but with a handsome young millionaire.

Constance Talmadge is at her best as the latest Emerson-Loos heroine and you know what Connie's best is.





THE WORLD'S CHAMPION—Paramount

Wallie Reid, as the middle-weight champion of the world, gets the money, the girl and the social position. He also foils the villain—who isn't a bad sort, though fat. The picture is extremely well directed and cast. Splendid entertainment, of the cleanest sort, for the whole family. Lois Wilson plays the titled heroine with charm and a real ability. She is worth watching.



THE LEATHER PUSHERS  
Universal-Jewel-Colliers

If the last nine instalments are up to the standard of the first three, Universal will have made a real super-serial. H. C. Witwer's stories have lost nothing in the filming, and the prize-fights in each episode are packed with real, and convincing, thrills. Reginald Denny is the hero and Harry Pollard the director. And the cast is up to standard in every way. Follow this—by all means!



YELLOW MEN AND GOLD Goldwyn

This picture should be popular, if only for the fact that nearly everybody has day-dreamed about the finding of buried treasure. Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Rosemary Theby—with a Chinese chorus. And some most convincing villains! If you hate adventure, don't see it. By Gouverneur Morris with all of the thrills that made his first stories famous. A clean plot.



THE DEUCE OF SPADES—First National

Charles Ray in a typical rôle—that of the "from Boston" owner of a lunch room in a tough Montana town. Although the action drags, in spots, the comedy is good and the sub-titles are really clever. And the cast, as a whole, could scarcely be improved upon. A family film—in the Ivory soap class! In other words—the best sort of wholesome entertainment for young and old.



WILD HONEY—Universal

And oh, how wild it was! Priscilla Dean, lots of scenery, Robert Ellis, and both the Beerys thrown away to make a Universal holiday. As dull an evening's entertainment as you can find anywhere, up until the last few reels, when an ice jam is introduced to send you away with a shiver. What a waste—this star was once one of the most promising persons in pictures.



WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT  
—Zeidman

Glycerine tears are all right when kept in their place. A drop now and then never did any harm. But when they are allowed to flow in the same volume as Niagara Falls, there is reason for protest. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" empties all the glycerine glands in existence. And it is a stupid, trashy film.



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 AMERICAN PHOTOPLAY  
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# Two New Polishes—*just perfected*

## Entirely new formulas—a quicker, higher brilliance—that *lasts*

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

*Northam Warren*  
 ORIGINATOR OF CUTEX.

**N**OW, at last, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it.

The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth—the unpleasantly gritty quality that is so characteristic of powder polishes having been entirely overcome. And it has a "body" and



**The new Powder Polish**  
*At last—a powder polish that is practically instantaneous and that retains its brilliance despite frequent washings.*

firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully.

In the new Liquid Polish we have one that is entirely free from the objections to all former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster—just like the inside of a sea-shell. It requires no buffing, of course, and it will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When



**The New Liquid Polish**  
*Just stroke each nail daintily with the rosy fluid, and behold—a jewel-like luster that will last a week. A wonderful protection to the nails.*

it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish, taking one nail at a time, and wipe it off quickly before it dries. This will leave the nail clean and ready for the new application. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last just three times as long. The Powder Polish is 35c a box and the Liquid Polish is 35c a bottle.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately, at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

**Send 5c today for samples of  
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We want you to try these two new polishes without delay. Fill out this coupon and mail it to us with five cents in coin or postage to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send you samples of both. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 705, 260 Mountain Street, Montreal.

**The new Cutex Five-Minute Set with these  
two new polishes**

Cutex announces a new assortment called the Five-Minute Set, containing full sized packages of these two new polishes, with a full-sized bottle of the Cutex Cuticle Remover, orange stick, and package of emery boards—exactly what you need for the quickest, easiest manicure. The price is \$1.00.

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**MISTRESS OF THE WORLD—Paramount**

If a picture's merit were measured by its size, this German production would be too good to be true. It is twenty reels long, and consequently has to be issued in serial form (five reels at a time).

The title rôle is played by Mia May, a German star of ample proportions. There are tremendous scenes, and vast crowds. But—what is it all about?



**THE SHEIK'S WIFE—Vitagraph**

A drama of the great desert where there ain't no votes for women and a man may raise anything that he wants to—including a thirst! The story proves that two races can't mix—matrimonially speaking. And then a happy ending is dragged in and the point of the whole thing is lost. Splendid photography and lighting and some good bits of acting. An importation from the French.



**A DANGEROUS LITTLE DEMON—Universal**

Marie Prevost as an ultra-modern flapper—in frocks that are too short, now-a-days, to be fashionable. She endures an arrest, a business failure, and an engagement with a very good young man. And still manages to come up smiling at the end, all ready to marry another young man who is not so good! Light, but entertaining, with a laugh or two for good measure.



**LOVE'S BOOMERANG—Paramount**

This is a beautiful production, marked with John S. Robertson's usual artistry, but rather lacking in dramatic value. The interest is buoyed up periodically, and then allowed to drop. There are many fine scenes, taken in England and France, and there is some good acting by lovely Ann Forrest, David Powell, and Geoffrey Kerr. Robertson should do another Barrie story.



**THE CRADLE BUSTER—Warren**

This is a simple, unpretentious little picture, with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle. It is amusing in a quiet, Tarkingtonian way, and works up to an exceedingly effective climax. Frank Tuttle, who wrote and directed it, reveals himself as a producer of great intelligence. Beside Mr. Hunter, the cast includes Marguerite Courtot and Osgood Perkins.



**WOMAN'S SIDE—First National**

This is too tragic to be funny. It looks as if a band of earnest amateurs had got together and decided to make a picture. The theme, politics, with all the old tricks. Even the tender-hearted would have to work overtime to find an excuse for this. Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, but you can't spend two hours exclaiming over the fact. *(Concluded on page 94)*



# Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

**F**INE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of the North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from The North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells what these tests showed them about washing blankets and why they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



Lever Brothers Co.  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of laundings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woollens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,

*S. P. Russell*  
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.



Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept S-5, Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX



# How To Do It

The secret is revealed  
for the first time by "the Mansfield  
of the Screen"

By  
HERBERT HOWE



"I recited at the Fall Fair and Festival  
of Minnehaha County"

**I** REALIZE that this is a daring and sensational thing which I undertake.

It may get me in bad with other members of my profession less generous than myself.

My disclosure may be declared unethical; I may be accused of breach of faith toward my art; this magazine may be denounced for permitting revelations so startling as to shake stardom to its very foundations.

For the first time in any publication the secret will be revealed, namely—

How to make good in the movies.

I realize full well the seriousness of the task which your editor has imposed upon me.

And you will perhaps realize the sacrifice I am making in telling you how to do it.

Thoughtless of self and the price I have paid, I will endeavor to reveal my own experiences in attaining what some critics have been kind enough to call the supreme pinnacle of pantomimic perfection.

From the top of the ladder, if I may be so bold as to say the top, I look back over the long, long trail of hardships and harrowing ignominies through which I stumbled to my present position as—again I quote—"The Mansfield of the Screen."

In showing you how I do it—that is, how to make good in the movies—it will be impossible to avoid casual reference to myself. Much as I despise egotism, for which, as one kindly interviewer put it, I stand in a place by myself, I must in the interests of your welfare use the personal pronoun occasionally.

As a child I showed marked signs of artistic temperament. I played the mouth organ uninstructed, drew striking likenesses of people on the sidewalk, caught on wagons, and shot craps. But my parents objected to a movie career. Needless to say, they are now quite won over and enjoy my weekly letters with inclosures.

**M**Y first stage experience was "The Wreck of the Hesperis," which I recited at the Fall Fair and Festival of Minnehaha county. This led to my engagement as choir boy in the leading church of the village, where my strong, resonant voice soon caused me to be transferred to operating the bellows of the organ.

It was but a step from this to ushering and cleaning out the local opera house, where I came in close contact with such ar-

tists as Corse Payton, Grace Hayward, and Anna Eva Fay. Every night I studied the work of these artists, hanging on their every word.

Soon I knew every word of "St. Elmo" by heart. I became the favorite subject of hypnotists, and now and then was picked out from the other usher to play a part.

**M**Y first regular stage experience was that of a toreador in "Carmen," a somewhat difficult role to get over because all the action transpired off stage.

Finally I determined to set out for New York to play under the direction of David Belasco. Mr. Belasco was out when I arrived. This was a fortunate circumstance, although I did not know it at the time. His personal representative in the outer office urged me to come back, but I was determined to wait on no one but find my niche at once.

Belasco being out, I went to Childs, where I secured an instant engagement. My first Broadway appearance was thus made as The Griddle Cake Man. This gave me the poise I so badly needed. And let me say here that anything which takes you before the public is training you for a career in acting.

One day a famous movie director noted me and was instantly struck by my gestures. He asked me if I had studied Delsarte. I told him no.

"You are very handsome," he said.

I blushed and slipped him a cake.

"You would photograph like a young Adonis," he said.

I slipped him two cakes.

"With a little training you could become another Will Rogers." I slipped him the griddle.

He left me a card on which he scribbled his address. Although I was new to New York I sought until I had found the address. It was just off the end of the Twenty-Third street pier. I asked an uncouth sailor if he had seen a movie studio around there. He looked at me and with a leer said, "Give me a shot of it."

I learned that there were studios across the river a few hundred blocks further up, so I decided the gentleman had made a mistake. I trudged the entire distance and worked my way on the ferry which conveys actors across to Ft. Lee.

(Continued on page 69)



"My first appearance on Broadway was as  
the Griddle Cake Man"



# Nothing So Beautiful

*As a wealth of well-groomed hair*

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

## *Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness*

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

## *The greatest benefit*

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

# PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils



The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

## *Trial bottle free*

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal-card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-279.

## THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY

MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario  
Manufactured by The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

*New size,  
price 50 cents*





# Now Ready!



**Goodrich “55”**  
**CLINCHER FABRIC TIRE**

**The NEW 30×3½**  
**for \$10.90**

HERE is a real tire of real quality, at a price most remarkably low. It has everything that you demand—construction, appearance, long life, low price.

*It's a GOODRICH—Great Value!*

Made with all the skill of Goodrich, of high-grade quality throughout and perfected with its scientifically constructed, anti-skid tread of thick, tough, specially-compounded rubber.

Ask your dealer to show you this remarkable tire. Remember the name—Goodrich “55”—price \$10.90. Also made in 30 x 3 size.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY  
*Akron, Ohio*

MAKERS OF THE SILVERTOWN CORD

**Goodrich “55”**  
*The Tire for Small Cars*

—Goodrich Tires give longest service with Goodrich Tubes



There I found some studios. No one knew my kind friend, however, and there was a sign which said "No Casting." Nevertheless, I went to the studio every day and asked for my friend and for work. Finally the casting director said:

"Oh, go to Hollywood," or words to that effect.

Hungry, penniless, my watch gone, my cuff links gone, my shoe leather going. I went.

"How?" you ask.

To him who will there is a way. Always hold that thought in mind. Keep saying it over and over to yourself. Eventually you will attract attention. The elect know no failure.

I will pass lightly over the method in which I procured money for transportation. Money is a thing which some procure one way and some another. Only remember this: never do anything which is liable to come out later and hurt your following with the fans.

And so I reached Hollywood, that great fairyland where dreams come to,—thanks to Mack Sennett.

I immediately started visiting the studios.

Possessed of an imposing physique, due to early ploughing on the Dakota prairies, and a rhythmic grace, due to the 'Chicks' endeavor, I had the advantage, perhaps, of many who go to Hollywood. But the gatemen whom I interviewed little suspected the stunts of which I was capable or the chest expansion under the tattered flannel shirt.

Soon I was again penniless, home-sick, foot-sore, hungry, unshaven, and almost incoherent—but always well-mannered. I had parted with everything but my integrity and appendix, and I couldn't afford to part with that.

I became a bit discontented, but never disheartened.

It was now four years since I had left my home for success in the realm of Art.

Finally I got a letter of recommendation from the man who conducted the Choosy Chow lunch room, for whom I had performed certain services. It was addressed to a casting director, who had owed the Choosy Chow for meals for several years. I took it to the casting director. He glanced at it then glared at me and exclaimed characteristically—

"What? Another rotten old dun?"

When he saw what it was he became more genteel. He looked at me intently, studied my profile in different lights, inspected my teeth, looked at my tongue, and then struck me so violently on the chest I nearly bit it off. I seemed to please him, for he smiled and gave me a card to fill out.

The questions were:

Age. Where Born. Parents in case of accident. Color. Nationality. Height. Wardrobe. Names of children, wives, etc. If animal, what tricks can it do? Where last hired? Fired? Do you Swim, Dance, Ride, Drink, Shoot Craps, Sew, Paint, Yodel, Read and Write, Wear Dress Clothes, and Use the Tooth Pick Properly?

To all of which I answered, "With a little training I could."

The casting director seemed impressed. He said that they had all the stars they could use at present but if I came back later, or left my telephone number, I would get something eventually. As I thought it would take him longer to get me by telephone than to come back, I came back. I came back every day for three years.

At the end of the seventh year my great chance came. The casting director told me to report the next day for a big hall-room scene in a super-special-spectacle de luxe.

I APPEARED early, carefully dressed in tan shoes, checked trousers, pink shirt, blue collar, red necktie and felt hat caught up on one side with a Roosevelt button. I had been studying harmony in dress from Tom Mix.

When I arrived before the casting director he demanded that I wear dinner clothes.

"But these are my dinner clothes," I said.

"I mean evening dress," he bellowed.

"These also," I said.

He swore. I tried to get through the gate. He knocked me down. I got up and smiled at him.

"I can take hard knocks," I said. "I'll make good yet."

This impressed him. He kicked me out of the studio.

Such are the little disappointments one has to expect in the movies.

To make matters short, at the end of ten years I met a director in a cafe and told him I wanted to work.

He said I couldn't expect to make a living right at the outset, not for six or eight years more at least.

I said:

"I don't expect to, but I'm game to stick."

Seeing the stuff I was made of he told me to come around the next day.

"What wardrobe shall I wear?" I asked, trembling in every limb for fear he would want evening clothes. But he didn't seem to be a slave to convention.

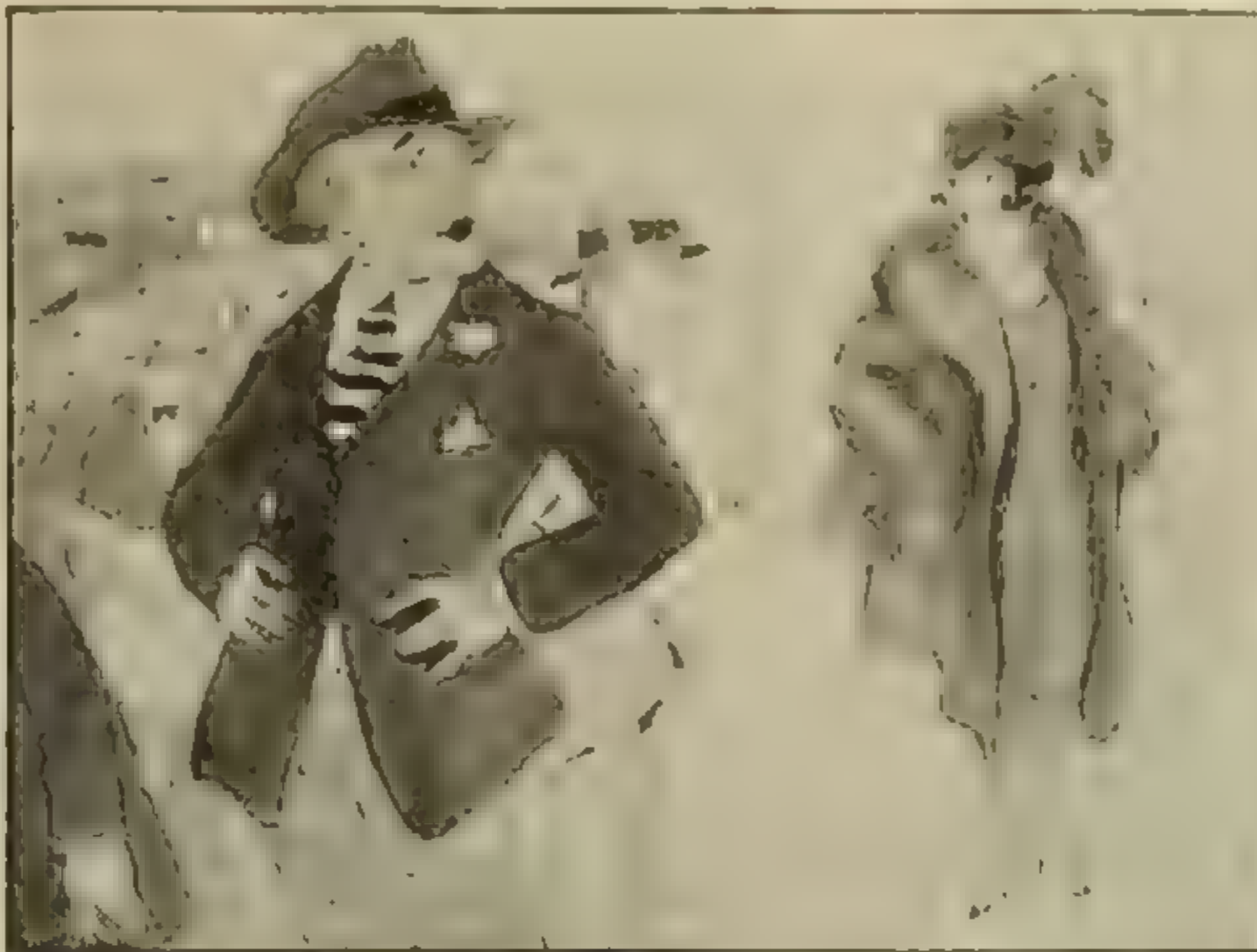
"Nothing at all," he said.

"Nothing?" I stammered, a trifle uncertain, yet joyful in the realization that I could qualify.

"Your part will be that of a cannibal," he explained, "in Miss Razelhell's new production, 'Take It or Leave It.'"

"I'll take it," I said.

In the morning I debated whether to undress for my part at home or at the studio. I finally (Continued on page 98)



"Possessed of an imposing physique, due to early ploughing on the Dakota prairies"



"I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him on the head"





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Broadcasting Station WJZ  
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Wave length 30 meters.  
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Eastern Time.

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Reynolds Radiophone  
Broadcasting Station  
ZAF. Mr. William Rey-  
nolds, seeding director.  
Wave length 30 meters.  
Concert 8:10 to 9:00 P. M.  
Mountain Time.

**SAN FRANCISCO**  
Fairmont Hotel Radio-  
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tion KDN. Mr. S. Peter-  
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cert 8:15 to 9:15 P. M.  
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OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND  
ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS**





# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**YOU** do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

**EDWARD F.**—There, there! I didn't mean to offend you. What have I done, what have I done? With the best of intentions, as usual, I have made you mad. The only reason that I can see is that I said I had a red-headed typist—and you don't like red hair. However—that is Joseph Schenck's real name.

**BEATRICE B. K., NEW YORK CITY**—After telling me all about the grand spaghetti and lemon meringue pie you can make, you say, I await with bated breath an invitation to dinner, or at least a promised hamper of goodies—just like the girls always get in the boarding school books at Thanksgiving time. "And while you are sweltering in your hall bedroom, remember I am waiting impatiently for information about Lowell Sherman." Well, Lowell's most recent picture was "Grand Larceny" for Goldwyn—a fetching title, isn't it?

**BARBARA.**—Oh, come, come! You are putting me in the mental class of the Bella Coola people. Have you, or Robert Benchley, ever heard of the Bella Coola-ists? I'm sure you would both love them. They were, and are still, I believe, heathenish red-skins who worshipped the One-Who-Must-Be-Worshipped—the Sun. But they were a trifle crude, for all that. Yet you expect me to be up to date on Ralph Graves' matrimonial status. As it happens, I am versatile. Ralph is married to Marjorie Seaman. He was the older, Charles Mack the younger, brother in "Dream Street." Carol Dempster is about twenty.

**HELEN**—Thank heaven you are a dear sweet child, and believe in letting who will be clever. And a lot of them will. Or make an awful effort. You say you have become spoiled because you can't get along without Photoplay (note to Editor: Helen added, "and in particular the Answer Department") and that you are going to subscribe to it until you die. Betty Compson's first emoting was done with the aid of a violin she played herself—in vaudeville. She was with the Christie comedies before George Loane Tucker's "Miracle Man" made her famous. Now she is a Paramount star. Charles Ray in "The Barnstormer," "Gas, Oil and Water," and "The Deuce of Spades."

**VERNA.**—How like the spring! How I can sit here calmly and answer questions about films, with the sun shining on the reddish gold hair of my stenographer, and the warm wind wafting itself through the open window—naturally—and the beautiful dull bricks of the opposite office building being shown

up by the beautiful blue sky—it is almost too much—it is almost too much. I honestly don't see how I do it. Oh, I may get a slight vacation. I may take a Sunday off, in August and go down to the beach. That is, I hope to. I am a simple fellow, with conservative tastes, yet I confess to a fondness for hot dogs and sands and salt water in August. It's my peculiarity. What? Oh, yes—Alice Joyce has retired from the screen for good, it seems. Vitagraph knows her no more. She married James Rezan, Jr.

## Here's Real Scandal

**DURING** the investigations in the Taylor murder case, when each day the sensational newspapers would come out with fresh "clues" and scandals only to cast them aside the day following for new ones, a certain noted motion picture star was approached by reporters of a Los Angeles daily with an interesting proposition.

They wanted him to "disappear" over the Mexican border so that the paper might run a sensational story fixing the guilt temporarily upon him. Of course, they said, he could return immediately and be cleared by an alibi.

The idea behind the proposition was that the star would get a lot of front page publicity and the newspaper would get a cooling new yarn to excite the fans—and, consequently, sell the paper.

But they picked on the wrong star. The gentleman they chose—we will call him Mr. M.—hurled the reporters out of the room. Another paper got wind of the stunt and attempted to interview Mr. M., but he refused on the ground that too much sensational stuff had been woven about the unfortunate tragedy.

We recite this episode to show the lengths toward which certain papers went in an attempt to vilify the motion picture industry and its people. There are probably other instances which have not come to light.

**SUNSHINE SUE.**—Your optimism is frightful. It's slowly but surely making a confirmed pessimist out of me. Mary and Douglas inhabit a house in Beverly Hills, named by some exuberant press person "Puckfair." I'm sure Mary and Douglas, having at least one sense of humor between them, could never have actually approved the p.p.'s choice of names. Mary and Douglas were in New York about three weeks to attend a trial. Mary won. She and Mother. They would. Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897. She is not married, although she has been the heroine of the usual number of reported engagements.

**GEORGE H.**—I never heard Bull Montana called Jack before. But then I haven't heard of lots of things, and nothing ever surprises me. However, I think Bull is more suitable to Mr. Montana. Eddie Polo was born in 1881. His latest serial is made for his own company, not Universal, and is called "Captain Kidd."

**JACK.**—I likewise bows, my dear Carolyn Van Wyck is a lovely lady. I don't know much about women's dresses but I know what I like, and it seems to me Mr. Van Wyck wears wonderful clothes. Norma Talmadge has brown eyes very soft, very appealing and very humorous. Norma doesn't take herself too seriously. Mary in her case it would be better if she did, because her pictures haven't been all they should be, although Norma's work is always *une peur et sans reproche*. (This is no place to drag in that classical allusion, but I love it, so I always use it on the subject of perfection.) (Continued on page 72)



(Continued from page 71)

**PAUL B., OKLAHOMA.**—So you spoke to Bill Hart! May I shake your hand? Yes, I know Winifred; she's a splendid girl and Bill is a lucky man. His latest picture to be released by Paramount is "Travelin' On." Mrs. Hart is not making any films at present.

**IRANOR**—Thanks for typewriting your letter with so much trouble to yourself. It was awfully good of you. I like you for it, and wish I could send you a dozen autographed photographs of Wanda Hawley. But I don't know just what the blonde's future film plans are, now that Realart is no more. She is the wife of J. Burton Hawley, an automobile man of Los Angeles, Cal. Antonio Moreno is making features now, still for Vitagraph. I wish with you they would give him better stories. See "Secret of the Hills" if you want to see Moreno in six reels.

**ANOTHER ALICE**—If you have a cook who's been with you for ten years you're the luckiest woman in the world. Most cooks are against their mistresses from the start. No wonder you have plenty of time to go shopping for amusement. Harrison Ford appeared in "The Passion Flower" and "Smilin' Through" with Norma Talmaadge, and "Wedding Bells" with Constance Tal-

maadge. Richard Barthelmess has been in "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" for D. W. Griffith; and since his stardom by Inspiration Pictures (First National) he has made "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day" (the fictionization of this appears in this issue of PHOToplay), and is now working on "Sonny," from George V. Hobart's play. I consider "Tol'able David" one of the greatest pictures ever made; and think young Mr. Barthelmess has won a long-deserved success. Everybody who knows this boy likes him.

**W. A. E., FREMONT, NEB.**—You are the pianist in a picture house and the cue sheet said to play a waltz in the ball room scene of "The House that Jazz Built," and you played a waltz and the manager told you to play a one-step! The cue sheet was undoubtedly correct. That's what a cue sheet is for. (For the benefit of those who came in late; a cue-sheet is supplied with every picture to indicate what music to play during the screening.)

**MAVIS**—Kay Laurell is starring in a vaudeville sketch called "The Naughty Wife." Her last film was "Lonely Heart," the story of an Indian girl. Kay is very blonde and very beautiful. I don't know what her plans for pictures are, if any.

**JUST BILLIE.**—Your other questions were answered by mail. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; she has no children. Priscilla Dean was born in New York; she is of New England parentage, although you might not think it of the fiery film Priscilla Jane and Katherine Lee are in Keith vaudeville.

**JERRY**—You wish that actor was a star! He probably wishes so, too. But the trend seems to be towards de-stardom nowadays. Edward Burns in "To Please One Woman," for Lois Weber, and "Fifty Candles," with Marjorie Daw, for Hodgkinson. You are really quite welcome, and invited to come again any time. *A lot.*

**MILDRED W., PHOENIX, ARIZONA.**—I should like nothing better than to grant your wishes; namely, to know Mary Pickford to grow up to act like her. For an eleven-year-old you have excellent taste. Here's the cast of "Pollyanna": *Pollyanna* . . . . . Mary Pickford; *her father* . . . . . Wharton James; *Aunt Polly* . . . . . Katherine Griffith; *John Pendleton* . . . . . William Courtleigh; *Dr. Chilton* . . . . . Herbert Prior; *Nancy* . . . . . Helen Eddy; *Tom* . . . . . George Barrell; *Jimmy Dean* . . . . . Howard Rakston.

(Continued on page 80)



**THIS** is the finest collection of guns outside of a museum in America. The gun in his hand belonged to Kit Carson and was presented to Bill by the State of Nebraska. Two guns in the collection belonged to the James brothers. The rest were the property of famous Western "Bad Men." Some have six notches in them—a notch for every man killed. They also include examples of the best known models for the past fifty years.

The saddle was presented to Bill by his cowboys, and is the finest example of Spanish workmanship ever constructed. Mrs. Hart seems to be registering extreme interest.





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*Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture*



# Plays and Players—East and West

COMMENTING on the recent attempt to vilify everyone in the motion picture business, Douglas Fairbanks remarked:

"Gosh, it isn't safe to admit you know anyone in Hollywood except Jackie Coogan."

TONY MORENO is not one of those actors who are too exclusive to associate with any but members of the The pian profession. He has lively interests and many friends in other lines of work.

Recently when he had nothing to do he acted a surgeon, a friend of us, if he might go to the hospital and study the methods employed in operating.

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"Fine, I'll be your assistant," cried the enthusiastic Spaniard.

And so he went. They permitted him to hold the sponge or bandage or whatever is needed after an incision is made. Tony admits he was scared a-shen when the surgeon made a gesture with a knife over the inert form of the patient.

"I expected blood to squirt all over the place," he said. "But it didn't."

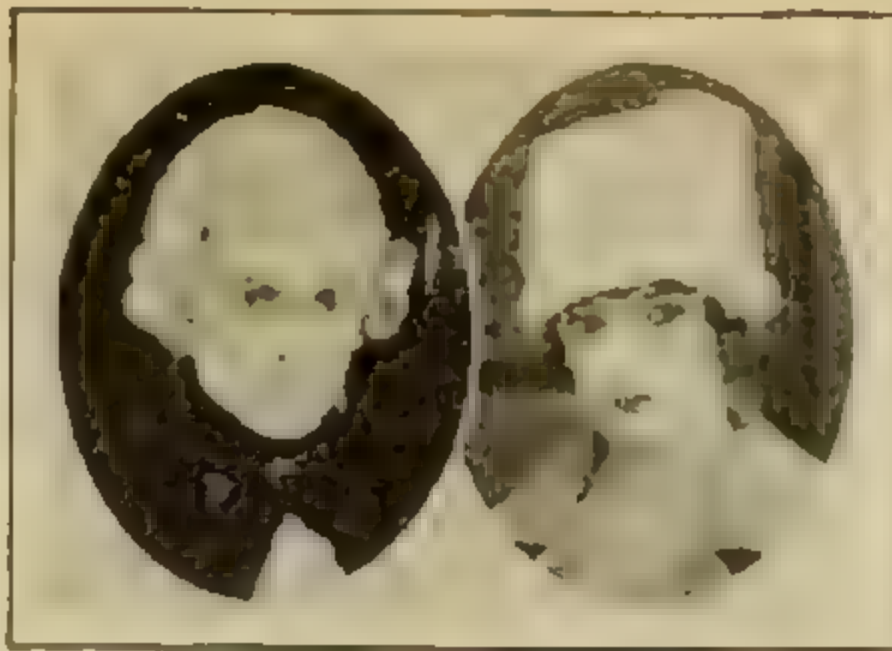
It was nothing at all compared to a gory bullfight, so Tony averred in relating the incident at the studio. The studio publicity forces were on the job at once, preparing to send out a story about Tony's surgical activities, when they got a frantic telephone call from Tony.

"Say, you birds!" cried the fiery Castilian. "Don't you use what I told you for publicity. The doctor says that if you do it will ruin the reputation of the hospital. Nobody want to come if they know I'm there."

No, indeed, not after seeing Tony's recklessness with life in the serials.

THE Talmadge family is in the east again, and the east and the Talmadges are glad.

They have to bury themselves in the western studios for two-thirds of the year, but they



Do you see the resemblance? Joseph Schildkraut, the Chevalier of "Orphans of the Storm," and Priscilla Dean, fiery heroine of the thrill-dramas, might be twins. Or maybe his white wig and her chapeau have something to do with it.

will come east to shop, see plays, and vacation, declare Mama, Norma, and Constance, to say nothing of business manager-husband son and brother-in-law Joseph Schenck.

Norma and Joe are domiciled in a huge suite at the Ritz; Mama and Connie are at the Ambassador, New York's newest and gorgeous hostelry. With the family is a retinue of maids and valets and secretaries. With them also is Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thomson.

(Frances is to receive a munificent sum for the scenario of "East Is West," the popular stage play which Schenck has purchased for Constance, he having just finished Norma's latest film, "The Duchess de Langlar," said to be the best thing the elder Talmadge has done in years.)

Teas and theaters and dances have occupied the stellar sisters. Norma has acquired a magnificent new diamond solitaire and tons of new clothes. She is still, however, the unspoiled kid she was in Vitagraph days.

We saw her the other day lunching at the Ritz. Simply gowned, she strolled in, oblivious to admiring glances, ordered a healthy lunch and ate it with evident enjoyment. She went to a fashion opening at Frances', in an old suit and hat, and relished the disappointment of the other ladies, who have always looked to Norma for the latest in fashions. And—wonder of wonders!—this paragon-star left for Palm Beach for a rest on the afternoon of the opening of her picture, "Smilin' Through," at the Ritz. We don't know of another star who would skip out of town on the eve of such an event. Not in these days of frantic premiers and personal appearances.

Constance, before she left California, was escorted about by Maurice, the famous dancer. Connie likes to dance and there's no one more accomplished than Maurice.

RUBY DE REMER is such good copy she should really have a stenographer to follow her around the house to take down her bright sayings—the way they used to do with Will Rogers. The other day Rubye was posing for the fashion pictures you will see on Carolyn Van Wyck's pages in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Between poses she found time to scatter a little sunshine as follows:

"If things don't begin to break soon in the film business I'll have to put my dog in pictures and retire. I got him in Germany—his name is Lux; no advertisement; it's a German name. He speaks three languages—I wish I'd had his education."

"Oh, yes, we were in Italy, too. In Venice, my dears, in Venice. More than anything in the world I'd longed to see Venice and a singing gondolier. Well, we swam all over town trying to find one. We finally landed a boy who looked like a German butcher. He said he could sing. When he got through I was willing to do a kellerman from the Bridge of Sighs. Kind friends stopped me, but I now prefer silent gondoliers."

THE following amazing yarn, which only goes to show just how far rumors about screen celebrities are sometimes carried, came to the alleged hero of it, Conrad Nagel, via a letter to Lois Wilson from an intimate friend in her home town, Birmingham, Alabama.

This friend was on a street car when a group of high school girls got on. They had just been to see William de Mille's "Midsummer Madness." The following conversation took place:

"Wasn't Jack Holt wonderful?"

"I never thought Lois could act so well. She was fine."

"Well," said one girl, with a blush, "I just adore Conrad Nagel. He's so refined looking."

"I guess you wouldn't adore him if you knew all about him. He's got cork legs, you know. Doesn't he handle them wonderfully?"

"I don't believe it," said Conrad's admirer.

"Oh, but my dear, I know. My sister saw him when the accident occurred. He was run over by a truck in New York last year. But I think it's great the way he gets around with those cork ones."

Conrad declares he can prove to anybody in the world that his legs aren't cork. They're ordinary flesh and blood legs.

But the positiveness with which such yarns are told is something that no star is proof against and that does a great deal of injury to innocent people.

(Continued on page 84)



A pastoral, performed by Frank and Dagmar Mayo in their front yard in California. The daughter of Leopold Godowsky and her film star-husband have a reputation for matrimonial devotion which is not at all difficult for them to live up to.



## One cream to protect against wind and sun

### *A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly*

**W**IND and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

#### *The cream to use before going out*

Pond's *Vanishing Cream* gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's *Vanishing Cream* on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's *Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

#### *The cream to use for cleansing*

**A**T night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face

thoroughly with Pond's *Cold Cream*. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without overloading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's *Cold Cream* well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that bores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's *Cold Cream*. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

#### *Start today to use these two creams*

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.



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*Cold Cream* for cleansing  
*Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder

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# Solving the Million Dollar Mystery

## A Slang Review

**N**O doubt you have heard of the \$11,000 lemon, and the \$25,000 quince, if so, then allow me to present to you the Million dollar hash, entitled, "Foolish Wives." They say that they used 320,000 feet of film and then cut it to 10,000 feet, but I fail to see why they had to stop there.

The story is about a silly looking limbo, posing as a bum Russian count, but who is really a second story man. For some unknown reason the women all fall for his stuff and are a bit balmy over him.

He and two dames of the ancient order of yeggmen, who are supposed to be his royal cousins, decide to get in right with the American envoy to Monaco, and his wife, Helen. It seems that the business of taking people in was commencing to get pretty hard and the counterfeit jack was getting pretty low.

They needed the prestige of a couple of important babies like these to bring in more fallguys. So they sick Count Sergius onto the wife while the poor dummy of a husband is busy exchanging bows with the Prince of Monaco.

Sergius shows her all the bright lights and high life about



She was batty over the count and a real human dog when it came to taking abuse

Words and Art  
By DICK DORGAN

had a pallbearing fracas with a gap in it that when she started to cry, I thought it was the fadeout for the intermission. She was clean batty over the Count and a real human dog when it came to taking abuse. It seems that the Count had vamped her and had promised to scamper up the aisle with her someday.

It didn't seem according to Hoyle that a real hot cruller like the Count who was battling around 400 with all the Sweet Patooties of the elite would fall for a one cylinder hick like Maruschka.

Well! he kisses her with all the ardor of a wild clam, and soothes her with a lot of oil about the sweet bye and bye, and sends her about her work.

The scene in the casino at Monte Carlo looked like the "Get together"

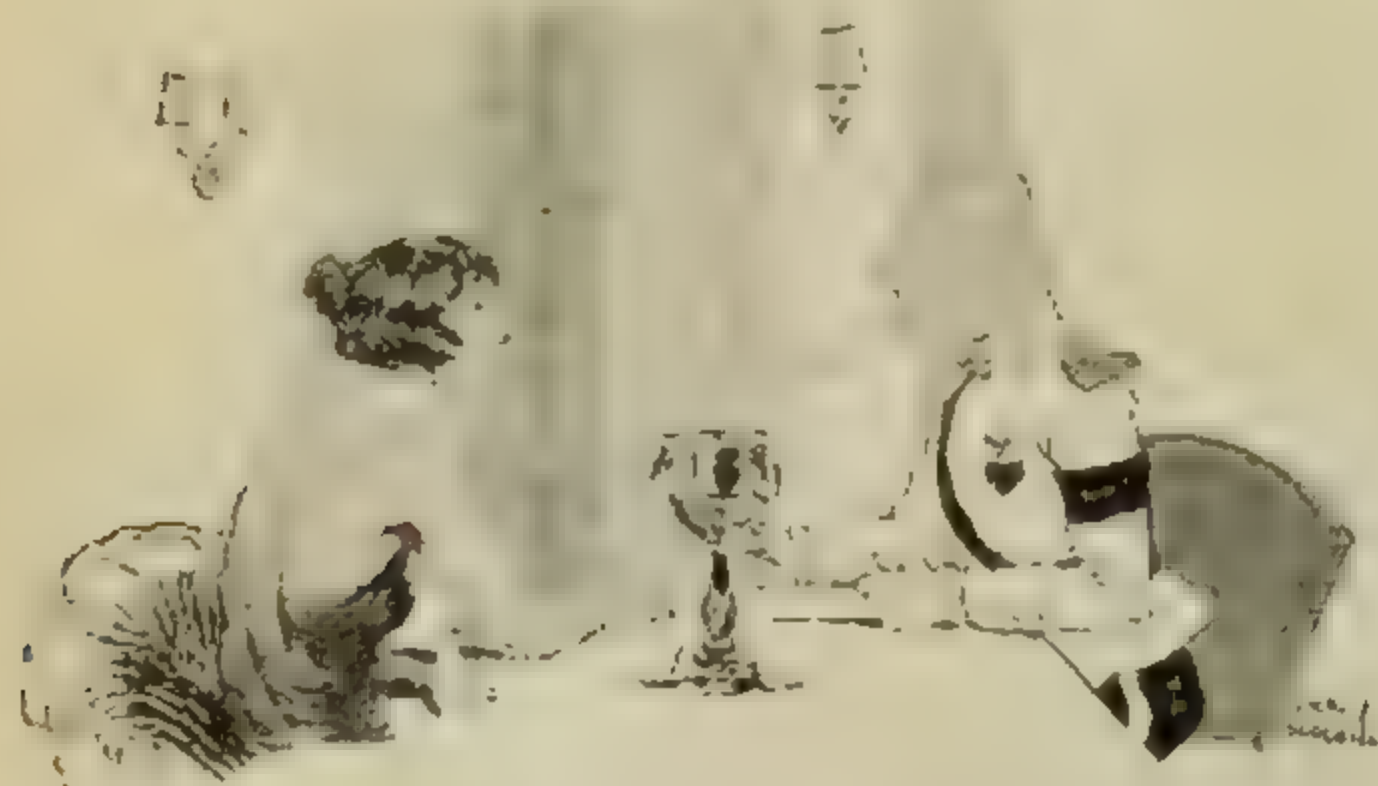
night of the boiler makers' union. Here the Count bets Helen's jack for her and wins a roll of notes that resembles the preamble to Wilson's "League of Nations."

It's such a shock to her that she decides to go home, but the others, including her meal ticket, leave for the Count's villa for a friendly little game of poker.

On the way out Sergius slips the lady a note to meet him outside the villa at midnight as it means life or death to him. The poker game was really immense.

They took the envoy for everything he had but the shirt on his back and only passed that up because it was pleated. Oh! they were the clubby little folks and as harmless as a lot of baby rattlesnakes.

The envoy then decides he's had enough and spots, "Princess" Olga taking the rest of the bunch with a trick roulette wheel, as he passes out through the room. (Concluded on page 100)



The Count's brand of chin goods was immense, and his line of attack made Don Juan look like a bush leaguer

the town and plays up to her to beat the cards. And maybe she didn't like it.

The Count's brand of chin goods was immense and his line of attack made Don Juan look like a bush leaguer.

One day he took her for a ride out in the country and after putting on the feed bag they took a long hike. A big rain storm came up and they had to play the "Paul and Virginia" stuff till she took a header and sprained her leg. Then, Sergius pulled the strong arm act and carried her through swamps and creeks to an old shack in the woods where they had to stay all night on account of the storm.

Helen puts it over next morning by telling her husband that she got in just after he had hit the feathers.

The next scene is in the Count's boudoir at the villa. Attired in a set of white silk PJs he was parked in a haypile that was all black—pillows, sheets n' everything. It looked like a set for a funeral parlor.

He leans out of the hay, yanks a long cord, and in steps the maid, Maruschka. One look was enough. She may have been a flower once but she certainly had gone to seed. She



For some unknown reason, the women all fall for his stuff





PRISCILLA DEAN, Famous Universal Film Star, admires Garda Face Powder



**M**ANY women — perhaps you — have promised themselves they would learn, at first hand, the wonderful new fragrance of Garda Face Powder. Why wait longer? A One-Week Sample of Garda awaits only your request. Send for this free sample today; test for yourself Garda's fineness and smoothness — its rare clinging qualities — its new, entrancing fragrance! In addition to Garda's other unusual features, there is a fresh, clean puff in every box.

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for their quality throughout 54 years and used by more than twenty million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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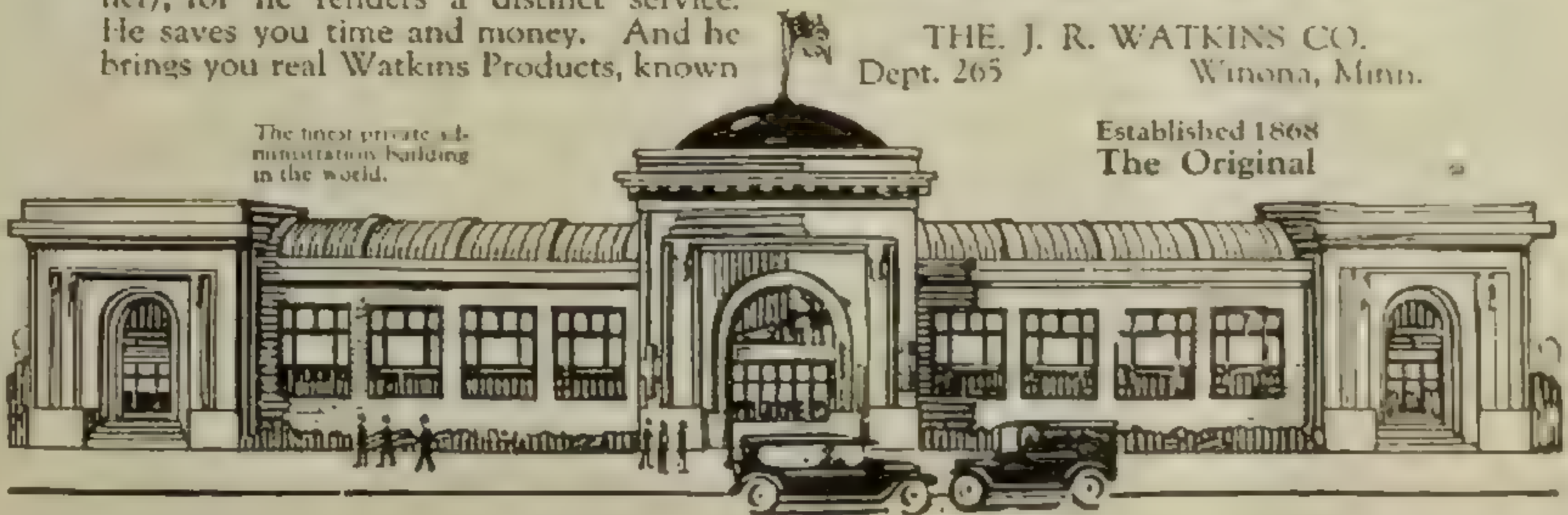
Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with the dainty new Garda odor; also our attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

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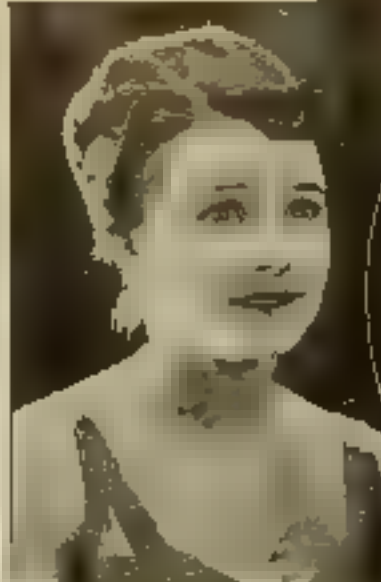
# The Winning Doubles



Like the stars in the Great Western Ky. race, a womanly and delicate appeal that brought Betty Compson. Both featured and starred in the



Jerry Cummins



May Collins



In Philadelphia may be seen Mary Maynard on the street to ask her the son May Collins. Mary answered by leaning up her partner and says: No

HERE are the four prize winners - the luck brought them respectively of \$100 \$50 \$25 and \$25 because they look so much like screen celebrities.

THE PLAY 5 Doubles Contest brought hundreds of thousands of girls met and here were reserved for the most beautiful. These pictures on this page are the most striking likenesses. The young lady who was so much like Betty Compson won the first prize of one hundred dollars. May Collins double won a prize of ten dollars. The girls who resembled May Dalton and Anna Stewart won ten dollars each of twenty-five dollars. Honorary mention was made of the doubles of Elaine Frederic and Freda and also of the three women who



A delicate beauty  
The girl who had  
the face of a goddess  
and the body of a  
queen. She is  
Sandra Smith, a member



One of the winners of  
the contest. She is  
the girl who had  
the face of a goddess  
and the body of a  
queen. She is  
Sandra Smith, a member



Like May Dalton



Here is Charles  
Ray, the second  
prize winner. He  
is a boy who  
looks so like  
him

Patience French  
is a double  
winner. She is  
a singer  
at Washington  
Square in New  
York



Anna Stewart

## The Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE \$100

May Maynard  
323 Garrard Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ky

SECOND PRIZE \$50

Mary Maynard  
111 M. Vernon Street  
Philadelphia, Pa



Aileen Howard  
of San Antonio  
Texas doing  
for Bebe in  
Dallas

## The Prize Winners

THIRD PRIZE \$25

Erna Hughes  
654 South 4th Street  
Louisville, Ky

FOURTH PRIZE \$25

Louise M. Green  
1549 Birchwood Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois





Mae Murray, who is starring in her latest feature picture "Fascination."

## The Power to Fascinate

*Mae Murray tells where it comes from*

**WHEN** Mae Murray's newest Metro Photoplay "Fascination" was started, she found that she had more than a usual role to perform.

And the way she carried through her part—dazzling and fascinating all who came near her—making this picture the greatest of all her successes—proved that she knew the secret of loveliness.

"This picture," she said, "taught me that not only must a girl do all in her power to keep her face and figure beautiful, but she must surround herself with an atmosphere of charm that will make her different from all the rest.

"It taught me too that the real secret of this atmosphere of loveliness and charm lies in the hair just waiting to be brought out.

"For the girl with soft, fragrant, wavy hair is the girl who stands out

in every gathering—the girl who has true loveliness and charm.

"That girl has learned that even if her clothes are faultless—even if her complexion is perfect—she must make her hair charming and attractive if she is to be truly lovely."

*You can use this secret of loveliness*

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic

into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

*Send two dimes for four complete treatments*

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

# WILDROOT

Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,  
Dept. P-5 BUFFALO, N. Y.

Enclose two dimes. Please send me your travel-size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's Address.....



# Why-Do-They Do-It

THE MAG. U. S. FEB. 1931

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. It has been your turn in the past month, that was stupid, unlikely, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the inducements of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## Just A Moment While We Look Out the Window

**I**N "Foolish Matrons," Doris May, while having a clandestine luncheon with "the other man" in a private dining room at a smart restaurant, goes to the window and gazes enraptured at Fifth Avenue and the Public Library below her. Since when was there a "ritzy" hotel on the northwest corner of the famous thoroughfare?

CHARLES DICKINSON, Richmond, Va.

## That Overworked Wind Machine

**I**N "Rent Free," with Wally Reid and Lila Lee, there is a terrific wind storm in which the tent on the roof is blown down, but as one gazes a little farther there are lines full of clothes unmolested by the wind.

ANN M., Northampton, Mass.

## Seen in "The Sheik"

**A**FTER a wild ride through the desert the cavalcade arrives at its destination, each member of it boasting nicely polished boots.

L. H., Jersey City, N. J.

## Versatile

**M**ILTON SILLS, in "At the End of the World," hands Betty Compson a pair of oxfords to put on in place of her wet French slippers. Betty appears a moment later in oxfords—but an entirely different pair.

F. N. D., Findlay, Ohio

## Quick Changes in China

**I**N the Chinese release, "The Lotus Blossom," Sung hastens to his love, Moy Tzai, who is waiting for him in the garden. She is wearing the usual Chinese kimono which is trimmed in a checkered material; yet upon entering the house in the company of Sung, she appears wearing a dress trimmed with solid black material. Also, Sung in the same scene, appears to have a small moustache; but when he takes leave of Moy Tzai, to go to school, we have a close-up of him minus the moustache.

R. FELDMAN, New York City.

## Screen Climate

**T**HE most unusual climatic conditions prevail in "Don't Tell Everything." The morning after the storm, which knocked down a wall of Jessica's lodge, heroine Gloria Swanson drives up to the lodge in her motor, which raises an enormous cloud of dust.

CHARLES TOWNSEND, Quitman, Georgia

## Ask Miss Van Wyck

**K**INDLY tell me how, in "Not Guilty," Margy manages to start out with bobbed hair, go to India where she does her hair in a knot at the back, and wind up at a consular dinner with bobbed hair again?

MINNIE S., Berkley, Cal.

## And Yet Again--

**I** NOTICED a mistake in Priscilla Dean's picture, "Conflict." She is riding the logs down the river to save her sweetheart. In the process she falls into the water, getting, as is natural, good and wet. In the scene in which she rescues Herbert Rawlinson she is perfectly dry and her hair is done beautifully.

A. H. PRESSLAR, Galveston, Texas.

## Page Ponce De Leon

**I** AM puzzled. In "Over the Hill," we see Johnny as a boy. I should judge about ten. The next part of the picture is supposed to take place twenty years later, which would make Johnny about thirty. He spends three years in prison; he should be thirty-three. He was away two years—thirty-five. Is that the age he is supposed to be at the end of the film? If so, how did he keep his twenty-five-year-old look?

MRS. F. K. DONNELLY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

## One or Two on Mr. Hart

**I**N William S. Hart's picture, "White Oak," I notice these anachronisms.

First we are shown a caravan in a western desert in the year 1830. Indians rush in for slaughter and in the scuffle I perceived a woman with a French aviation cap on. Later Bill hides behind rocks and shoots Indians continuously with his twenty-century automatic.

In the dance hall scenes, the girls have silk stockings of the present day type and many have French heels.

KATHLENE PAULY, Colorado Springs, Colo.

## Don't Ask Us

**I**N "The Mistress of Shenstone," Pauline Frederick and Roy Stewart are forced to spend the entire night on a cliff, because the tide rose. According to this picture, the tide starts rising about the middle of the afternoon and stays up until nearly dawn. How about it?

JACK CUNNINGHAM, Ohio.

## She Changed Her Mind

**E**VIDENTLY Shirley Mason didn't care much about the costume she wore when she went to see the hero in "Jackie": light colored fur, dark dress, and dark hat with a bunch of cherries on it. Because after she and the hero leave his house she has on a dark fur, a light dress, and an entirely different hat.

T. P. O'ROURKE, Galveston, Texas

## Patent Pending

**M**ARION DAVIES is seen walking down the steps to carry out "The Bride's Play" in the picture of that name, wearing slippers with ribbons wound round the ankles, yet in the scene where she strikes the presumptuous suitor's face she has but to reach down suddenly and lo, the slipper is ready for the deed. No unfastening necessary. Where did she get those shoes?

A. B. B., Germantown, Pa.

## Attention Charles Ray, Director

**I**N "R. S. V. P.," Charles Ray's studio was decorated with a pennant which had on it the Greek letters which stand for Alpha Chi Omega. I presume it was supposed to be his college fraternity. If so, there were only two things wrong with it. In the first place, fraternities use banners but never pennants, and in the second place, Alpha Chi Omega is the actual name of a national Greek letter college women's fraternity.

In the same picture, the same studio is located on some lofty floor of a certain building. Charlie's visitors are frequently shown rounding the various landings on the different floors, but out of the window on each level the same view of a row of stores across the street is seen at the same angle.

E. W. L., Ashbury Park, N. J.





gelatin salad

sugar

potatoes

buttered peas

veal cutlets

coffee

mince pie

## The crime you commit against your body tissues

*Each year more than 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating*

**V**EAL cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized by thousands of American families as a satisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner unless supplemented with certain vital food factors, is a crime against your body tissues. Because thousands of men and women do not supplement this diet with these factors they undermine their health and succumb to diseases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

### *A protective food—not a medicine*

Yet each one of us can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet, men and women all over the country are securing for themselves the health and vigor that is their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and

best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other food factors essential to health.

### *What laxatives can never do*

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance especially if constipation is present.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast

to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

### *The ways they like to eat it*

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast—2 or 3 cakes regularly each day. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Mail this coupon today

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY  
Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York  
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

corrects these wrong habits of eating



POPULAR  
CONCEPTION

Rises at 10 o'clock: bathes  
in scented Roman bath

11-12. Breakfast, opens mail  
notes and flowers

1 o'clock.  
Off to work

OF A  
FILM STAR'S  
WORKDAY—

2-4. Receives interviewers  
and newspaper men

4-6. Tea with famous  
male star

—AS IT  
USUALLY IS

Rises at 6 a. m.

Rides 40 miles to location

8-12.  
Shooting  
scenes

Makes up in the open. Temperature 90°

10 minutes for lunch and back to work





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## HOPE HAMPTON says: 'It's Easy to Get Thin to Music'

**W**HEN one meets the famous screen star Hope Hampton in person, the superbly beautiful figure her picture reveals is seen to be indeed a reality. Those inclined to fleshiness will be interested to know how she achieved a trim, perfectly-proportioned figure—and how she keeps it so.

Miss Hampton used to be heavier. She took off her surplus flesh with Wallace reducing records. They played away the excess weight until her proportions became as you see them here. Even now, she uses them occasionally—just twelve or fifteen minutes—to avoid the return of unwelcome weight. "It's easy, and lots of fun" is the way Miss Hampton describes her own experience with Wallace's melody-method of reducing.

No woman—in the public eye or in private life—can afford to stay stout. Fat is a burden which no longer need be carried. Overweight is out of date—and already looked on as a sign of neglect. For Wallace reducing records remove superfluous flesh like magic.

Whether fifteen pounds too heavy, or fifty, this novel but natural means of reducing will bring your weight down to normal. Wallace's scientific movements will take off the last ounce of superfluous flesh, and in a most pleasurable way. There is something irresistible about it all—photographic poses of each position—the crisp commands of Wallace himself direct your every move on phonograph records—a full orchestra sweeps you through the entire lesson. Why say to yourself "I wonder if Wallace could reduce *me*?" Proof that he can is free. Mail your name now for trial record.

### INVITATION

WALLACE, 640 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. I accept your invitation to prove what your course can do for me. Please send record for first reducing lesson free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name .....

Address .....





"Please, Ruth Miller,  
a pleasant way  
to remove hair!"

*The appeal a million women  
made to us to complete for  
them the underarm toilette*

THROUGH you, who gave us Odorono, we have come to recognize a new standard of personal cleanliness. Won't you now complete the underarm toilette by giving us a really pleasant, a dainty, feminine way to remove hair?"

Letters daily brought this request. So the chemists in the Odorono laboratories tried and tested until they perfected The Odorono Company's Depilatory—a method as appealing in its use as a French tale or sweet-scented cold cream. With its delicate almond fragrance it is a delight to use.

Swiftly and surely erasing every trace of unsightly hair, it leaves the skin as white and smooth as the underarm. And it is as harmless as soap suds, giving never a twinge of after-irritation.

No repellent odor, no irritating chemicals, no dangerous blades. The Odorono Company's Depilatory is the easiest, most pleasant way to remove hair. Try it tonight before you dress to go out. At drug stores and toilet counters everywhere, etc.

#### Send for a dainty sample

For 6c in stamps, we will send you a credit of The Odorono Company's Depilatory—enough for one thorough underarm application. Mail the coupon below now to Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 912 D. Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Miller, The Odorono  
Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

For 6c in stamps for which  
please send me your sample package of  
The Odorono Company's Depilatory.

Name

Address

Mail to day and we will include  
a sample of After Cream free.



The successor to Geraldine Farrar: Marie Jeritza, the new soprano at the Metropolitan. Farrar recently refused to renew her contract at the opera house, preferring to sing in concert. Jeritza, a blonde from Vienna, in private life the Baroness Popper, has captivated Manhattan as *Tosca*.

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 73)

IT'S getting mighty hard to find anything to write about, the way all these couples that go to the Coconut Grove remain faithful.

It's positively dull, the way you always see the same people together.

For instance, the other evening, I saw, as usual, May MacVoy and Eddie Sutherland, and Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell, and Colleen Moore and John McCormack, and Lila Lee and Charlie Chaplin. To say nothing of the married ones like Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, and the Douglas MacLeans.

One dinner table was surrounded by a group of screen and literary celebrities, including Ray Long, editor-in-chief of the Hearst magazines, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne, Micky Neilan and Blanche Sweet, and Allan Dwan.

Edna Purviance was there, too, dining with a handsome gray-haired man.

Mrs. Purviance is to be starred by Chaplin. Sort of a reward for faithful service, apparently, as other companies have tried to get her away from the comedian before and she has always refused to go.

However, the always fair Edna looked a bit heavy on the dance floor the other night. That sort of peaches and cream loveliness has a tendency to embourgeois—and if she isn't careful Edna will be more popular in Turkey than anywhere else.

ONE of the principal calls Ethel Barrymore paid during her visit to Los Angeles, where she appeared for a week in "Declasse," was upon Jackie Coogan.

"I couldn't go home to my children," said the great actress, "if I didn't go to see Jackie Coogan."

THERE'S an awful lot of transcontinental travel going on just now.

Anita Stewart and her husband, Ruddy Cameron, left recently for their home in Long Island.

Anita has bobbed her hair. The latest

victim, as far as I can see, of the clippers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince left their three boys at home and went for a jaunt to New York—on a combination business and pleasure trip.

In the meantime, George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were due to arrive in Los Angeles, and John Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy," and his better half, Josephine Lovell, arrived. Tom Gerhart has also returned to Hollywood.

SOMEBODY asked Charlie Ray what he did during his recent trip to New York. His first, by the way.

"Well," said Charlie slowly, "I saw twenty-one shows in twenty-two days. The other day I had to appear at a charity benefit."

CERTAINLY, after this one, nobody should say that all motion picture stars are extravagant and improvident.

When Douglas MacLean went to file his income tax return, he had a neat little list among his other exemptions of the war tax he had paid during the past year.

All war tax is exempt from income taxation, and Douglas has prudently kept a record of tax on luxuries—bats, his wife's gowns, etc.

It amounted to about a thousand dollars.

But I'll bet there are a lot of sound, hard-headed business men that didn't think of that.

THE entire film colony of Hollywood has felt the deepest sorrow and depression over the recent death of Kathlyn Williams' son.

The boy was sixteen, a student at the Hollywood High School, and he passed on during the "flu" epidemic that invaded the west.

Kathlyn Williams is married to Charles Fyten, manager of the Lasky studio.

The actress was prostrated at her home by the boy's death. He was her only child.

(Continued on page 85)



## Plays and Players.

(Continued from page 83)

**MAURICE TOURNEUR** has finished filming "Lorna Doone," with Madge Bellamy, and a lot of people who have had a peep at it and who claim to know, declare it is the greatest costume film ever made.

One young man who played a minor part had great ambitions, and during the filming of the story insisted on being near and in front of the camera as often as possible. Sometimes, he even got in front of the star himself.

One day Tourneur lost his patience.

"You," he said, waving an arm in the young man's direction, "move out a little. A little more. Cheat out a little bit further." Then, to the camera man, "Is he out—cheat out?"

"Yes," said the camera man.

"Now," said the director, "stay out. You've got your directions for the rest of the picture."

**DOUG** and Mary returned from their trip to New York—where Miss Pickford went to appear in the \$108,000 suit brought against her by Mrs. Cora Wilkenning and which, incidentally, Mary won with Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAduff. The McAduffs are to make their home in Los Angeles and as the former Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Fairbanks are great pals, they will probably see a lot of the famous screen couple.

The Fairbanks went direct to their Beverly Hills home, which wasn't sold after all during their trip to Europe.

In two weeks, Mary Pickford will begin work on her production of "Tess" and Mr. Fairbanks is to start filming "Robin Hood," under the direction of Allan Dwan.

**THE** latest movie palace under construction is the Priscilla Dean Wheeler Oakman home in Beverly Hills.

This interesting couple decided they wanted to have a place of their own, so they put the money they had been saving up for a trip to Europe, into bricks and plumbing instead.

I saw the beginnings of their place the other day—a charming colonial effect on one of the prettiest spots in Beverly Hills.

Priscilla, who is between pictures, while Wheeler is busy being a hero for some camera or other, is on the job most of the time supervising details of her plans and bossing carpenters.

A swimming pool is to be one of the features.

"And a nice large kitchen," says Priscilla; "you know Wheeler has a mania for cooking and he would wreck any ordinary kitchen in no time."

Mr. and Mrs. Oakman expect to be at home after June first.

**WHEN** you read on the screen that Elinor Glyn supervised a picture, you probably don't realize the full meaning of that statement.

But Madame Glyn is a thorough workman.

During the filming of her story "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson and Rodolf Valentino, Madame Glyn was on the set every morning at nine o'clock.

In the big ball scenes, she even dressed the hair of all the extra girls with her own hands, to give it the proper "look" of English society.

And Miss Swanson wears several of the famous Englishwoman's own gowns, which she brought back from her recent trip to Paris.

(Continued on page 86)

LIBRARY  
OF MOTION PICTURE  
SCIENCES  
CALIFORNIA



## A Delightful Test

### To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

#### Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

#### How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now

traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

#### Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

#### Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

PAY OFF  
**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free <sup>829</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 871, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family





## Lost a Pound a Day

*through new discovery*

Without painful diet, exercise, massage, drugs, bitter self-denials or discomforts. Free proof that anyone can lose from 7 to 10 pounds a week.

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful new way. And without one bit of discomfort."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mallory, famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty. Recently excessive weight threatened to limit her stage and artistic career. She began to take on flesh rapidly and in a short time she was 20 pounds over weight—and increasing daily.

In doing, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day. This brought on a weak nervous system and increased obesity. Exercise, Appointments, Massage, Special Baths, Rubbing Creams and Drugs were all tried—but without success.

Then came the method. Miss Mallory learned of the new, simple, easily followed, natural method that has been discovered whereby one can quickly regain normal weight. A wonder for perfect figure, firm smooth flesh and abundant health and energy. And this could be done quickly—and without any self-denial, exercise, starvation or any other discomforts. It sounded too good to be true. But after all this experience, things she had done it would have been foolish to fail to try a method that was so simple, so easy, so rapid and actually did *work*.

In three weeks she returned to normal weight. And she can retain her present figure without gaining or losing. Forever under her natural control.



Loses 11 pounds in 8 days

"Hurrah! I have lost 11 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

Miss Lois Ginterman  
420 E. 64th St.  
New York

Loses 22 pounds in 14 days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and old. I feel wonderful now."

Ben Seabell  
192 E. 10th St.  
New York City

name. Just fill out and mail the coupon and you will receive the 12 books. As soon as they arrive write yourself so that you may begin to lose weight. You will get them right away. For this Free Proof offer you will not pay. Pay the postage \$1.97, plus postage when we deliver the books. But if you are dissatisfied after using them, you have the privilege of returning them at any time and your money will be refunded. Don't delay. Remember our money back offer is absolutely irrevocable. It is a 100% money back.

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.**  
Dept. W-2485, 14 West 14th St., New York City

You will get 12 books in plain wrapper. Eugene Christian's *Corrective Eating*, the *Book of Health*, in 12 books. I will pay the postage only \$1.97, plus postage when full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I will have the privilege of returning the books at any time and my money will be instantly refunded.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Please write plainly.)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Price outside U. S., \$2.15 cash with order.

### The Secret

Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist, discovered that certain foods which only rarely cause fatness, when eaten in combination with certain other everyday foods in such a way that no fat will be formed, only blood, tissue and energy. Mean-while your excess flesh is consumed and lost, often at the rate of a pound a day or more.

Best of all, these correct combinations, which reduce, are regarded as even more appetizing than the average combinations. So preparing this way is designed to ENJOY the pleasure of the table rather than cause painful self-denials. Thousands of men and women who understand this simple secret are enjoying their meals more thoroughly than ever, are more healthy and are regaining their normal weight.

### Sent Free

This wonderful new method has been explained by Christian in 12 interesting little booklets called "Which Control the Weight of Health." Send no money.



Constance Talmadge is determined to learn golf if she has to knock down all the sets on the lot. She hasn't time to go to the links, so Jack Hutchinson, world's champion, instructs her at the studio.

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)

ON the very best authority we understand that Rudolf Valentino is not going to remain a free man long.

As soon as his divorce decree from Jean Ackert, recently granted him in the Los Angeles courts, is final, the handsome Italian will wed Madame Nastasia Rambova, for some years past Nazimova's art director.

As a matter of fact, the Russian name is a professional one only, and Valentino's future bride is a San Francisco girl, daughter of Richard Hudnut, the millionaire perfume manufacturer. In her native city she is well known in social circles as Winifred Hudnut.

The friendship between the screen's latest matinee idol and the brilliantly clever young artist has existed for some time. During the filming of "Camille" for which Madame Rambova designed the sets and in which Ruddy played the hero, they were thrown in constant contact. But romance entered their lives only very recently, it is understood, and the engagement has not yet been made known to even their intimate friends.

Madame Rambova speaks several languages and is an extremely intellectual and cultured woman. It is understood that the match has the approval of her father.

OF course, Shirley Mason is a welcome visitor in anybody's beauty parlor.

Still, when she brings all the dogs along, it's not so good.

I saw Shirley in a well-known shop on Hollywood Boulevard the other day, having her pretty bobbed hair shampooed.

She was accompanied by three dogs, an enormous police dog that looked so ferocious it fairly terrified you with a look, a beautiful Boston terrier, and a handsome Irish setter.

Between barks, antics, and high spirits, the dogs certainly made that shop look more like a circus than a beauty parlor.

And how Shirley could be beautified between her constant commands and dashes after her three pets I don't know. But when she emerged into the bright sunshine of the Boulevard she certainly was adorable.

"WHEN I have to go out the next day," said Jackie Coogan, gazing at his bare knees with serious, almost sad eyes, "mother has to cold cream my knees the night before, so we can get some of the dirt off."

"She makes an awful fuss about it. But I don't see anything very dreadful about that. Do you?"

AN old friendship is being revived with great gusto on the Lasky lot and some of its reminiscences are charming theatrical history.

The handsome young blond chap who is Tommy Meighan's constant companion is Larry Wheat, well known stage actor, who was "Stubby" when Tommy played the football hero, and his wife, Frances Ring, played the title role of the great stage success, "The College Widow."

Mr. Wheat was best man at the Meighan wedding, which occurred during the run of the play.

Now all three of them are bridge friends. A lot of their evenings are spent in a few quiet rubbers in the Meighan sitting room at the Ambassador.

Larry Wheat is appearing with the star in his Lasky productions.

(Concluded on page 87)



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

**A** GAIN and again and again we hear the rumor that Bebe Daniels is going to marry Jack Dempsey.

Bebe says she isn't.

But it doesn't seem to do her much good.

Frankly, I don't think there's a chance.

Bebe doesn't want to marry, in the first place, and if she did, I don't believe the heavyweight champion, while he is her very good friend, would be the man of her choice.

Bebe, while she looks exotic and almost too lovely to be smart, has one of the wisest young heads on her shoulders of any girl in pictures. She is as intelligent as they make em.

Whatever Bebe does, will be the right thing.

That you can count on.

**C**ECIL de MILLE, who returned from his European trip literally on a stretcher, is recovering rapidly at his home in Laughlin Park.

He was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

We only hope he won't start to direct until he has completely recovered. Both because we admire C. B. tremendously and wouldn't like to see him have a relapse and because—well, we've seen him direct when he was in the best of health, and we'd hate to imagine him directing during convalescence.

It is generally understood at the Lasky studios that Tommy Meighan is to play the lead in the new Cecil de Mille production, "Man-laughter."

The part of the young Irish fighting district attorney was certainly written for Tommy.

**M**AE BUSCH has moved. She had to.

Peter B. Kyne, the well known author, gave her a German police dog. He'd never lived anywhere but on a ranch before, so the Hollywood Boulevard apartment which Mae lived in didn't appeal to him at all.

"I shall probably have to buy him a ranch in the end," said Mae, who named him "Pete" after his donor. "That's the way it is. Dogs are very expensive present."

**T**HIS apparently is the day of the exotic star.

Consider the tremendous vogue created over night, of Pola Negri and Signor Rodolph Valentino.

And now we hear that Senor Antonio Garrido Montezucio Moreno is about to withdraw from the Vitagraph domain where he has so long been confined to the galleries of the serial and dime-feature thriller.

There are rumors of a law suit impending between Senor Moreno and Vitagraph. The star, it is said, alleges that the company has not lived up to its contract with him. What the company has to say we do not know. Suffice to say, we hope that Tony will at last find his proper rôle. In addition to being one of the most handsome men on the screen, a romantic, fiery and dashing young Spaniard, Moreno is an actor of such fine record that his following is world-wide, and even those who eschew the serial remember the day when he starred in worthy features.

It seems to us that Moreno is one of the best stellar bets of the hour. But he needs colorful characters,—not the Nick Carter-detective things he has been assigned recently.



Posed by Wanda Hawley, a Paramount-Artcraft motion picture star. Miss Hawley is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

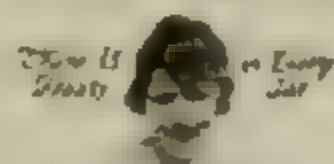
## Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

**A**FTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?* Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallow skin?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," revitalize, the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly Ingram's Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions. Used on the hands it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints.



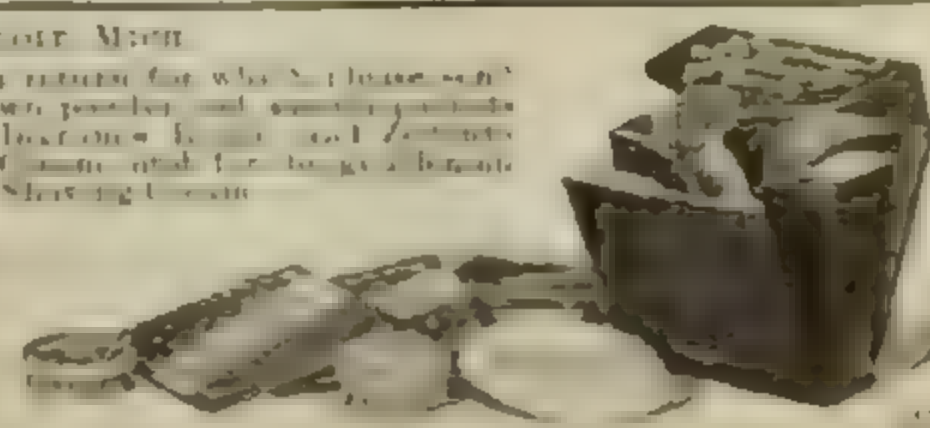
## Ingram's Milkweed Cream

**Ingram's Beauty Purse**—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 102 TENTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime in return for which we have sent you Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an exquisite powder and essential points of Ingram's Velveteen, Souverain, Face Powder, Toilet Aids, and Toilet Powder. As a complete set of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and for beauty a bonus of the famous complexion of Ingram's Skin Cream.

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## Are you a sensitive person?

**NATURALLY**, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

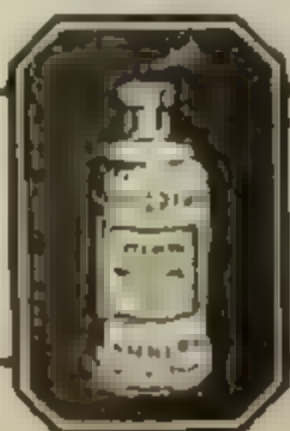
Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly kills bad fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For  
**HALITOSIS**  
use  
**LISTERINE**



# Children and the Movies

By DOLLY SPURR

**U**P until the past few months I was engaged in the theater business in the small mid-west town of Marion, Ind. I had managed three theaters for eleven years, and for the greater part of each season these houses ran pictures. Being a woman and intensely interested in children, I gave a great deal of thought to suitable recreation for the kiddies.

While I was particular to select, at all times, clean, wholesome pictures for all my theaters, I nevertheless realized that some of the most ordinary dramas and comedies were beyond the understanding of the average child. I wanted my home town youngsters to see pictures they would understand and enjoy, and I figured that it was up to the parents to co-operate with me and select the pictures that were suitable.

To make this selection possible, I issued each week a 10-page booklet, containing pictures of each production and a complete story. I used both newspapers and advertised heavily, so that I could carry out this same idea. I called the public's attention to the pictures most suitable for the children, and urged the parents to read the synopsis of each picture carefully so they would KNOW what their boys and girls were seeing.

It was quite an experience, but after keeping at it for more than five years I grew disgusted and discouraged. A few of the parents saw the wisdom of selecting their children's amusements, but the majority kept right on in the same old line of flinging a dime or quarter to son or daughter, saying, "Yes, you may go to a movie." They either wouldn't take the time to find out, or didn't care whether the picture was suitable or not. In talking on this subject to one bright little mother she laughed and said, "Oh, what's good enough

for me is all right for Bobby!" Another mother bitingly remarked that, "If a picture isn't suitable for my child, it isn't fit for me either."

Both views are dead wrong. A film story of love, life, mystery, or temptation can be understood and appreciated by any grown person, but the same picture has little or no meaning for a child. As for the men and women who go to the other extreme, they may be rightfully careful of what their children see, but that's no reason why they have to be prudish about themselves. Maybe they would really enjoy playing "London Bridge" or "Ring around Rosie," and reading Mother Goose—but I have my doubts!

I kept a record one year of pictures I had shown that were particularly suitable for children. I found I had run one hundred and two, which is an average of two a week, and two shows a week is certainly enough for a child to see.

Children must have recreation, and the movies are a cheap amusement that can never harm the kiddies, if the parents will only use a little judgment about what they allow them to see. It's simply a matter of co-operation between the theater managers and the parents. Even the smallest, cheapest theaters nowadays, issue some sort of a program each week that gives a short description of the pictures. If there is no program, there is always a 'phone, and if a manager doesn't know what productions are the best for the children, he'd better get out of business. I've met hundreds of theater managers in various parts of the U. S., and I've never talked to one who wouldn't gladly co-operate with the parents, even so far as to put on special Saturday shows for children exclusively. But the theater men complain that the parents don't seem to take any interest in such moves.



You'd like to visit a studio, would you? Here's what would probably happen if you did: you'd trip over the beastly hose that has something to do with the lights; you'd walk in front of the camera and mess up the scene; you'd come away with the worst headache you ever had—from those lights you see here. But don't let this discourage you.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 72)

**J. C.**—Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are still happily married. Mr. Rennie made a picture for Goldwyn in California, "The Dust Flower," and is again in the east, having made an appearance in a new stage play, "Madeline and the Movies," by George Cohan.

**Kitty, Buffalo.**—David Powell is married. He has just returned from England, where he made pictures for Paramount, and is now in Hollywood, where he will continue as a La-ky leading man. He is thirty-seven years old, doesn't look it, and is an all-around nice chap.

**Curious.**—Yes, it is true that the stork is soon to visit the Buster Keaton bungalow in Los Angeles, Mrs. Keaton being the former Natalie Talmadge. The Talmadge sisters, Norma and Connie, are delaying their departure for Europe until the interesting event takes place. Anita Stewart has no children. She has bobbed her hair, she is summering at Bayside, Long Island, and she is soon to make pictures for her own company—the latest information I have about the fair Anita.

**Mabel of New Jersey.**—Jackie Coogan is to make "Oliver Twist." I've always wanted to see a real boy play the famous Dickens hero. Jackie is a genius, sure enough. Alice Brady is getting a divorce, or has already got a divorce, from James Crane. Crane is the son of Dr. Frank Crane, the writer. Earle Williams is getting a divorce, is being divorced by, or has already been divorced, from Florence Walz, unless the rumor is all wrong. Earle is still starring for Vitagraph. The Vitagraph stars should all rise and sing, "Once with Vitagraph, always with Vitagraph; we'll live and die with Vitagraph," or sounds to that effect.

**I. M. and L. G., Cotulla, Texas.**—Ah, a new town! Another pin in the map. Anyone who thinks he is fairly familiar with this country should look at my correspondence. Mae Murray is married to Robert Z. Leonard, her director. There is one of the most famous happy romances in the films. Their latest picture is "Fascination," for their own company, released through Metro. Mae wears one of her celebrated scanty costumes in it, scantier even, according to advance notices, than those in "Peacock Alley." Don't miss it. You won't. Viola Dana is twenty-four. She is in the east right now, making personal appearances.

**The Cowboy Kid.**—Clever, clever boy. How did you ever think that up? Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money," "For the Defense," and "The Cradle." Miss Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman; she lives with her mother and brother in Hollywood. She is still with Paramount. Dorothy Gish's latest film is "Orphans of the Storm," in which she co-stars with her sister Lillian.

**(Miss) R. G., Newark, N. J.**—Well, (Miss) R. G., you win the silver-plated banana skin for your questions. Such gems of wit and humor as, "Do you remember all the questions that people ask you or do you have somebody to help you?" and "Do you ever feel as if you'd like to see the people who write in to you?" make me realize my own shortcomings in no uncertain way. Just the same, I hope you win your wager, which was, all the rest of you, that (Miss) R. G. could get me to answer her letter.

(Continued on page 90)

# Just what are the requirements of Scenario Writing?

[Thousands are asking that question as the motion picture industry calls for more, and yet more, stories. The answer is on this page.]

**BRIEFLY** the requirements are these:

- [1] Creative imagination (such as successful fiction writers manifest);
- [2] Dramatic instinct (to a higher degree than conventional fiction requires);
- [3] The story construction technique of the studio.

The first two rank as *talents*. You are either born with them, or without them. No human agency can endow you with either. The third is an *accomplishment*. It can easily be mastered by home training. It is useless without the two talents; and, for screen purposes, the two talents—creative imagination and dramatic instinct—are useless without screen technique.

In short, *natural ability to think out and tell a human, dramatic story is useful to the screen only when written in the language of the screen.* And literary skill is not required for scenario construction. Writing style cannot be transferred to the screen.

### A test for you—and what it may mean

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, encouraged by leading motion picture producers, is conducting a nation-wide search for creative and dramatic story-telling ability. By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered—often among people who had never even suspected its presence. This questionnaire, which was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the well-known photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of the Northwestern University faculty, is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the creative qualities of mind. Through it scores of men and women, in all walks of life, have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of screen writing.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidently told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail, to turn these talents to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind, it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized and of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however it is for the screen.

### \$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Course, and the questionnaire test which must be passed before enrollment is invited, sprang out of the desperate need of the motion picture industry for original stories. The Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation was organized for the sole purpose of developing new writers for the screen. The Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000

for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, the Corporation will send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the need of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon and clip it now, before you forget.

THESE are the leaders behind the search for screen writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

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C. Gardner Sullivan  
Author and Producer  
Allan Dwan  
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Lois Weber  
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Rob Wagner  
Author and Screen Authority

James R. Quirk  
Editor and Publisher, Photoplay Magazine.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education.**

124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

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**W. L. Douglas**  
President  
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,  
126 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 86)

**BARRY BLUE**—If you were my child, I'd spank you soundly and put you to bed. You're not, and it's lucky you're not. In spite of the fact that you say you have just noddles and noddles of fun reading these columns, I can't return the compliment even to the extent of saying I get a very small noddle of mirth out of yours. For goodness sake if you're going to write on blue paper, why can't you select a round, ringing blue—a real, unashamed blue, not that pale, peayune blue? Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. Wallace MacDonald was born May 6th, 1901, in Canada. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs about 145 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown. His wife was Doris May. That is, she's still his wife and still Doris May on the screen, where she stars in such things as "Boy Crazy."

**GLADYS D.**—Thank you for both pictures, chiefly that one of yourself. The drawing of Constance Talmadge was very much like Mary Pickford, but then Connie and Mary are good friends, and wouldn't mind a little thing like that. Why not enter the Screen Opportunity Contest? Mary Fairbanks has no children. Little Mary Pickford the Second is the daughter of Lottie Pickford, who used to be Mrs. Rupp, but who is now Mrs. Allan Forrest.

**HENRIETTA**—The new? Of course. I just saw your snapshot. All you girls are sending me photographs nowadays. My office begins to look like a photograph gallery. Gloria Swanson is divorced from Herbert K. Sornborn. She has a small daughter.

**HARRY G., HOUSTON, TEXAS**—"In Old Kentucky" was made in old Los Angeles. That's the way it goes, Harry old fellow.

**THOMAS CHATTERTON ADMIRER**—Your admirer, to whom you have been faithful all these years, is not in pictures now and I have no record of his whereabouts. I'm awfully sorry, because such devotion as yours should be rewarded at least by an autographed picture. Perhaps Mr. Chatterton, wherever he may be, will see this and, in the pater, condescend to come across with his likeness.

**P. L., PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.**—Wesley Barry is thirteen, but it isn't an unlucky age for Wesley. He's been starred in "Penrod" by Marshall Neilan, and if that isn't luck! Of course, little Barry's ability and hard work had something to do with it.

**RED-HEAD**—I am sure your hair must be charming. I love red or auburn hair. You are wrong when you say that auburn-haired women are so limited as to colors. I know of no more charming shades than apple green or jade green, violet or mauve with a crimson collar. Billie Burke, whose beautiful hair is auburn, wears a gold frock in the last act of her new play, and it is most effective.

**MAXINE L., COLUMBUS, OHIO**—I'm sure I don't know what to say! You wish to look like Lillian Gish and wish to know how to go about it! It is a very good thing to wish, but Miss Gish is such an individual person I doubt if anyone could look like her. But you might emulate her in this respect, wear only the quietest and simplest frocks and hats. You would mistake Miss Gish for a smart debutante were you to see her walking on the Avenue.

(Concluded on page 122)

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ESTABLISHED 1895

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**ROSALINE** Gives the face and neck a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvety the skin and is applied to dry roups for a fair complexion. It is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jar, 25c.

**DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL** In powder or cream form. Free from grit, produces an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticle. Fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 25c.

**CREAM VAN OLA** For softening and whitening the skin. Keeps the face and neck clear. Promotes a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jar, 25c. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent direct on receipt of price and tax stamp for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

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Three sizes 25c, 50c and \$1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. P-P. NEW YORK CITY



## Business Life in the Films

(Concluded from page 57)

formed that the only piece of property saved from the wreckage is a little rustic cottage in the country, they pout and weep, and become very angry and cantile with their husbands for being so careless as to lose all their money.

But these seemingly feather-brained help-meets always reform under the sweet agrarian influences of the pastoral atmosphere. They come to see the error of their former prodigal habits, and they inevitably wind up by laying out their husbands' slippers and learning how to make pan-dowdy.

Then there are the sons of wealthy business men of the screen. The youths, without exception, are a bad lot. It would seem that business men are incapable of begetting sons who do not turn out to be Black Sheep. These wild and no-account male offsprings always wear fuzzy checked caps with their evening clothes, and drive sporting model cars at break-neck speed. They spend their nights gambling for high stakes at fashionable clubs, despite the fact that their luck is consistently bad. Indeed, they have never been known to win a nickel; and they always wind up by forging their father's name to a check with which to meet their I. O. U.'s.

**A** GAIN all wealthy screen business men are cursed with crooked and caddish partners of suave and elegant mien. These latter gentlemen are invariably bachelors of loose habits, who surreptitiously speculate on the side with the firm's funds, and make love—with masterly technique, let it be confessed—to their partners' wives.

In the matter of male secretaries, however, magnates in the films have much to be thankful for. These trusted young men are as pure as the driven snow, and as scrupulously honest as the day is long. Their virtue, indeed, is almost unearthly in its exquisiteness and perfection. Nevertheless, they are always getting caught in serious predicaments, and being falsely accused of heinous crimes. Their troubles and tribulations are enough to discourage any young man from trying to live an honorable and upright life. Yet they never weaken or swerve from the narrow path.

For instance, when their employer's son forges his father's name to a check, it is the righteous secretary who is at once suspected, and he is in honor bound to shoulder the blame for the sake of the young man's doting sister, for whom he harbors a chaste, unworldly love.

Then, again, the one night on which he returns alone to the office to do some special work, is the identical date decided upon by a burglar to rob the office-safe. And, to make things even worse, it is also on this night that the magnate himself has business at the office. Of course, when the watchman hears the shots and finds the magnate dead and the secretary kneeling beside him with a smoking pistol in his hand, there is really nothing for him to do but turn the innocent young man over to the gendarmes.

To be sure, in the end, he is always cleared of the charges against him, and a few weeks later, he leads his employer's beautiful daughter to the hymeneal altar. But, even so, his life is no bed of roses—

what, with going to jail as a forger, being tried for murder, and having the unjust suspicions of everybody focused upon him.

A few facts concerning the offices of motion-picture business dramas should be mentioned here. For instance, all these offices are on the top story. What the rooms on all the lower floors of skyscrapers are used for, has never been revealed in the film. And the windows of these offices never give on a shaft or a court. They invariably overlook the surrounding housetops, and, no matter where they are located, one always gets a fine view of the Metropolitan Tower from them.

Furthermore, the signs on all the glass doors of business offices are printed backwards, so that only the people inside the office can read them without a mirror. Moreover, the light in all these offices is so arranged that whatever is going on inside is distinctly and accurately silhouetted against the frosted glass panels of the door. And apparently anyone may enter unmolested and without announcement—into the private office of any busy financier. In fact, there is always a veritable procession of flappers, vampires, book agents, job-hunters and female members of the family, constantly coming in and sitting on the edge of the desk to converse.

In the Western parlous, where business has to do with mills and mines and factories, equally unique conditions obtain. In these commercial organizations there are always plotters and bomb-throwers and sabotage artists constantly on the job. And when a week goes by without a strike, it means that some debilitating epidemic has spread among the workmen and rendered them temporarily helpless.

All that is necessary to start a perfectly good strike is for some amateur orator, with an imaginary grievance, to mount a box and make a brief speech. Before he has gotten well under way, his listeners begin growling, throw down their tools, and rush for the door of the president's office, shaking their fists over their heads. This means the strike is on.

**A** LL that is necessary to put down an uprising of this kind is for one of the handsome young laborers (who, in reality, is well educated and comes from a fine old family which has run out of funds) to demonstrate his fistie superiority over the burly agitator. The workmen, to a man, are at once won over through admiration for his physical bravery and parabolic prowess and immediately pick up their tools and return happily to work.

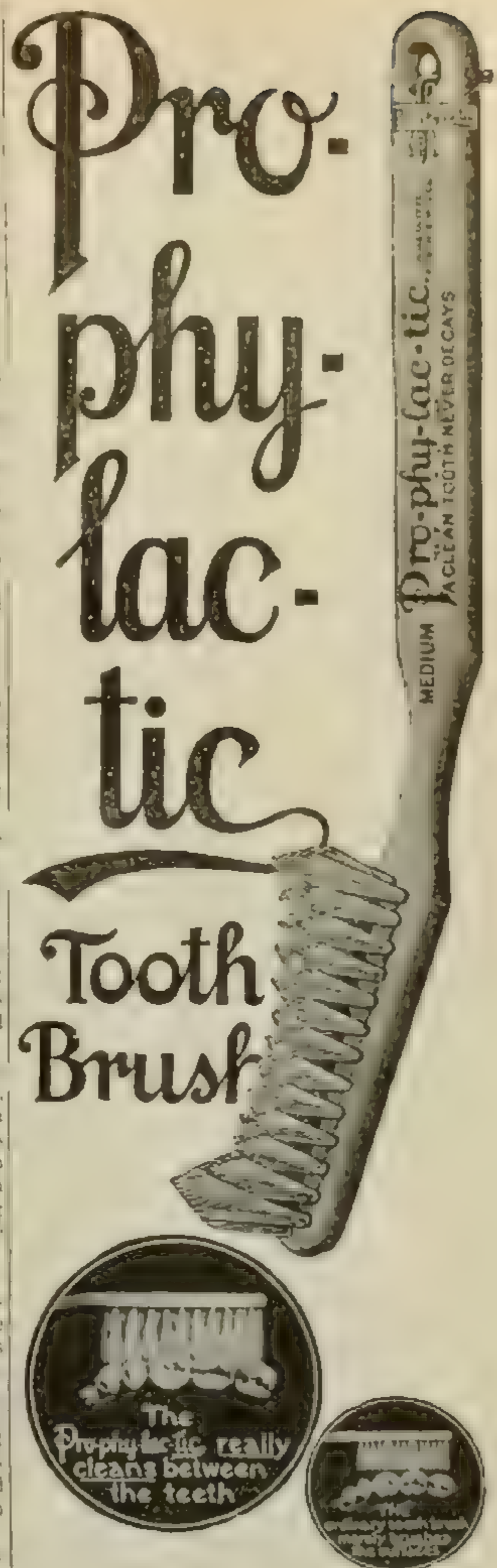
It is this same handsome and aristocratic young laborer, who, when the president's beautiful daughter visits the plant and gets caught in the machinery, or falls into a boiling vat, or is accidentally hoisted by a steam crane, saves her life, and thereupon becomes a partner in the business and a son-in-law in the family.

In fact, in the commercial dramas of the films, no young man—however poor or inexperienced—has yet succeeded in winning the affections of a wealthy business-man's daughter without being instantly taken into the firm as a partner.

**T**HE press agent for Harry Rapt, a producer, with great gusto sent out the following notice, which we think should be framed, preferably in old oak:

While strolling in Atlantic City (or words to that effect) Mr. Rapt noticed that everyone was reading a book called "Brass." On the boardwalk and in the hotels and the roller chairs, they were reading "Brass." So Mr. Rapt decided that if everyone was reading it, it must be a good book, and though he has not read it himself, bought it for pictures. We bet they'll make a hit.

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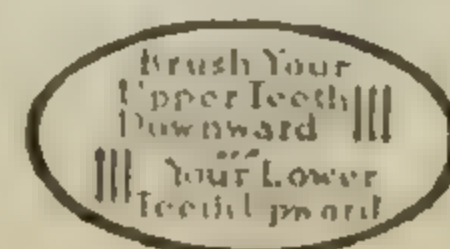


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## Ignorance

An obnoxious moral morality play, suggested by  
"Experience."

(The story was written for Ben Turpin)

By AGNES SMITH

**TITLE:** In the Valley of Slumbering Beans, Ignorance enjoys bliss.

Scene 1. A farmyard. Ignorance dusts off the cows and chickens.

Scene 2. Ignorance is seen standing at the door of a cottage decorated with particularly prim roses.

Title: In this quiet spot, with Ignorance as her only friend, dwells Censorship.

Scene 3. Censorship, a girl, is seen cutting the petals from wild flowers with her scissors. Ignorance enters and speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "It takes two to make a quarrel. Will you marry me?"

Scene 4. Censorship raises the pair of scissors menacingly.

Title: (Spoken) "I will, provided that nothing obscene, salacious or inciting to crime—"

Scene 5. The interior of Ignorance's cottage. Ignorance is seen playing ping pong with himself. The telephone rings. (Closeup of telephone ringing.) Ignorance answers it.

Title: (Spoken) "Hello, this is the Big City speaking. Why don't you come down to buy your trousseau and make a fortune?"

Scene 6. Ignorance registers delight.

Scene 7. The Big City, a large prosperous gentleman, gives the camera a wicked and meanful look. A chorus girl, who happens to be playing around his apartment in her stage costume, slaps him merrily on the head.

Scene 8. Ignorance bids farewell to Censorship at the little railroad station.

Title: (Spoken) "I will return before the cider gets hard." Closeup of Censorship in tears. She speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Once you have seen the Big City, you will no longer love Censorship."

Scene 9. A three-foot kiss.

Scene 10. Closeup of train whistling. (This has nothing to do with the story, but it always happens in the best pictures.)

Title: The Great Metropolis, where souls are lost, where hair is bobbed, where innocence is a thing to be scorned and where a baby's tear falls unheard amid the roar

of limousines laden with human cattle.

Scene 11. Long shot of Broadway taken from Times Building. (This scene is a stock bit in every Hollywood studio that goes in for wicked New York atmosphere.)

Scene 12. Ignorance alighting from the train at the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles.

Title: Armed only by his love for Censorship, Ignorance comes to do battle with the gun men of Evil.

Scene 13. The Big City welcomes Ignorance with one hand and pokes his pockets with the other.

Title: That night.

Scene 14. A cabaret, made entirely of glass. This setting should cost \$100,000 to be effective. Twelve bathing beauties in fur bathing suits climb up a ladder of champagne cork and dive into a pool of champagne.

Scene 15. At a ring-side table Ignorance registers delight.

Scene 16. The Big City throws the camera a mean leer.

Scene 17. Ignorance looks at girls in pool fade into—

Closeup of Censorship with scissors.

Scene 18. Ignorance, considerably depressed. The Big City speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Cheer up, my fine fellow, you must learn to be a man-about-town if you want to be successful and buy these pretty toys for your own. Here comes a friend of mine, the Flapper."

Scene 19. The Flapper enters and is introduced to Ignorance by the Big City. She begins to roll a sock with one hand and a cigarette with the other, thereby putting one over on Bill Hart. She speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Buck up, old Silo, the evening is yet young."

Scene 20. Jazz enters. The Flapper brings him to Ignorance.

Title: (Spoken) "Meet my friend Jazz."

Scene 21. Ignorance gets on the dance floor with the Flapper. As they pass near the orchestra, conducted by Jazz, the face of a saxophone player fades into—

Closeup of Censorship with scissors.

(Concluded on page 93)



## Ignorance

(Concluded from page 92)

Same scene. They stop dancing.  
Title: The crimson night fades into the grey dawn.

Scene 22. An office in Wall Street. Ignorance is seen at a desk, working busily. He doesn't know that the Big City calls, not for honest and brave hearts, but for souls to ruin.

Title: And here the underpaid workers roll up the wealth that the rich man spends so freely at night on chorus girls, cabarets and hat check boys.

Closeup of clock registering the hour of five.

Scene 23. Ignorance arises from his desk and looks for his hat, which has been stolen. The Big City comes from his private office. With him is a thin gentleman evidently suffering from malnutrition. The Big City speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Meet Pay Envelope, take him out but don't lose him."

Scene 24. Ignorance and Pay Envelope leave the building together.

Scene 25. A joint in Chinatown. Ignorance and Pay Envelope are sitting at the same table eating chicken chow mein. The more they eat, the thinner grows Pay Envelope. Seated around them are murderers, thieves, wife beaters, gun men and broken blossoms. In other words, lots of atmosphere.

Scene 26. Another table. Fake Oil Stock is selling engraved paper to two Chinamen. One Chinaman speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Me allee likee same rich Rockefeller water."

Scene 27. Fake Oil Stock sees Ignorance with Pay Envelope and approaches. They talk. Pay Envelope becomes transparent. Ignorance takes the pretty papers and says:

Title: (Spoken) "I'm on my way to riches. The treat's on me."

Scene 28. Ignorance puts his last nickel into the tin-pan piano. Pay Envelope disappears and Jazz takes his place. Ignorance welcomes Jazz. The Flapper enters, but, seeing Ignorance without Pay Envelope, she snubs him. And then—

Closeup of Censorship cutting coupons with her scissors.

Scene 29. Ignorance looks a bit gone. Jazz slaps him on the back:

Title: (Spoken) "Come, come, Iggy. I will bring to you Near Beer and perhaps he will take you to his cousin Home Brew."

Scene 30. Near Beer approaches. He has no legs and therefore no kick. Ignorance still looks worried. Chinese proprietor presents him with check. He looks around for Pay Envelope and finds that he has deserted him. Jazz and Near Beer also leave. The Chinaman winks at a low looking tough who is lurking in the background.

Scene 31. Ignorance meets Rough-Stuff and gets thrown down stairs:

Title: Out, out into the night

Scene 32. A park bench. Ignorance has a revolver pressed to his temple. Censorship enters:

Title: (Spoken) "Ignorance, have you forgotten that the display of firearms is forbidden?"

Scene 33. Censorship cuts revolver with her scissors. Ignorance rises and speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "I cannot do without you. I cannot look life and the Big City in the face. I cannot stand Jazz and Near Beer."

Scene 34. They embrace according to the requirements of the best censor boards. Censorship speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Ignorance, you are my love and my friend. You are my natural partner, in marriage, of course." Title fades into scene of the Big City roasting in papier maché Hell.

# The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of *Today's Housewife*, author of *A Soldier of the Dusk* and other books

I WAS sixteen when my first poem was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write the things I wanted to write, or what to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get such information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them perhaps four, before I got anything made in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent things out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I couldn't get any advice. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were good enough by sheer persistence and struggle, so that the magazine began to accept them. One went to the *Decorative*, one to *Good Housekeeping*, the *Decorative*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and others. But always I had to cut and prune and prune and alter. I was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had some thing to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one or less if I had had such an Easy System of Writing as came to my mind the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars for what I could have learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had had a chance!

A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it." I know from my own experience that almost every person lingers at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how."

There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Every heart has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in *Today's Housewife* hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago. Didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photoplays of today, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught how to tell a story at a time when talk about them and get a story to tell.

There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and photoplays today—a good lot bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

There is a tremendous demand for writers—writers of stories, of articles, of photoplays. Money is being spent like water by magazine publishing houses and

photoplay companies. Big sums of money. And names do not count—until they have done some thing good.

There is the world I want to share with you. If you have said to yourself, "I wish I could write—or if I only knew how to do it, I wish I could write—or if you have pants for stories, ideas for articles or if you have pictures come to you and you don't know how to put them in marketable form, and the thought goes, "Oh, what a shame of my being!" I don't know how. And don't get those ideas that all great writers were born knowing how to write. Almost without exception they have struggled to the top through years of better work and waiting. They did not have the help that has at your hand.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has found, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every part of the photoplay and technique of short-story writing and photoplay writing, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the perusal of it is an inspiration and a delight.

The New System is tremendously inspirational. I have read it three times to be absolutely sure it is what I should want to recommend to the hundreds of writers who ask me for help. Each time I read it I am so filled with enthusiasm that I want to run away from the editorial desk and write a story or a scenario. It is good reading even for the person who is not filled with the desire to write, for it tells how it is done. A study of this New Method of Writing will help anyone to think better and to express himself more fully in conversation or writing than he otherwise could. I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend to all writers the inspirational, helpful and most reasonably priced system of writing published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

The New System of Writing recommended by Mrs. Lutes—and also endorsed by many more of America's foremost magazines, editors, publishers and authors—is fully described in a wonderful FREE book called "The Wonder Book for Writers."

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## The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 64)

### BRUCE WILDERNESS TALES— Educational

ROBERT BRUCE has completed four scenic pictures of such remarkable beauty—not only in their conception but in their treatment—that they deserve the attention of everyone who is interested in the development of motion pictures as an art. They are called, "My Country," "Missing Men," "And Women Must Weep," and "The One Man Re-union"—and they are all excellent. The others combine little stories with their pictorial appeal—"And Women Must Weep" being the best.

### ANOTHER DOG STAR— Post Nature Pictures

FOLLOWING in the paw-steps of Strongheart, the magnificent star of "The Silent Call," comes a diminutive dog that plays the lead in two short pictures, "Western Ways" and "A Winter's Tale." In fact, he goes Strongheart one better by wearing costumes, and undertaking character rôles. He is not very convincing as a heavy, but in his more frivolous moments he is thoroughly delightful. He seems to have some sense of artistry.

### HEADIN' WEST—Universal

HOOT GIBSON, blond and smiling as ever, in exhibitions of riding and wrestling. A thin thread of plot, all about cattle rustling and impersonations and villains in furry pants. Send the children—they'll like it. Juvenile grown-ups mayn't be disappointed either.

### IRON TO GOLD—Fox

DUSTIN FARNUM as a misunderstood bad man who falls in love with the wife of his enemy. Very heroic and noble and not at all convincing. Marguerite Marsh is the lady in the case.

### FOR LOVE OR MONEY— First National

WHEN Mack Sennett makes bathing girl comedies he gives the public an eye-ful. But when he attempts anything more serious the result is disappointing. Some families may like this—at any rate, it's harmless.

### THE WISE KID—Universal

SOME jazz, a few clever titles, a slightly mutilated story and Gladys Walton—who plays the part of a cashier in a cheap restaurant. Not much to think about, but fairly good entertainment. It will teach the children some new slang. Some of the characters are well taken, and one glimpse of the settlement workers, looking in on the modern dances, is almost worth the price of admission. All in all it's reasonably good.

### THE RAGGED HEIRESS—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON, very likable despite her cute ways and her eternal sweetness, does good work in this picture. The plot is as old as Cinderella, but there are quite a few thrilling moments and a real sympathy for the down-trodden little heroine is developed. John Harron, as leading man, is more like his brother Robert than ever. Send the children—although you can take them without wasting an evening!

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# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 35)

tion, that his son had put up to him, turned to definite experimentation.

A one-room workshop was set up in the Scott Building at 35 Frankfort street in downtown New York. It was a little four-story red brick relic of Civil War days, an old building in the days when the Brooklyn Bridge towering above it was opened ten years before the time of our present interest. The Latham Laboratory, at the top of the last flight of stairs, was in a space twelve by fifteen feet. In it was an alcove and a bed where the employed mechanic slept. In dingy little Frankfort street, were pattern shops and "silver platers' establishments. Half a block away was Park Row, vibrant with the thunder of newspaper presses, then as now. Only four years ago the Scott Building burned, finishing its days as a leather warehouse.

Otway Latham had chosen the location of the shop. He wanted it handy to the ferry from New Jersey. He had it in mind that he would want Dickson to find it convenient to come often. He inquired of Dickson for a competent workman. Dickson recommended Eugene Lauste, a Frenchman, who until a short time before had been employed by Edison.

THEN one Sunday in October the Lathams, including Woodville, the father, took dinner with the Dicksons at their home at 100 Cleveland Street in Orange, New Jersey.

A proposal was made to Dickson involving the plan to make a machine to put motion pictures on a screen. Dickson, according to his subsequent testimony relating to the incident, tentatively discussed the proposition and said he would ask Edison about it. Edison demurred, said Dickson, pointing out that he had a contract covering all his motion picture activities, with Raff & Gammon, the agents for the kinetoscope.

But work went ahead in the little Latham shop at 35 Frankfort street, where Lauste, under the supervision of Otway and the occasional advice of Woodville Latham, labored on models.

Then came a significant happening. Dickson, who had written in his book of projecting motion pictures as a greeting to Edison's return from Paris in 1880, now in 1894, set about trying to see if it could be done. He took parts of an Edison kinetoscope and a film picture to a laboratory at Columbia University in New York City to make these experiments.

It seems that the try-out at Columbia did not achieve projection, but it did not discourage the experimenters.

Dickson at times visited the little workshop where Lauste was materializing Woodville Latham's design.

Experiments were made with films from the Edison kinetoscope. These Edison films were the starting point in the work of every motion picture inventor of the time. The Lathams, just as others after them, were influenced by the stereopticon or magic lantern and decided that for projection the films would have to be larger than the tiny one inch tapes of the kinetoscope. They felt that a film more nearly approaching the size of a lantern slide would be required.

So the Frankfort street shop turned to the production of a camera to make a larger picture for the screen.

In December of 1894, Woodville Latham, with a view to putting his efforts into business shape, and for the purposes of financing, decided to form a company. With a degree of modesty that has not always characterized the christening of motion pic-

ture companies since, he translated the "L" of Latham into the Greek and incorporated as the Lambda Company. Perhaps it had a classic flavor that he relished, too.

It was Latham's intent that his stock should largely go to his sons, and to them he looked considerably for the execution of business affairs pertaining to the enterprise. So it happens that Otway made a proposal to his friend Dickson over at the Edison establishment that he accept a quarter of the stock. Mr. Dickson hesitated and demurred. So the stock was turned over to the safe keeping of his friend Edmund Congar Brown, an attorney.

As Dickson afterwards explained on the witness stand he was not at that time sure just how far he might care to go with the Lathams. And yet he felt there might be something ahead for him in the screen exhibition of pictures; screen possibilities did not interest Mr. Edison, then.

Woodville Latham's health was failing. He had weakened heart action, resulting from some of his ordeals in the Civil War and his addiction to strong black coffee to aid him in his long laboratory vigils. It was growing increasingly difficult for him to spend long hours over the problems of the workshop. For days on end he kept to his bed in his room of the suite that he and his sons occupied at the Hotel Bartholdi.

Another technical problem was puzzling the Lathams considerably. It was the obvious necessity of giving an intermittent motion to the film in the camera and in the projection machine they hoped to build. Edison had an intermittent motion in his camera, but of that they seemed to know nothing. In the Edison kinetoscope, with which they were familiar, the film ran continuously and the spectator got only transient glimpses of it, so brief as to prevent blurring of the little images because of the motion. In a little picture under a magnifying lens as presented by the kinetoscope this was sufficient. But for a large picture on the screen there was not enough light in these transient flashes to impress an image on the eye. That meant that the projector must have an intermittent motion starting and stopping the film say twenty times a second.

This problem was mentioned to Dickson, and he replied by referring to the old and familiar device for interrupted motion used by the Swiss watchmakers of Geneva. Several variations of this were tried and one was adopted. By various ways most of the inventors of the motion picture were to arrive at this same solution, resulting in a great deal of patent controversy and litigation.

EARLY in February the machine took more promising form and a model was hurried through as rapidly as possible.

Woodville Latham was ill and unable to be on hand for the finishing touches and the first test.

Late on the night of February 26, Otway Latham, Dickson and Lauste gathered about the workbench to look over the assembled machine. It was time to try it out.

Otway swung an electric light by its cord and Dickson turned the crank and made the picture.

With feverish haste and anxiety they developed the film. It had a clearly defined record of the swinging light. It was a victory for their new machine. But their problem of getting the picture on the screen was yet before them. Thus far they had done only what Edison and Dickson

(Continued on page 96)

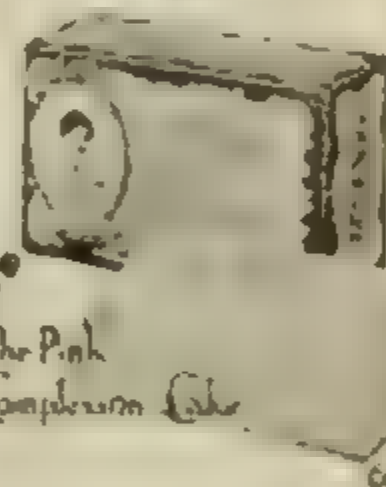


## A Mysterious Something

KNOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florence, one day was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

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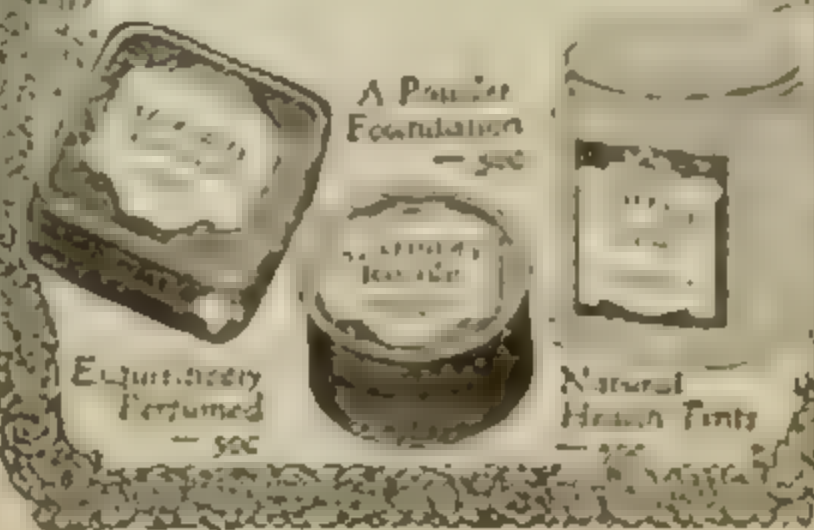


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It has displaced the use of makeshift preparations—and all the unpleasant, scrubbing, scouring and dipping methods.

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ARTHUR MURRAY  
Inventor of  
the "Secret of  
the Single Step"

## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 95)

had done long before them. They had recorded the motion picture on the film. But this was progress.

After an uncomfortable, restive night, Woodville Latham awakened early the next morning. It was not yet daylight. He consulted his watch and found it was five o'clock. When he turned up the gas he caught a glimpse of a note that had been pushed under the door. Curious, he stopped and picked it up. Folded within it was a bit of film with the pictures of the electric light and a notation:

*To my friend, Woodville Latham:  
Compliments of W. K. L. Dickson.*

The note itself read:

*Experiment most successful. We  
took a picture. Don't wake us up as  
we did not reach the room until 3  
A. M. OTWAY.*

There was a vast encouragement in this for the patiently hopeful Professor Latham.

When some days later his health permitted, Latham went down to the shop and looked over the machine. There was about this time just a hint of friction with Dickson. Otway Latham remarked to his father that Dickson had developed a penchant for talking in French to Lauste. Otway did not understand French. The father then issued instructions that orders to the workman would come from his son and that English would be more popular about the place.

Meanwhile over at West Orange, William E. Gilmore, the new Edison general manager, had been accumulating observations and information. He was not entirely pleased with what he had gathered.

It was April 2, 1895, just one year to the day after Gilmore's arrival, that a long impending explosion occurred.

There were three of them in the room, Gilmore, Edison, and Dickson.

"I was accused to the effect my relations with the Lathams were not honorable," is the way Dickson described the situation, relating the event on the witness stand many years later.

"I don't believe a dam word of it," was the way the witness quoted Edison's response.

Thereat, Dickson, filled with a brief confidence, suggested that either he or Gilmore should leave the Edison establishment. There was, it seems, an awkward silence.

Then since Edison's "decision was not sufficiently whole hearted" as Dickson described on the witness stand, he resigned on the spot.

SOME days later Dickson returned to the Edison laboratories and removed his personal effects. It was an abrupt parting that was not without its elements of regret to Edison. Dickson had been with him many years.

This was the end of relations between the two men who had labored through the tedious days and nights in "Room Five" to achieve the motion picture.

Both were to continue for a time as significant factors in motion picture development. Out of Dickson's departure and subsequent connections was to come the great war that for ten years filled the courts with bitter litigations and hampered the development of the screen.

For a short time after this parting with Edison, Dickson continued his relations, indefinite as they had been, with the Lathams.

By this time the Lathams had often projected pictures on their laboratory walls.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 21, 1895, Woodville Latham gave an exhibition of his projection machine to reporters. He was ready to tell the world about it. The next morning the New York Sun carried a story about the showing. It was illustrated with an old fashioned chalk plate drawing, depicting something that was new to the world—Motion pictures on a screen.

It was a somewhat partisan piece of reporting. The Sun was obviously influenced strongly by the name of Edison and the fame of the kinetoscope. The Sun said:

### MAGIC LANTERN KINETOSCOPE

Edison Says Latham's Device Is Old and Promises to Beat It.

An exhibition of what Edison considers a kinetoscope so arranged as to throw the pictures, enlarged, upon a screen, was given yesterday afternoon at 35 Frankfort Street by Woodville Latham. He calls his arrangement the Pantoptikon. The illustration gives a very good idea of what it looks like. The continuous film of photographic pictures with slots cut in the edges to catch the teeth of a sprocket that keeps it from slipping is reeled in front of the electric light of a sort of magic lantern, and as the pictures are thrown successively on the screen with sufficient rapidity to produce the well known kinetoscope or zoetrope effect of animated pictures.

The pictures shown yesterday portrayed the antics of some boys at play in a park. They wrestled, jumped, fought, and tumbled over one another. Near where the boys were romping a man sat reading a paper and smoking a pipe. Even the puffs of smoke could be plainly seen, as could also the man's movements when he took a handkerchief from his pocket. The whole picture on the screen yesterday was about the size of a standard window sash, but the size is a matter of expense and adjustment. Mr. Latham's camera will take forty pictures a second, and it can be set up anywhere, in the street or on the top of a house.

Mr. Latham says that he will try to obtain a patent on his apparatus, which thus enables the exhibitor to show kinetoscope effects to a large audience at one time.

A Sun reporter saw Mr. Edison last evening and described the Latham machine to him. Hearing the description, Mr. Edison said:

"That is the kinetoscope. This strip of film with the pictures which you have here, is made exactly as the film I use. The holes in it are for the spokes of the sprocket, which I devised."

"The throwing of the pictures on a screen was the very first thing I did with the kinetoscope. I didn't think much of that, because the pictures were crude, and there seemed to me to be no commercial value in that feature of the machine."

"In two or three months, however, we will have the kinetophone perfected, and then we will show you screen pictures. The figures will be life size, and the sound of the voice can be heard as the movements of the figures are seen."

"If Mr. Latham can produce life-size pictures now, as we will do with the kinetophone, that's a different matter."

"When Latham says he can set up his kinetograph anywhere and take the pictures for his machine, he means that he has simply a portable kinetograph."

"We have had one of those for six months. The reason that our pictures all had to be taken here at first was that our kinetograph was unwieldy."

"If they exhibit this machine, improve on what I have done, and call it a kinetoscope, that's all right. I will be glad of whatever improvements Mr. Latham may make."

"If they carry the machine around the country, calling it by some other name, that's a fraud, and I shall prosecute whoever does it. I've applied for patents long ago."

THE next morning in his room at the Hotel Bartholdi, Woodville Latham turned to the paper to see what had resulted from his exhibition—the first screen publicity show in the world.

We can well imagine the scene with Major Latham, hot with anger as he strode the floor with the paper clenched in his hand.

(Continued on page 97)



## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 96)

A generation before in the Latham family this would have been provocation for a challenge and an affair of pistols and coffee.

But presently he was Professor Latham again. He sat down to his desk and with painstaking care and control, wrote such a letter as he deemed compatible with his dignity and the situation.

The first article in the Sun had won a double column space at the top of page 2. The next day on page 5, under a patent medicine advertisement, the Sun published Woodville Latham's letter:

### LATHAM'S PANTOPTICON

The Inventor of It Denies That It Infringes Upon the Kinetoscope.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: You take notice in this morning's issue of a device of mine for projection on a screen photographs of moving objects, and if you had stopped at that I should now be in your debt. But along with your account of the apparatus you publish certain insinuations of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, which, if they went unchallenged, might reflect on me personally in the estimation of persons who do not know me or are unacquainted with the facts, and I, therefore, very respectfully request that you will give similar publicity to a word of reply from me.

I am not acquainted with the interior structure of Mr. Edison's Kinetoscope, and am unable, therefore, to tell whether there are points of similarity between his apparatus and mine or not. I have, however, seen the outside of his, and I do know that mine is not half as large, though it includes an appliance for projection, which his does not. Another obvious difference is that my machine can carry thousands of feet of film as well as shorter lengths, and can be used for making long exhibitions, while as I am credibly informed, his larger machine (first made by the way, on the order of one of my sons), can carry no more than one hundred and fifty feet of film, and can afford an exhibition of only about one minute. These facts would seem to indicate a very material difference of make-up. However, I applied some weeks ago for letters patent on my apparatus, and it will not be a great while before the public will have better evidence than Mr. Edison's mere ipse dixit as to the priority of claim.

As to Mr. Edison's threat to "prosecute" anybody that exhibits my machine under any other name than the one he chooses to call it by, it is something a great deal worse than promise. I refer not, at this time, to characterize it more pointedly. So far as his even qualified charge of "fraud" is concerned, I have only to say he would probably not have made it if he had reflected that the men to whom he is indebted for ideas touching his kinetoscope are quite as numerous, both in this country and abroad, as are those who, by any possibility, could appropriate his own.

If Mr. Edison can project pictures of moving objects on a screen, as he says he can, why does he not do it as publicly as I have done, and do it at once?

WOODVILLE LATHAM.

HOTEL BARTHOLOI,  
April 22.

In this exchange of charges and challenges of twenty-seven years ago is reflected the coloration of all the embitterments that were to run down through the years of picture history.

IT was natural, in view of the events of April 2, that Edison should look upon Woodville Latham as an interloper and an infringer. Just as it is obvious today that Latham was a man of rigid principles, of old-fashioned rectitude, conducting himself in this complex situation in a manner that squared with his own conscience. It is perhaps just as natural, too, that Latham should have misjudged Edison and belittled his attainment of the kinetoscope. Latham had heard some prejudiced testimony in the matter.

(Continued on page 98)

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 without dieting or any part without dieting  
 DR. WALTER'S Mechanical Reducing

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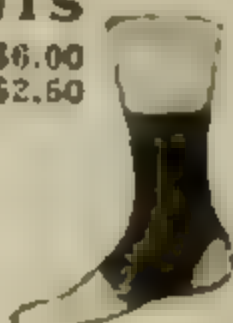
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## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 97)

It was a large misfortune to the motion picture. There was to be no peace from that day until the remote end of 1908, thirteen battle years away.

To give this period its proper place in the sense of time, it is of interest to note that the newspapers in this week of the motion picture's birth were spicy with the sensational disclosures of the Oscar Wilde case. Also that week Kaiser Wilhelm announced the coming opening of the Kiel Canal and the United States accepted an invitation to send war-ships to the ceremonial.

Meanwhile the problem of screen projection was not so nearly solved as might be surmised at this point. The pictures which the Latham machine projected were highly imperfect and unsatisfactory. They came near to complete motion picture illusion, but their fault lay in a minor but all important technical detail. The time in which each successive "frame" or step of the film was stopped and exposed to the eye did not sufficiently exceed the interval of motion, or the time in which the film was moving from one position to the next.

But the Latham enterprise was not amply financed. It was desirable to get it to earning an income as soon as possible. Hasty steps were taken to get the products of the Lambda company before the public as soon as possible.

The next move was the making of a picture. In view of the success that the Latham brothers showing of their six round

prize fight special in the kinetoscope peep-show in Nassau street, it was an easy consequence that they should decide upon another fight as their first production for the screen.

A bright sunny day, just after the first of May, Otway Latham in the rôle of director staged a fight between "Young Griffo" and "Batling Barnett" on the roof of Madison Square Garden. W. K. L. Dickson, now no longer connected with the Edison enterprises, assisted at the making of this picture.

May 20, 1895, the Griffo-Barnett fight went on exhibition to the public at 153 Broadway. It ran its flickering way in about four minutes.

So the motion picture opened for the first of all first runs on Broadway. How far was that little four minute picture on the magic lantern sheet in a storeroom from today's motion picture magnificences of upper Broadway, with its multi-million dollar screen theatres!

Simultaneously with that opening on lower Broadway the Lambda company started its commercial career by offering for sale state rights on the use of their projection machine. The Lathams started to build a number of machines and to make pictures to be shown on the new born screen.

The beginning had been made. This was the founding of the motion picture industry. Potential millions of profits were waiting.

(To be continued)

## How To Do It

(Continued from page 60)

decided to do so at the studio. To my surprise, upon arriving at the gates I was admitted without a word or blow.

Director Punch was in the yard. He told me where to find my dressing room. Imagine my indignation upon reaching it to find it full of cannibals! That was my first real disillusionment,—finding my part was to be shared with a hundred others. What chance is there for individual expression when one's part is shared with a hundred others? I thought of entering an objection but decided to wait until I was starved.

Let me say here, never raise any objections to anything during your struggle. Just save them up until you are a star and then enter them all at once.

A friendly cannibal showed me how to put on the tropic complexion and gave me a little shrub which he told me to drape to the best of my advantage. This I did.

With my heart throbbing openly, I arrived on the "set." Miss Razehell, the little star, was at that time very democratic, although I hear she has become very upstage recently. Her kindness toward extra men was well-known. Although I was just one of the mob, she noted my personality and when it came time for the big rescue scene where she was borne on the stalwart shoulders of a Christian cannibal out of harm's way, the director came right over and picked me out.

There was to be a fight between the villain who had lured Miss Razehell to the lonely island for the dire purpose of kissing her, and one of the noble savages, whose sister, Little-Sloe-Foot, had been overtaken and harmed by the same monster. I was to play the pal of the savage who fought the villain, and during the fight I was to hear Miss Razehell out of harm's way.

Well, the fight was staged, the villain

punching at the noble savage and the noble savage stroking back. I was loitering in the background shooting craps with another cannibal when I heard Miss Razehell exclaim:

"For Gawd's sake, Punch, this jazzbo fights like a sissy. Where'd you get him?"

She was referring to Lawrence Jasmyne, the boy who was playing the noble savage.

"As the red man's hope you're a fine Melvin's food product," screamed Miss Razehell. "Take him away before he tickles somebody."

I had crowded near to observe the fight and show my interest. Lawrence Jasmyne was leaping about, making queer gestures at the villain.

"What's he doing?" I asked, eager to absorb knowledge.

Miss Razehell glanced at me.

"Why, don't you recognize the swan dance?" she cried. "That's what you get, Punch, for engaging a Denshawn dancer for a prizefighter."

"Oh, Hell!" said Punch, stepping on the assistant director's derby. "Here you"—he was addressing me—"Can you fight?"

Without waiting for further opportunity, I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him in the head.

"Here, here! you fool," cried Mr. Punch. "This is a movie fight—not a murder!"

I said, "Oh!" and released the villain's head from under my arm. He sighed and sat down heavily, but they brought him to with the aid of Miss Razehell's smelling salts which he always carries in a flask. Then I learned how to fight fiercely without doing any harm to the opponent's make up. All the time Miss Razehell was cheering me on with bright smiles and such kindly appreciation as "That a bo!"

(Concluded on page 90)



## How To Do It

(Concluded from page 98)

FROM that point on Miss Razehell showed a personal interest in me. Everybody referred to me as "Lotta's new one," meaning her new "discovery."

The next day Miss Razehell had a row with the director. Of course she triumphed, great artiste that she is. The subject of the row was, I learned, none other than me. Miss Razehell had seen my talents and knew I possessed the attributes of the ideal screen lover. So she insisted that my part be changed so I would win her in the end. This necessitated some trivial changes in the plot, and the director stupidly was against them.

"The public won't stand for you marrying a naked cannibal," roared Punch to Miss Razehell.

"I could put some clothes on," I suggested.

"Oh shut-up," said Punch.

Finally they fixed the scenario so that I would be only half-cannibal, the daughter of a white missionary mother and a cannibal father who had been reformed by the missionary and culinary work of my mother. Thus over night I became a leading man and was hailed as a discovery by the public.

But my struggle was not over. The director, jealous because he hadn't discovered me, wanted to fire me. Professional jealousy is a terrible thing. Then, too, the producer couldn't see me in anything but half-cannibal parts. That is another thing—as soon as you triumph in one type of part they want you to keep on playing it. If it hadn't been for Miss Razehell, I might have gone on playing cannibals eternally. In her next picture I played an English lord with the same daring as in the cannibal part.

Contrary to persistent rumor, Miss Razehell and I have never become man and wife. We were just co-stars. Here again I must admit that professional jealousy crept in, although not on my part. Seeing that Miss Razehell was becoming jealous over the way the exhibitors were featuring me above her, I went to the producer and suggested he star me alone. He said the best he could do would be to put me in a serial playing the Man-Ape. I was not in sympathy with the part, as I am ambitious to play such parts as Ibsen and Shakespeare. Anyhow, the company had given me rotten stories with all the fat parts going to Miss Razehell, despite the fact that the exhibitors and fans were clamoring for me. And my salary, even though it was in the four figures, was ridiculous in comparison with what I was earning the producer. I have figures to show that I was earning the old usurer a half million a year clear profit on each of my pictures.

So I am about to form a company of my own, as soon as the capital has been raised.

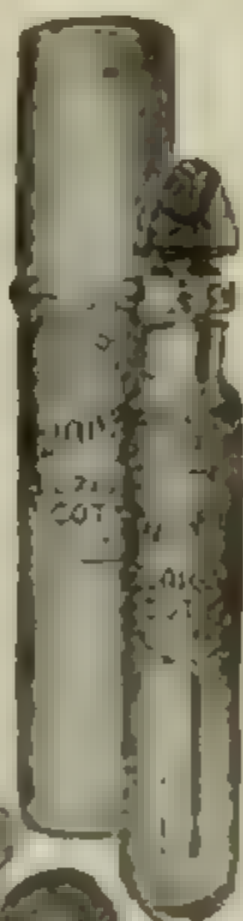
In conclusion, let me say that there is nothing to "pull" in the movies. You have to make good on your own talent without the aid of anyone. I do know a few stars who have been made through the love interest on the part of someone, but they are waning fast and soon will be seen no more. To make a success in the movies you've got to have brains, intellect, and be a gentleman of culture. But above all you've got to be a Genius.

GEN. FRANCISCO VILLA, once the leading Mexican rebel leader, who made his peace with the De la Huerta Government and retired to a large estate at Canutillo, in Durango, given him by the Government, has complained to President Obregon that bandits robbed him of 200 head of horses. Villa asks for more adequate protection from marauding bands.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



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# RIP VAN WINKLE, Jr.

(Alias Ray McKee)

**R**IP VAN WINKLE fell a-deep, in the depths of the Catskill Mountains, for twenty years. But Ray McKee fell a-deep for three months—in the heart of Hollywood. Of the two, it's almost easier to believe Rip's story! For Rip had been drinking heavily of the cup that cheers while Ray had been working hard, making a picture.

He began to feel drowsy on the lot, where they were filming "Merely Mary-Ann." He was Shirley Mason's leading man—it was a good part, and there was no reason for him to fall asleep over it! But the drowsy feeling persisted, and finally, he stole away from the set. He was almost overcome with sleep when he reached his hotel room, and so he went straight to his bed room and threw himself, fully clothed, across his bed. And when Pat O'Malley, a close friend of his, came to call on him—some six hours later—he hadn't moved.

Of course, Pat tried to waken him. But no amount of trying did any good. Ray slept on—and on. So finally, a doctor was sent for. And then another doctor. And then a Specialist. But he never woke up. For the dreams had begun.

Strange, fantastic dreams, they were. Dreams of murders, and railroad wrecks, and Chinamen with long black hair that swept all about him in great oily tangles. Dreams more thrilling than the most lurid serial—dreams more full of crime and terror than Lon Chaney's newest picture. (It is called, "The Blind Bargain," and Ray, by the way, plays second lead in it.) Some of the dreams made him cry out in terror—some of them sent him cowering into the corner of his bed. But they didn't waken him.

The specialists, after many consultations, pronounced Ray's trouble "Sleeping Sickness," a disease almost unknown in North America. People marveled and asked questions. But Ray kept on dreaming.

His hair grew long, and he acquired a beard. And then the long hair turned white. He changed, in appearance, from a jovious boy to an emaciated old man. And then, he suddenly woke up.

His first idea was to go back to the set, and to the filming of "Merely Mary-Ann." For he thought that his sleep had only been of the normal, one-night-stand variety. "I have a call in for nine o'clock!" he protested weakly. And, because they were afraid to cross him in his weakened condition, they carried him out to his car and took him to the studio. It was only then that he understood, for they were making an entirely different picture.

"I broke down and cried," he said, "when I saw it—for I thought they'd left me out. I didn't know what had happened until I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a mirror. I don't wonder that only Rip Van Winkle's dog recognized him!"

"There have been only twenty-two cases of 'Sleeping Sickness' in this country, I believe. The other twenty-one? I'd rather not talk about them. I got well, and my white hair came out, and then when other hair grew it was as dark as ever. So I don't feel that my long nap has really hurt me. Only—I'm three months younger, really, than I am."

Ray McKee was a child of the theater. He doesn't remember any part of his life, he says, that has not been identified with the drama. He made his screen debut in the days of the old Edison Company, went back on the speaking stage for a short time, and then entered the pictures again—through the medium of the War Department. With Claire Adams and Helen Ferguson he worked in several stories. And then, the war was over and he put on civilian clothes and went West to play leads in Fox films. The "Sleeping Sickness" came at the end of a two year engagement.

Rip Van Winkle didn't do much work, after his long rest. But Ray McKee feels that he has slept away all hope of a vacation. He is even now launched upon a new experience for he is, at present, sailing toward the Caribbean Sea, where he will catch, all alone and with a hand-harpoon, a monster whale. This is the big moment of a new picture, made to keep green the memory of the old whaling days. And Ray is the star of it!

## Solving the Million-Dollar Mystery

(Concluded from page 76)

He points the breezer towards the exit and beats it home to his storm and strife.

In the meanwhile, said storm and strife meets the Count and they park themselves in the tower room, where Sergius puts the B on her for 50,000 francs, after peddling a lot of noise about his family honor and how hard it was to make a touch from a Jane. He even turned on the weeps for her.

Maruchka, the maid, goes balmy in the belfry and sets fire to the joint and then hurls it to a nice peak where she takes a brodie into the briny deep to end her sorrows.

Soon the tower is a mass of flames, and Sergius forgets the lady and starts tearing around like a prairie dog looking for an out. He believed in the tradition of "Women and children first," but when the firemen arrived with the life net he jumped first to show her how and incidentally to make sure of himself.

Just as she leaps, her husband, the envoy, arrives on the scene and rushes her home in a taxi. He finds Sergius' note stuck in her waist and goes back to the Villa and socks

the Count in the kisser. Sergius believed that it was against the Queensbury rules to take another, so stayed where he was till the envoy had left.

That seemed the tip off to pull up the stakes and blow. So late that night, Olga and her pal packed like a couple of one-night standers and had everything set for a nice getaway, when in blew a half a dozen fly cups who were as welcome as a bad disease. They doffed the kellys, produced the bracelets, and escorted the two broads to the hoosegow.

Here is where the Count proved what a sap he was. He knew that the two dames were taking a run out powder, as the game was up, and his only play was the tall pine.

But, instead, the smelt-faced rummy sneaks over to the counterfeiter's shack and climbs the trellis to the half-witted daughter's room.

Here he gets a dirk stuck in his ribs and is bundled up like an Egyptian mummy and dumped into the sewer—a most appropriate resting place for the silly-looking dumb-bell and his playthings, "Foolish Wives."



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(Continued from page 29)



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NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE  
Dept. 1023 Radio Headquarters Washington, D.C.**The Last Straw**

(Continued from page 101)

would let fly with his fists and they'd connect up with me—somewhere. What have you to do today, Lucy? Can you go to a show with your mother this afternoon?"

"Oh, mama, I just can't. I'd love to. But he may be home to dinner, and I've got to wash his dress shirts and clean up and look over his dinner things and go over to the studio this afternoon and, let me see—"

"Not a thing to do, you lazy critter, as Hugh would say. Well, now, I'll tell you. My own little work's been done since six o'clock. I'm too old to lie a-bed mornin's now that I can. Now, Lucy, you do your housework and I'll wash them shirts. 'Tis really my washing that he likes did he but know it. Then I'll fix your dinner for you, child, and you git over to the studio. If you can get home in time, 'phone to me, and I'll take you out to a cool place for something refreshin'. I might even blow us to a taxi-cab. Have you got any money?"

Lucy mopped the sink with her dish rag and shook her head.

"Well, I have, and what's more, Lucy, I want you never to forget that though I'm not a woman who would interfere between a man and his wife—not even my own daughter would I ever advise to leave her man if I knew him to be a mean, picking devil that didn't treat her nowhere nears right—but just the same, my girl, remember your father was not a poor man when he passed to his reward, whatever that may have been. Mama has kept it safe for you, and if ever you want to come home, there'll be more clothes and a servant girl and a fiver—"

Lucy Beresford began to laugh.

"Mama, what an old fraud you are. Don't worry about me, dear. Hugh's odd, but I understand him. And I do love him, mama."

"Do you, indeed? Well, there's no accountin' for tastes, as I once told your father when he got himself mixed up with that thin, lanky Judy Dellamore. But—mightn't you get tired sometime, Lucy?"

"I don't believe so, mama dear. He's a good man at heart. He's funny, but I've loved him so long he's a habit with me and nobody else would put up with him. Sometimes I'm not as patient as I might be and I know I'm not wise enough to help him get over his foolishness as some women might. Sometimes, when I can't laugh for quite a long time, I get fed up, but a woman ought to stay with her man as long as she's able, oughtn't she, mama? You—did."

"Yep. I did. But your father only—well, I suppose to each wife is given the things she can bear with—one can bear women and another can bear liquor and another can bear poverty—and so forth. You're a fine little woman, Lucy, a fine little woman. A better woman than your mother, which is as it should be. But you're not an angel yet, and as I said to your husband, on one of the few times I addressed myself to him, I said, 'Hugh, my lad, there's always that last straw as breaks the camel's back. Be careful and remember what better men than you have forgot, that had good, patient wives—there's always a last straw with a woman the same as with a camel.' And now what'll I get for his dinner?"

Her house was in order, mama was preparing her delicious chicken salad and a cold boiled tongue and a strawberry shortcake for Hugh's dinner. She had made out the checks, and the shirts were washed and it was not yet noon. The Hollywood streets were cool and had for her that same fascination that had so ensnared her imagination on the day Hugh had brought her to their first little home.

As she stepped gaily along, her easy laughter and love of fun welled in her eyes and came from her lips in a little tuneful whistle.

She stopped short to admire a gorgeous wistaria in full bloom before she realized that the gray pergola it covered was attached to the charming mansion of Miss Maude Sutton. She didn't know Miss Sutton very well, though this was the third picture in which Hugh had appeared with her. (Hugh liked to refer to himself as a juvenile or a juvenile lead. He never reminded her that they had been married eight years except in private.)

AS a matter of fact, Hugh was thirty-four, though he really didn't look more than the twenty-eight which he claimed. Mrs. Beresford gave a quick sigh. She was five years younger than Hugh, yet she knew most people thought her older. Well, women grew old faster than men and she didn't have the time nor the money to keep herself up as Hugh did.

Hugh needed so much, a man in his position always had to make a showing. And though Hugh was such a good actor he wasn't a very good business man. She knew she was rather stupid and hadn't had Hugh's advantages—he often reminded her of it—but sometimes she could see business advantages that he couldn't. He didn't always get his salary and sometimes he lost his temper with directors or producers and lost a good engagement. He wasn't a man everybody liked to have around the lot.

As she gazed at the gray house beyond the wistaria, thinking on these things, she suddenly remembered Hugh's stick. He'd want it. She didn't know Miss Sutton well, but she was probably at the studio anyway and the servants could give her the stick.

But Miss Sutton wasn't at the studio and the butler asked Mrs. Beresford to come in. Lucy smoothed her skirts and pulled out the little brown curls over her ears. She hadn't meant to call.

Maud Sutton was a beautiful woman. Otherwise, of course, she would not have been a star. She was almost forty, but she still held her following.

Little Mrs. Beresford felt embarrassed at first and then somehow she felt quite at ease. After all, Miss Sutton was only a woman and there was dust all over the top of the grand piano and the rooms hadn't been aired. They were very gorgeous, but there wasn't much light and sunshine. The iced tea the butler brought in wasn't made properly and there wasn't enough ice in it.

Poor Hugh. How that must have annoyed him. And poor Miss Sutton. With all her fame and money not to know how to run her home and not to have anybody to look after her nicely.

The butler brought the stick and Lucy took it—she couldn't keep her hands nice, and she was conscious of their rough redness when she looked at Maud Sutton's lovely, white soft hands.

Afterwards, Lucy could not remember just when she became conscious that Miss Sutton was patronizing her. Nor when some—

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## The Last Straw

(Continued from page 102)

thing within her registered quiet suspicion. Phrases only stood out.

"Your husband's marvelous intellect. Dear Hugh's immense appreciation of the new poets. Hughie's great love for good music. Did Mrs. Beresford play? No? What a pity. Wasn't she fortunate to be married to such a high, artistic soul as Hughie? Wives often didn't appreciate their husbands but she knew Mrs. Beresford did. Sometimes, unfortunately men like Hugh were bound to narrow, jealous wives who limited their viewpoint and experience. Did Mrs. Beresford mind if she, an old friend, congratulated her on her sensible outlook?"

Mrs. Beresford said goodby rather hastily. She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one. What did the woman mean, with such talk? There was an expression on Lucy's face very like her mother as she concentrated.

The chauffeur's face that morning when he mentioned Maud Sutton. The butler's startled expression when she gave him her name. The atmosphere of that house—unwholesome, unatired, messy. This untidy, scented, beautiful woman with her tangle of golden hair.

She nodded to the gateman and ran up the white, wooden steps to her husband's dressing room. In one hand she carried her little bag of cleaning things and, in the other, Hugh's stick.

He was eating luncheon which James brought him every day from a nearby tea-room. His make-up was bright pink. He held that a pink make-up made him look younger—but even with it on, he was a fine, handsome chap.

"Hello, darling," he said, "you're early. You mustn't start cleaning until I'm gone. You know how it upsets me to have cleaning going on around me. Never mind. I have to be back on the set at one."

MRS. BERESFORD did not sit down. She looked her husband squarely in the eye—she even pointed at him with his own stick.

"Hugh, what's this between you and Maud Sutton?"

Now Hugh Beresford was a man who rarely troubled himself to lie, even to save those he loved. What he did, he did by divine right. The king could do no wrong. His face, therefore, openly showed annoyance.

"Lucy, what's this, what's this? Don't you know you mustn't come in here when I'm trying to relax and strengthen myself for the afternoon and upset me by firing questions at me? Really, darling, you should have a little more consideration."

Inwardly, Lucy could not control a spasm of laughter. How consistent the brute was!

"Never mind your digestion for a minute, Hugh. What is it? I've just been there," he waved the stick by way of explanation, "and I don't like it. Have you been having an—affair with Maud Sutton?"

Hugh looked embarrassed. "Now, Lucy, my love, can't you see you mustn't ask me things like that, dear? You know what a gentleman's code is. One can't speak of those things even to one's wife. However, in this case, there's nothing to conceal. I'm a good bit fed up with Maud Sutton. She has such a bad cook. Plays the piano well, though. But you know how these movie stars are. She has some really wonderful first editions—poems. And she insists upon reading them outloud herself. And of

(Continued on page 104)



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## The Last Straw

(Concluded from page 104)

she married him—even before she met him. Now, he was a habit.

If her mother knew this—but her mother shouldn't know. She would just have to forgive Hugh this, take comfort that it was not worse, and try to win him more and more to his home.

She had rather an awful moment when she wondered if she was doing the right thing—if her indulgence and petting and forgiveness weren't aiding and abetting Hugh in his selfish egotism. Perhaps a stronger woman would take her stand and force him—but she was not a strong woman. She couldn't do that. Only going on doing the best—

It was nice anyway that she knew so far ahead that Hugh was coming home to dinner. It had been sweet of him to tell her. Mama had everything ready and she could spend her time making the house lovely and herself pretty. She counted the remainder of her household allowance. Yes, she'd stop for some of that cheese he loved so.

He had been sweet. He'd said he loved her better than anything else in the world. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed. They'd have a lovely evening together and forgive.

She had fixed her hair, put on her new tan dinner frock, and completed her dinner preparations when she heard the car stop. Hugh came briskly up the walk. As he stood in the doorway, she thought how good looking he was.

"Hello, sweetheart," he called. And Lucy, trying to prepare everything so that it would be just right if he wanted to eat now and so that it wouldn't spoil if he wanted to wait half an hour, called back, "Hello, dear, I'm in the kitchen."

He came into the spotless white kitchen and pulled her ear, as she turned the butter-dipped cucumbers in brown butter.

"Never mind that for me, sweet," he said. "I don't think I'll dine at home, after all. Tom McInnes has asked me to go down to the yacht club. He's going to call for me. You know how the water rests me after a hard day."

The last sentences floated down the stairs. Lucy Beresford, her throat throbbing with sobs, her eyes blinded with hot, angry tears, went on mechanically frying cucumbers. She was never able to eat them afterwards. Well, she knew how flattered Hugh always was to be asked down to the yacht club. He liked to get in with that gang of big important men. She ought to be glad Tom McInnes, Hugh's director, liked him well enough to want him to go. Not all men liked Hugh. It was a wise move.

It was all right. She'd had rather a trying day, that was all. She'd call her mother to come over and eat the dinner and they'd have a visit and go to a show.

**S**UDDENLY upstairs she heard a terrific bang—bang—followed by the sound of shivering, exploding glass.

She ran to the stairs and called up, "Oh, Hughie—oh, what is it?"

"Damn it," he yelled down. "I threw that burned out light globe over my shaving mirror on the floor, that's what it is. I've told you already it was burned out and now, by God, maybe I'll get a new one."

The echo of his feet going into his room. Flung open doors. The drop of shoe—vicious. The creak of drawers hauled open.

Then—

"Lucy! Luc-ee-eee! What are you doing? Why don't you help me? Where are my best white pants? The other ones, with the tan stripe in them. I can't find the cursed things anywhere. What in the world do you do with things? I can't imagine."

On the last words, Lucy walked quietly

into the room. From the nearest hanger in the closet, not two feet from Hugh's face, she took the best white pants.

Then she went deliberately to the open window and threw them out, as far as she could throw them.

They lit grotesquely, on a cactus plant in the middle of the front lawn.

"There they are," she said. "Now go get 'em, if you want 'em. I'm going home to my mother." And walked out.

### III

"IN the name of heaven, what's this?"

Mrs. O'Bannon stopped before the front window of her small, plush drawing room and looked out intently.

A very handsome, dark blue coupe, driven by a chauffeur in livery, had just drawn up.

The door opened instantly and Hugh Beresford, resplendent in a Palm Beach effect, and bearing in one hand a bouquet of American Beauties jumped out.

"Hello, mother," he said, as he took the steps two at a time.

Mrs. O'Bannon regarded him silently, aggressively from the doorway.

At last she said, "Did you want something?"

Hugh crimsoned slowly. "I—I wanted to see Lucy," he said.

"U—um," said his mother-in-law. "Well, the child's having her breakfast in bed. I doubt if she wants to see you."

Hugh's eyes sought the brightly shining coupe. "I—I wanted to show her the new car I bought her," he said in a voice that was quite new.

"That's nice," said Lucy's mother, "but it may be 'twill take more than a new car to mend a camel's back when you've broke it."

There was a little patter on the stairs, and Lucy stood on the landing, flushed but quiet.

"I thought I heard your voice, Hughie," she said. "Why don't you ask Hugh to come in, mother?"

"He can come in if he wants to," said Mrs. O'Bannon. "I'm not stopping him."

Lucy, her little head very high, led the way into the parlor.

"I brought you these roses," said her husband.

"They're lovely," Lucy admitted, taking them into her lap. "Thank you."

"And—if you'll just peek through that window, Lucy, you'll see the little new car I bought you—and I've got a maid for you at the house. I think she's a very good one."

"It's a beautiful car," said Mrs. Beresford. "but—I don't think I want it. Cars—and servants—well, that isn't it, Hughie. I—I just can't come back."

There was a tense little silence. Lucy's finger slowly plucked the rose leaves in her lap, turning the petals back and forth.

Then suddenly the man knelt down beside her chair. "But Lucy—I can't live without you. I—I'm sorry. I love you. I know I was a pig—a fat headed pig. Tom McInnes made me see things a little last night from—from your point of view. I'm sorry."

Lucy's lips were pale, but she shook her head. "I'm glad you're sorry, Hugh—but I—don't think I could—start in all over again. It's too much. No—I just can't."

"But Lucy—I need you. I need you."

The shaft of sunshine that sifted through the drawn curtains fell just then on Lucy's face. But it was a pale, cold thing compared to the gorgeous light that came into her eyes.

"Well," she said softly, "if you really know you need me, Hughie—I guess I'll come home."



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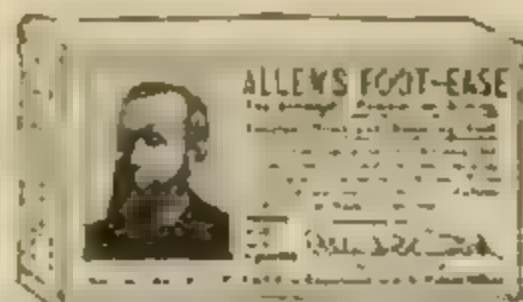
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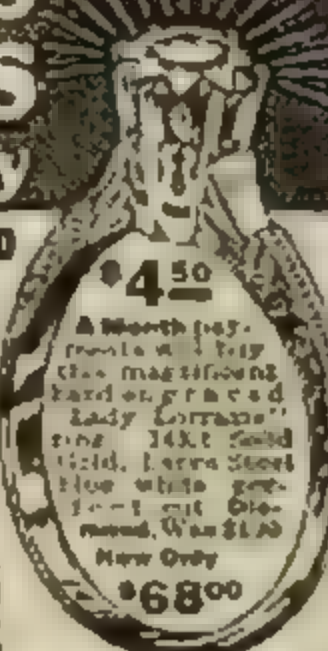
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Ophelia is to be immersed in oil and lit up

## Alas, Poor Hamlet

(Continued from page 37)

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

presents

"HEARTS OF ETERNITY"

A Moon-Tale of the Ages

Suggested by characters in one of Shake-  
speare's plays

CAST

Hamlet . . . . . RICHARD BARTHELMESS  
Ophelia . . . . . LILLIAN GISH

### Foreword

In the mighty breasts of time beat the  
hearts of eternity, sending their thrilling  
throbs through the arteries of space, to warm,  
with their life-giving corpuscles, the vast  
anatomy of the universe. And so, good  
friends, bear with us while we feel, ever so  
tenderly, the rhythmical pulse beats of these  
great organs of love.

(Close-up of hand turning leaves of a huge  
volume, on each page of which are the ini-  
tials D. G.)

### The Story

SUB-TITLE: "In the little old town of  
Elsinore dwelt a Girl and a Boy, lov-  
ing, as you and I have loved, yearning,  
as you and I have yearned, weeping, as  
you and I have wept." (Close-up of Ham-  
let and Ophelia kissing each other on the  
brow, followed by close-ups of two doves,  
two ducklings, two rabbits, two turtles, and  
two gold-fish in similarly amorous prox-  
imity.)

Hamlet is a wealthy youth, but he is  
sadly maltreated by his cruel step-father,  
who won't let him marry Ophelia because  
the gal has had a scarlet past. Ophelia  
realizes this, and the thought preys on her  
mind. (Misty close-up of Ophelia's mind  
in the act of being preyed upon.)

Hamlet goes out into the orchard and,  
leaning against an apple tree in full bloom,  
gazes at the distant hills and broods on the  
inevitable of fate. (Close-up of the  
doves, ducklings, bunnies, turtles, and gold-  
fish also brooding. Close-ups of the broods.)

He realizes that intolerance is as age-old  
as time itself.

(Flash-back to a scene in ancient Rome  
when Clementius the Licentious was Em-  
peror. Hamlet appears as his step-son, and  
Ophelia as a Christian martyr. A gladi-  
atorial exhibition is being conducted in the  
vast Coliseum (reproduced in its every de-  
tail from plans submitted to Mr. Griffith  
by the American Archaeological Institute and  
the Societe Royale Geographico Italiano).  
The Christian martyrs, including Ophelia,  
are to be immersed in oil and lit up, like  
so many Pain's Fireworks, to provide il-  
lumination for a Roman holiday. Hamlet  
pleads for mercy, but the Emperor com-  
mands that the festivities proceed, at a cost  
to Mr. Griffith of \$641,000.)

This vision brings Hamlet to his senses,  
and he dashes home to tell his step-father  
where to get off. Imagine his horror upon  
learning that Ophelia has gone mad. (Close-  
up of Ophelia going mad, followed by  
similar close-ups of the doves, the duck-  
lings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the gold-  
fish.) Furthermore, she has run away up  
into the mountains looking for an avalanche.

An ominous roar from behind the scenes  
indicates that she has found one. Hamlet  
sprints to the rescue, finding her lying pros-  
trate in the path of an onrushing maelstrom  
of crushed rock. The hot breath of the  
avalanche is upon her. But it is an ac-  
commodating landslide, and it marks time  
for two whole reels until Hamlet comes up  
and pulls her from its very jaws to a place  
of safety.

Then the pair receive the step-parental  
blessing, and together with the doves, the  
ducklings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the  
gold-fish, they live happy ever after.

And so, through limitless infinity, goes the  
eternal message of perfect love—deathless,  
immortal, without end—D. G.

PROLONGED FADE-OUT.

(Concluded on page 107)



## Alas, Poor Hamlet

(Concluded from page 106)

VON STROHEIM

Carl Laemmle takes pleasure (?) in announcing that he has expended \$1,073,468.502.18 (latest figures available before adding machine broke) on the colossal spectacle

"FOOLISH LIVES"

WITH

ERICH VON STROHEIM

in the title rôle

Sub-titles by

MISS ASHLY LOWELL

• • •

Foreword by Mr. Laemmle

"Aside from the fact that this film was based on a play by the late Wilhelm Von Schakschpner and adapted by Erich Von Stroheim, who also directed, photographed and developed the picture, and played the leading parts—'FOOLISH LIVES' is a real, 100 per cent American production, and anyone who says it isn't is a *roscher*."

• • •

### The Plot (if any)

THE Herr Kapitan Hugo Von Hemlet, a well-known homewrecker from Potsdam, arrives in Monte Carlo to collect a few assorted blonde, brunette, and henna scalps for the collection in his trophy room. (Long shot of the entire principality of Monaco, showing every detail of the place including the Prince.)

Sub-title: "MONTE CARLO . . . . . GAY . . . . . LOOSE . . . . . SEDUCTIOUS . . . . . GRAVEYARD OF BANK-ROLLS."

(Close-up of Hemlet licking his lips.)

Our hero starts his first day right by ruining sixteen parlor maids, assaulting nine cooks and outraging two coachmen's wives. He is about to accord similar privileges to a Grand Duchess, when the censors interfere. So he decides to go after Ophelia, the wife of a wealthy American Ambassador. Hemlet visits her at her hotel, and finds that her husband is away visiting the Prince. (Close up of the American Ambassador eating with his knife, and offering his royal host a quill tooth-pick.)

The American girl looks good to Hemlet. (Close up of Hemlet licking his lips,—the same one will do.)

Sub title: "PASSION . . . . . SOFT . . . . . INDIVIDUAL . . . . . SENSITIVE . . . . . THE RADIATOR OF THE SOUL."

So Hemlet decides to possess Ophelia. The trouble is, however, that he doesn't make up his mind quickly enough. It takes him eleven reels to do it, and by that time the American Ambassador has finished his banquet and has come home. When he discovers the perfidy of Hemlet, he adds a few more scars to the already extensive assortment on our hero's Heidelberg brow, and then heaves him into the sewer.

At this point, Ophelia becomes a mother—the baby being her contribution to the evening's entertainment.

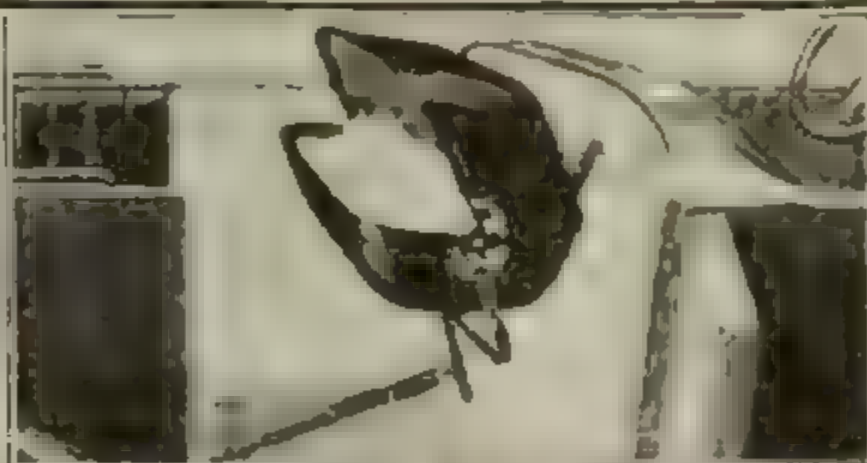
This brings us to the end of the 32nd Reel, and the conclusion of Episode I. Episode 2 will follow later.

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PADE-OUT.



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



"A hair-cut, eh! Jack Barrymore get a hair-cut!" She gave a dry, mirthless laugh.

## FANS I HAVE KNOWN

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

### II.—The Neglected Lover

AS I sat down in a more or less deserted section of the balcony, I received a mean look from a youth who, together with his girl, occupied the seats directly in front of me. The two of them were so close together that they could easily have occupied one seat if the other hadn't been watching them.

The theater was dark and fairly empty, and the lovelorn swain was evidently attempting to make the most of those fleeting moments that he was spending with his lady friend; and she was not unresponsive. In fact, they were having a pleasant spoon. He therefore resented my intrusion.

But he was soon to forget about me, for just after I arrived the feature picture started, and the lover was confronted with competition from an opposite source. It was John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eater."

As the star's name was flashed on the screen, the girl cried out gleefully and stampily: "Yea, Bo!" and I knew then and there that the hapless young man was in for a bad evening.

"Why the 'Yea Bo' stuff?" he asked.

"Don't you see who's in the pitcher?"

The youth evidently had not.

"Why, it's Jack Barrymore!" her emphasis was extreme. "Jack Barrymore!"

"Whonell's Jack Barrymore?" inquired the irreverent youth. "I never heard of him in pitchers."

"Say"—her voice flamed with scorn—"I spose you never heard of Warren Harding or General Pershing or Babe Ruth or—"

"Listen, kid. I didn't mean it. Don't you see, I was kidding?"

He tried to laugh it off, but wasn't very convincing.

"Well, save your kidding for someone else," she conceded.

He took her hand and leaned closer, whispering something in her ear which I deliberately tried not to hear.

Suddenly she emitted a joyful squeal, and almost jumped from her chair.

"Oooo lookit!" she cried. "There he is. That's him!"

"That's whom?"

"That's him. Jack Barrymore, you huck. Ooo, lookit him! Lookit those eyes, that profile, that throat!"

"He looks to me like a ham," was the youth's caustic observation.

He might as well have cast aspersions on the American flag.

"Say, listen to me, Ed Necker," said the girl, in a voice that carried far and carried authority, "you shut up this minute, or I'll never speak to you again. Never—as long as I live!"

Ed was only slightly chastened.

"Well, why don't he get a hair-cut?" he asked.

The girl, for a moment, was stunned by the enormity of this insult.

"A hair-cut, eh! A HAIR-cut! Jack Barrymore get a HAIR-CUT!" She gave vent to a dry, mirthless, and highly insulting laugh, snorted, and then relapsed into a frigid silence that lasted throughout the rest of the picture.

Ed attempted to reason with her, and said "Listen, honey," several times, but she paid no attention to his pleas. Her only response was a series of tremulously ecstatic sighs, delivered in the direction of the screen whenever the divine John succeeded in silhouetting his profile against the setting sun.

Finally, when the picture came to an end, and the pair left the theater, I could see at least three feet of daylight between them.

Ed Necker has a new girl now, and he occasionally brings her to our local movie palace, but only to see films of which Ben Turpin, Will Rogers, Bull Montana, or "Snooky" are the stars. Ed doesn't relish competition.



## She Delivered the Goods

(Concluded from page 21)

looked like having the industrial and metalliferous portion of Poland taken away from its Empire, Korfanty, the Polish insurgent, was raising Cain in a series of raids. Negri replied to the newspaper attacks by stating that she had also contributed to German war funds and war charities. It was a reply, even if not an explanation.

It has already been said that Negri is highly emotional. Not only is this so in her work but she is intense in her private life. She never spares herself; and that she is so restless probably accounts for the fact that although two or three years younger than Mary Pickford she screens so much older. In person she is much prettier in life than on the screen. Her face is not at all reminiscent of Theda Bara or Norma Talmadge, as had been suggested.

Like most of the Berlin actresses she has a tendency to overdress, obtaining her clothes from Vienna. She revels in luxury, but although she is now possessed of what is an enormous income in Germany, she has not altered her character to any great degree from the days when she was an extra. She is no adherent to artificial dignity, and is just as democratic in her associations and friendships today as in the days of her climbing.

Is her future assured, or is she just a meteor? Up to now her limitations have not been exactly defined; but if the American public should ever insist on her playing parts of the Pollyanna school, it may prove that she is emotionally and temperamentally unsuited for them, and that her place on the screen is that of a tragedienne and not of a comedienne pure and simple.

## Night Life in Paris

(Concluded from page 25)

I was an American in Paris, all right, all right.

"I went to the museums, too. If some of those janes they painted pictures of in those days were alive now, they'd take our jobs away from us. But, say, they didn't have any censor-ship on statues, did they? After I looked at some of those works of art, I blushed when I passed the guard going out.

"But the churches—those are what I call churches. Every time I saw a cathedral, I resolved to lead a better life. And I'm pretty near too good to be true, now.

"I got in a regular kink over Berlin, though. That's a great town. The chamber-maids in the hotel stole all our nightgowns. And it's just as cold in Germany in the winter as it is anywhere else. As the French would say, for a couple of nights, Lottie and I were 'poulet au naturel.' I hope that means what I think it does.

"I wanted to go to England. But I gave out an interview on the Irish question and I didn't dare. By the time I go back, so many people will have said things about the Irish question, I can put on a pair of false whiskers and slip in.

"Now I'm going to lead a quiet life and make a couple of pictures."

Our hostess rose. And of course I never got near Teddy again all evening. There were eight men in the room.

Of course you suspect by this time that Miss Sampson is a motion picture star. I'll say she is. If you haven't seen her recently speak to your exhibitor.

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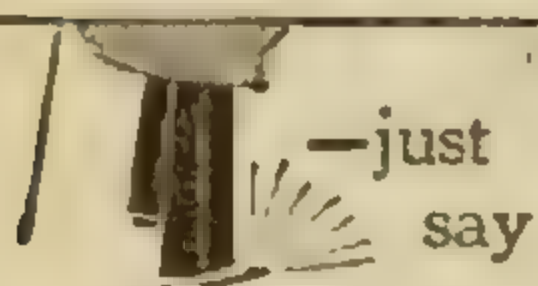
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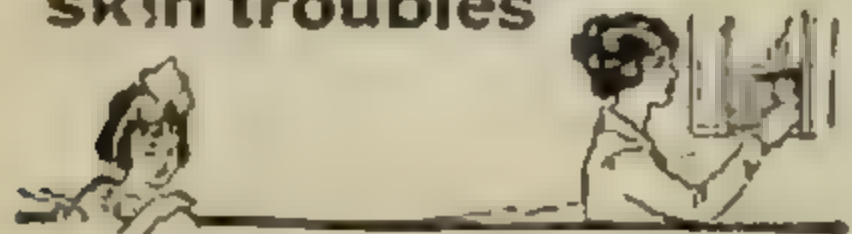
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## Ten Years from Now—Edison

(Concluded from page 49)

perform some simple chemical experiments. We went through them very carefully, before the camera. Then we brought the pictures in here and showed them to an audience of children. They understood the experiments perfectly—although I think some of my office men didn't." Edison enjoys a bit of sarcasm.

"Then we went down to Long Branch and made a picture showing and explaining the undertow.

"Then," continued Edison, "we showed the pictures to a group of teachers. They saw the point. They liked the pictures and wanted them."

Edison smiled broadly but with a wry face under it, by way of illustrating the temporary, fleeting character of his satisfaction at this point.

"And then we got the Board of Education over from New York.

"They were enthusiastic and said the pictures should be introduced in the public schools at once.

"They returned to New York.

"I have never heard from them since.

"There evidently was some influence that caused them to drop it.

"That was about ten years ago and it will take ten years more.

"But the pictures are the thing. You can make an educational picture just one hundred per cent effective.

"You can make the picture and try it—keep trying it on the dog—until it works a hundred per cent. You can show it to the same audience time and again and locate exactly the places that they do not all understand, and then make those over until they all do get it."

MR. EDISON was warming to his subject by now. He has opinions about the educational institutions of the day that are perhaps rather well understood.

"Are you a newspaperman?" He shot the question with evident purpose.

"No—not now—but still a reporter."

"Not the university kind, are you?"

"No—engineering student gone wrong."

"I see," Edison nodded. "Journalism in the Hard Knocks School. I've had some

dealings with the professors and the physicists myself," he continued. A reflective light came into his eyes.

I wondered if he was thinking of the days when the physicists were firm in agreement that a dynamo could not possibly have a greater efficiency than fifty per cent. They contended that it was an axiomatic certainty that the internal resistance of the generator had to equal that of the external circuit where work was being done. They proved it neatly on paper and wrote their proof into a flock of equations in abstruse calculus. Then Edison went into his workshop and started the work that has brought the dynamo up to an efficiency of about 98 per cent.

Edison brought me back to the present with another shot.

"Have you heard about my questionnaires?" He laughed as he put the question. He has enjoyed the storm that his new employment test has raised. He knew his question was about like asking, "Have you heard of the late war in Europe?"

"The school people," remarked Edison, "the professors, have put up a defense that they do not try to teach a lot of 'isolated facts,' but that they teach their students where they can find them.

"Well, the other day Mr. Hopkins, over on the Scientific American, went up to Columbia with a questionnaire and they presented it to a batch of students. He said, 'Here are the questions and here is a University full of reference books—go to it.'"

Edison treated himself to another laugh.

"The result was just the same—they couldn't find the answers in the books. They didn't know where to look."

That was the end of that for Mr. Edison. He dismissed the subject with a gesture of finality, leaning back in his chair with one of his frequent interludes of relaxation.

"I have just run on to a great book, just published—Mme. Bleucher's story—she was on the inside of things over there in Germany in her day and she was a smart woman—it's great stuff. I was awake until four this morning reading it."

Edison is still getting his education.

## Petrova's Page

(Concluded from page 50)

On this side of the ring are the "common" people. But it is they, like the gallery of olden times, that are loudest in their approbation or in their disapproval. It is really they that are the makers or breakers of the matador's popularity. Many of them have removed their hats and have covered their heads with brilliant handkerchiefs. They patronize the lemonade merchants with princely magnificence.

As my eye travels around the ring, my attention is attracted by the president's box. There is a huge shawl embroidered with vivid crimson and blue flowers pendant before it. The royal princess sits beside the president. She wears a black mantilla.

As I try to distinguish her features with the aid of an opera glass, a great shout goes up. I turn. A gate to my left and almost directly opposite opens. The music blares forth. There is a tremendous rustle of excitement and craning of necks to get the first peep as the procession begins its march into the arena.

First come the matadors (the actual killers of the bulls) on foot. Then the banderillos

(they that stick the banderillas into the necks of the bulls). Then the picadors on mere apologies for horseflesh. These horses have a red handkerchief tied over one eye, sometimes over both eyes. Behind them come the mule team, consisting of eight splendidly caparisoned beasts, dragging the little carriage which is later destined to carry off the slaughtered bulls.

The procession makes a grand tour of the ring, saluting under the president's box as it passes. As it draws near the gate again it disappears, leaving behind only the steel armored picadors that are to engage with the first bull.

They take up their stations. Another blast of brass and wind; another shudder of animal magnetism passes through the crowd; a sense of the primeval lust of killing still at the subconscious bottom of most humans is borne in upon one's consciousness. I hold my breath. The excitement is tense. My eyes are glued to the little white door. It opens and the bull rushes into the ring.

Heavens! again over space. - Until next month, Jeannette chérie.









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## Send 25c for TRIAL BOTTLE



And then, all at once, the two of them were dancing together

## "Come On Over"

(Continued from page 48)

running about the city, it was not the best time for Michael to bring his old mother home. But it was then they arrived at the flat, and one of the first questions they asked was about the meeting of the pair. But Delia and her daughter had made up their minds not to spoil the old woman's big adventure, so they answered evasively. It was only when Delia was able to take Michael aside that she told him the truth.

"A fine mess you make of things with your surprises," she told him, "and, on top of it all, Shane lost his job again!"

For a moment Michael glowered. And then, all at once, an idea struck him and he slapped his knee.

"I'll get him a job," he exclaimed, "I'll rob him of that excuse!" And, without more ado, he went to the phone and called up Daniel Carmody, the president of a great railroad, who had crossed with him on their first visit to America. After reminiscing, he asked Carmody to give his young friend a job, and Carmody promised to do so, also promising that he would call at the Mornahan flat and visit the family.

It was four o'clock when Moyna's feet gave out. And she was no nearer Chicago than the Bronx. Sinking down upon a park bench, she would have given way to utter discouragement, had not a policeman suddenly stopped in front of her.

"You're arrested," he told Moyna, after

secretly comparing her with a slip of paper that he took from his pocket.

Moyna was frightened, but still game enough to be belligerent.

"What for?" she questioned.

"For sitting on a park bench without a hat," answered the policeman, concealing a grin.

Moyna rose, wearily. "And they call this a free country?" she questioned feebly.

The policeman chuckled.

"You must be a foreigner," he said, "or you wouldn't remember the Declaration of Independence!"

He took Moyna to the station house and there she met Miles, who, under the excuse of identifying her, took her home to the Mornahan flat.

It was just as Miles and Moyna were arriving home that Carmody, the railroad man, made his appearance. He was by himself but he brought an invitation for the whole family to come that night to the home

of his sister, the rich Mrs. Van Dusen (once Maggie Carmody), for a reunion. They accepted, and Carmody was just about to leave when Moyna stepped into the room. He started back, as if he had seen a ghost.

"It's never Moyna O'Gara?" he questioned shakily, "the same that I loved and left?"

Moyna looked at him sadly.

(Continued on page 113)

## "Come On Over"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn Photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Alfred Green with the following cast:

Moyna Killien.....	Colleen Moore
Shane O'Melia.....	Ralph Graves
Michael Mornahan.....	
.....J. Farrell MacDonald	
Delia Mornahan.....	Kate Price
Carmody.....	James Marcus
Judy Dugan.....	Kathleen O'Connor
Bridget Mornahan.....	Florence Drew
Myles Mornahan.....	Harold Holland
Kate Mornahan.....	Mary Warren
Mrs. Van Dusen.....	Elinor Hancock
Dugan.....	Monti Collins
Barney.....	C. E. Mason
Priest.....	C. B. Leasure



## "Come On Over"

(Continued from page 112)

"That was me mother's name before she married me father," she told him, "she's restin' by him now, in th' churchyard." She did not know that her mother's romance with Carmody had been the sort of a tragedy that she and Shane might have known—one of unfulfilled waiting.

Shane came back at last, to the flat. But Moyna refused to see him. She ran out of the room when he entered and locked herself into a bedroom. And, when he tried to force the lock she threatened to jump from the window. At last, still refusing to explain matters to the now angry Delia, he left. And Moyna accepted Carmody's invitation to come with him to his sister's home until she had made her plans for the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

The party! Moyna in an evening frock loaned to her by Mrs. Van Dusen's daughter, Michael Mornahan in a dress suit, Michael's third son, a priest, and his two other sons, as well as his pretty daughter, Delia, in satin, and the old mother. . . . The Van Dusen mansion had seen larger and more fashionable throngs, but never a noisier mob, or a happier one!

They had all arrived when Shane came in. He was pale, and nervous, but his eyes were bright with joy as they fell upon Moyna. He was in a daze of admiration as he said to her.

"Girl, you're wonderful. I never dreamed of you like this!"

Moyna tossed her head as she answered. "You like your ladies dressed up, don't you?" she said shortly. And just then the irate butler announced, "Miss Judy Dugan and Mr. Dugan."

At once the Mornahans froze, in a body. And Shane was frantic. He hurried to Judy and begged her to release him from his promise. And then, in desperation, he went to the young priest. But the priest had also promised. Things were going badly for the party when an old blind piper made his way past the butler and into the house. He was the piper who had played for them all, years ago, in Ireland. Everyone crowded up to him, and Moyna whispered, throwing herself into his arms, "I'm Moyna Killilea."

THE old piper ran his hands affectionately over the girl's face.

"Shure it's my little Moyna," he whispered back. "Only your voice is taller than it was!"

Moyna was crying—the long hard day had been too much for her. The old piper felt her warm tears upon his withered hand.

"There's only one way to shake sorrow off, honey," he told her, "and that's to dance it off!"

The word dance seemed to electrify the company. It made Delia smile suddenly.

"You may be the rich Mrs. Van Dusen now," she said to her hostess, "but I used to dance you down when you were only Maggie Carmody."

Mrs. Van Dusen bristled with anger. "Nobody ever danced Maggie Carmody down," she answered.

"Shure, I could do it again," Delia answered, "but not on these rugs. I used to dance out in the fields on a door."

Without more ado, Mrs. Van Dusen turned to the shocked butler.

"Bring a door," she ordered, "a smooth door."

And it was brought.

Everybody was dancing wildly. The young people were doing a modern jazz, the two women were clogging. Dermot, the priest, crept silently out—the old piper was nearly exhausted. And then Mrs. Van Dusen

(Concluded on page 114)

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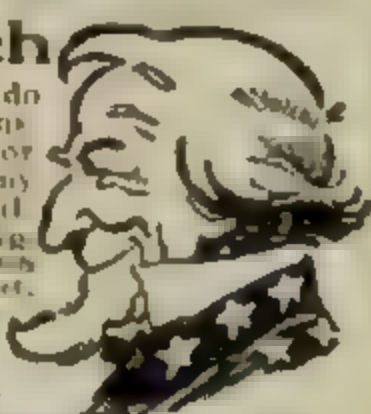
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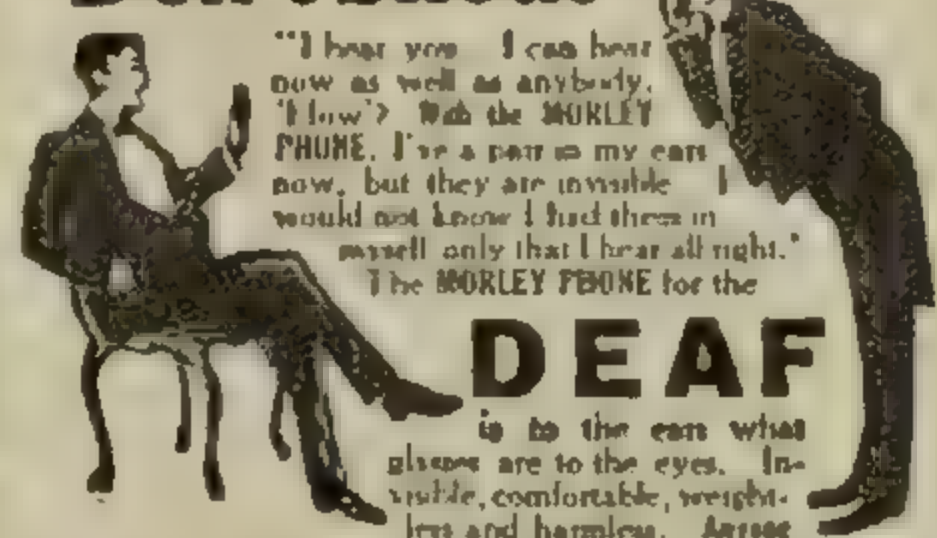


No more freckles, blackheads or pimples! No more redness, roughness, sallowness or "muddy" complexion! Science has made a new discovery that clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness. As if by magic your skin imperfections harmlessly vanish—and your complexion takes on that clear, smooth beauty that everyone envies and admires. There is hidden beauty in your skin. In an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

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## "Come on Over"

(Concluded from page 113)

—in fell back, panting—Delia had danced he down. And Moyna, who had been standing by, alone and silent, heard, as in a daze, Judy's father speaking to the butler.

"Is there a stick in that punch," she heard him asking.

The butler answered. "It's as innocent as water," he said grimly.

Moyna, listening, heard Dugan groan. All at once, Shane's secret was out.

"What do you think that daughter of mine did to me?" old Dugan questioned thickly. "Dragged me to a priest and made me swear never to drink again so's I could hold a job that villain of a Shane got for me!"

Above the general noise rose the piper's voice.

"Moyna, honey," it said pathetically, "let me that can't see your face hear your feet!" And Moyna's face was suddenly a smile with joy as she called back.

"Aye, I can dance for you now. Play your wildest!"

Have you ever seen summer moonlight on the sea? Or a humming bird in a flowering vine, or the wind in the orchard where cherry trees are a-bloom? Moyna's dancing was like that. The room grew still as she danced, and the words died upon the lips of the party.

Straight to Judy Dugan danced Moyna. And when she was quite close she spoke.

"Forgive me," she said. "I did you an injustice!" And then she danced on, even though Shane was crying, "Oh, Moyna, my own, have you guessed the truth at last!"

On and on she danced, never heeding, and then, suddenly, Shane was dancing after her. His feet that had been busy learning jazz were remembering the old Irish jig.

The dancing was not moonlight any more. It was love and youth and springtime. And then, all at once, Shane was not dancing after Moyna. He had ceased to follow her. All at once two of them were dancing together. And, as they danced, their lips met in an all-revealing kiss.

## Reactions

(Proving that "Evil to him who evil thinks" is still a good line!)

**AUNT MARIA**, a maiden lady from a small town in well-censored Pennsylvania, saw a certain star in a certain picture. This is what she thought:

"She acts just like a little child. And yet they say she's very wild— They say the gongs-on of her. Hate set all Hollywood a stir. She wears fur skirts too short, her hair— Was black before it grew so fair!"

Reggie Van Alstine—who saw the same star in the same picture—came across with this:

"Some doll! I think I'll take a trip Out to the coast. . . . Perhaps she'll slip A glance or two at me—they say She'll meet a chap like me half way. I'd like to see her on the beach, Dressed à la Sennett—she's a peach!"

But—when they showed the same star in the same picture at the Sunny-side Orphanage—Jennie, aged eight, spoke in these words:

"Her hands are awful white an' kind. I sarter think she wouldn't mind It just a little girl like me Should snuggle up against her knee . . . Her eyes seem wide an' soft an' grey—I guess most mothers look that way!"

—M. E. S.



# A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor

By ROSE GLEASON

Former Scenario Reader for the Norma and Constance Talmadge Film Companies

WITH those eager screen devotees who so often ask for criticism of their photoplays—and seldom get it—this article hopes to get in touch. Its object is to introduce them to the scenario editor, a personage, whom I don't doubt, many of them have wondered about.

First off, though I want to ask you, Why is it that the average photoplay dramatist, when entrusting his mental offspring to the care of Uncle Sam, invariably summons up a frightful vision of a malignant ooze who is eventually to pass on its merits? With few exceptions, it seems to me, writers figuratively see the scenario editor seated at his desk, their brain child at the mercy of judgment, crude and ruthless, whereas—if the truth were known—

Well, far be it from me to spring the sob story, but if you had the line on the scenario editor that I have, you'd know that more likely than not the poor grub, instead of trying to bring about the literary infant's demise, is really analyzing the child with the hope of making a man of it.

Following this little prelude, it seems to me that no better time could be found to introduce the editor than while he's reading a letter which has come to him enclosed in manuscript. The letter tells him this:

Dear Editor:

You will please find enclosed, a story entitled, "The Kiss That Enthralls," in 4765 words. Criticism will be appreciated in case you decide you can't use this.

Very truly yours,

E. J. Jones.

Despite its highly colored title, the scenario editor to whom the above mentioned script is sent, turns the pages of it. They bear marks of many erasures and the type is so legible that he must, perforce, take the author's word for it that there are 4765 words. Somewhere, perhaps, within it is a lot; if so it would take a better reader than he to discover it.

Mr. Jones gets his script back. He has not enclosed return postage, but a two cent stamp will carry it to the given address. Another letter says:

Dear Sir:

Ten days ago I sent you my manuscript called "Love With Honor." I shall expect your decision and criticism by return mail as I believe I have a right to expect square treatment on this.

Respectfully,

R. K. Brown.

P. S. I have heard all about the way scenario departments steal plots. If you try that with me, don't think you can get away with it.

Mr. Brown's story goes into its return envelope. It is not even read.

You will conclude, no doubt, that an editor receives the foregoing letters only from illiterate or unthinking writers. Judging from the first, of course, that fact is very evident, but many similar to the second epistle come to editorial desks from the better class of writers, who, if not firmly established authors, are, none the less, men and women who should be capable of thinking sensibly.

Suppose also—while we're glancing through the editor's mail—that we read the

kind of letter a disappointed author who has received his script back, very often writes:

Dear Sir:

My manuscript has been returned to me with only a rejection slip enclosed. Naturally, I am disappointed. It seems the least you could have done was to have given your reason for rejecting it. I shall not bother to send you any more.

Yours very truly,

And so it goes.

When a scenario editor first undertakes his (or her) job, he answers these calls for criticism. Very painstakingly, and with infinite sympathy he reads every script, and then dictates a letter telling the author what's the matter with it. The result is—what?

A regular correspondence, which—if he were to keep it up—would occupy all his time.

One of the writers whose work he gives a written criticism on, thanks him most heartily and is honestly appreciative. Another acknowledges the receipt of his letter and promises to do better next time. A third is quite certain the editor couldn't have read his—or her—manuscript very carefully or he wouldn't have written what he had about it. A fourth regrets that the critic so completely misunderstood the thought she intended to convey, and states she would not be averse to calling at the studio personally to enlighten the editor on a subject he has utterly failed to grasp.

Incidentally, she mentions that while discussing this particular story with him, she has a good stock of others she would be willing to talk over.

All this, while the editor's desk is piled high with stories which he must pass on, and which, if not attended to promptly will bring a flood of complaining letters to him.

The fact that he has also to review books and plays and other material which literary agents send in, as well as to dig up old classics some director wants to get a line on, is one that has never, I'm certain, entered the average writer's head. Nor does it seem to matter to the literary public, that, besides keeping in touch with everything that is published, an editor's real job is to find good stories for the producer whose check he receives every Saturday.

All of which is to say that if you don't get a criticism from the editor to whom you have sent your script, such a fact indicates that either he hasn't any particular reason for giving one, or that he hasn't the time. It may also indicate that some unpleasant experience in the past has prejudiced him against such a policy.

You wouldn't believe—would you—that editors have decidedly unpleasant experiences with unsolicited manuscripts which come to their desks? Well, they do. These manuscripts are sent by mail—brought in by the author, himself—or come through the hands of unreliable agents.

Because of such experiences, editors must avoid setting down on paper well intentioned statements, which may go to some unknown literary crook who sees in them a double meaning that some shyster lawyer will be able to construe favorably for him.

At least one such experience fell to the lot of an editor I know.

(Concluded on page 116)



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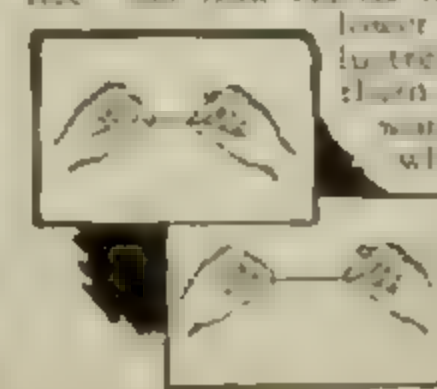
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Why not weigh exactly what you should be free from... (text continues)

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Learn how simple, sure, actually fun, it all is. My... (text continues)

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**HOOVER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept.**  
Dept. 1722 St. Wayne, Indiana

## A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor

(Continued from page 115)

Late one afternoon, some time ago, a man, who seemed a pleasant enough sort of chap, and whom the editor met for the first time in the editorial office that day, left there the manuscript of a play, the screen rights of which he wanted to dispose of.

The play was read and found to contain some fairly good picture possibilities, but was turned down on the score that the story was too improbable. On returning the manuscript, a courteous letter of rejection was enclosed.

Some months later, the editor was summoned to court to say whether or not the agent's statement was true that an actual offer had been made for the play. It had not.

This particular incident led to nothing more serious than the loss of numerous hours spent in waiting around city magistrates' rooms in response to various subpoenas. But it was an experience annoying enough to make that editor wary of unknown agents next time.

**Y**ET very often, despite this and a few other drawbacks to free expression, a scenario department head will throw discretion to the winds when he sympathetically dictates a reply to a letter which has come to him filled with the emotions of the writer—a writer who has written there something that has touched his heartstrings. Editors really do have 'em, you know. Heartstrings!

The appeal of such a letter lies in the correspondent's piteous acknowledgment of his inability to write, coupled with his explanation that the accompanying story is not submitted with any hope of acceptance. Rather, he says, it is sent in a desperate attempt to obtain criticism that will prove helpful when writing others. With money obtained from the successful output of future work, certain little ones may be provided for—or some loved one made well again.

Queer, pathetic little life stories, these, which unroll themselves from the manuscripts onto the editors' desks.

Importunities to the stars (professional stars—not celestial ones) from some poor maimed creature who begs to be made whole, and whose script accompanies the written request that haste be used in dispatching whatever sum is sent. An editor always answers these.

Less appealing, too, in a way perhaps, yet equally pathetic, are those letters which reach the editor now and then, coming from some ex-convict (very often a woman) who stipulates a certain sum to be paid for the true story of a crime which he (or she) claims contain great film possibilities.

Oh, the endless number—and the stories beneath the surface of them!

But don't get the impression that all the scenario editor's correspondence is gloomy. It is not. Some of his letters are laughable—others whimsical—all are interesting. Wouldn't you laugh if you got this one!

Editor in Chief:

I am sending you a sixteen page story called "Go At 'Em." I wrote it myself and it is original. You may find some mistakes and corrections in it, but I don't care if there are. I don't want to be a photoplay writer—I want to be an actor. I think if I start now it will mean something when I grow older.

If you cannot take my story will you at least send it back and tell me what's the matter with it. I much rather go on the stage than get my story accepted, anyhow.

Hoping for your answer.

SAMMIE.

## Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,  
729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Theo. B. Lowe, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Bennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Gollwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Allen Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) King Vidor, Productions, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) J. L. Brunningham, Prod., Branton Studios, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., Bush House, Aldwych, Strand, London, England.

ROBERT BRISTON STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 470 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

FAMOUS-PLAYERS LASKY CORP., Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(s) Price Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

British Paramount, 18 Poole St., Brompton, N. London, England.

Realart, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(s) 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 45th St., New York.

R. A. Walsh Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.

(s) Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Hillman Way, Hollywood, Cal.

Anita Stewart Co., 3506 Melrose Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

(s) Allen Holubar, 1209 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Norma and Constance Talzadgo Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Grand Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

David M. Hartford, Prod., 3274 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hugh Hampton, Prod., Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.

(s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles.

Richard Bartholomew Inspiration Corp., 725 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

FOX FILM CORP., 60 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York, (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., (s) 1545 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.

GOLDAWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York, (s) Culver City, Cal.

HAMILTON BROS. B. STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, 60 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

LOIS WEBER STUDIOS, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6042 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway New York, 15 E. West 69th St., New York, and Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

PATH EXCHANGE, Path Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York, (s) Geo. B. Seitz, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

R-C PICTURES PRODUCTIONS, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, (s) Currier White, Los Angeles, (s) Currier White and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York, (s) 907 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Ave., N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

Mary Pickford Co., Branton Studios, Hollywood, Cal., Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal., Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Chautau Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arliss Prod., Distinctive Prod., Inc., 356 Madison Ave., N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York, (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAPHONE COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 101 East 15th St. and Locust Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



## LETTERS FROM READERS

Williston, N. D.  
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
New York.

Dear Sir—Was glancing over my PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE this morning and caught sight of the headlines of an article, "You Cannot Learn Movie Acting By Mail."

Now I must admit that I was stung by this some years ago, myself. But no casting director ever had the chance to laugh at me, for I never finished the course. If there is anything I can do to assist you, please let me know, and use this note wherever you like.

Sincerely yours,  
ALFRED VOTT

705 So. I St., Tacoma, Wash.  
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Editor:

Human beings are queer creatures, aren't they?

For instance in the March issue of your magazine is a most wonderful article by the supreme lover of the screen (for the present) Rodolph Valentino, concerning love and women. Mr. Valentino defends the gentle art of loving. For the cave man he has no use. Especially, does our beloved American come in for his share of criticism. He is depicted as being an impossible lover. He nags. He fails to please his wife. May I at the risk of being thought unladylike, say "Rot"?

The American man suits not only his country women but women of other countries as well. He does not nag, and he does please. Because he isn't always waiting in some secluded corner to carry on a sly love affair, he is called an impossible lover. At least he is not that one thing we American women abhor—sly. Foreigners weary me.

Personally I prefer Conrad Nagel, a typical American, to all the Latin lovers on the screen. I note his stardom predicted in your latest issue. He deserves it more than any other actor on the screen. His acting shows him to be quiet, well bred, and intelligent, and I have always felt, since seeing him in "Red Head," three years ago, that his was one of the magnetic personalities of the screen.

And may I say in closing, that charm, poise, magnetism and, above all, good breeding, are going to be the deciding factors of your New Faces contest. Beauty is secondary to these.

Sincerely,  
JOAN CLAYBORNE

Hollywood, Cal.  
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Editor:

In reference to Mr. C. H.'s (of New Orleans) contention about Mr. Ingram's production "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" which appeared in PHOTOPLAY of February 1922, I beg to say that Mr. C. H. is entirely wrong.

Julio, as the son of a Frenchman and though born in a foreign country, is not to be looked at, strictly speaking, as a foreigner, it being considered from the standpoint of the French Government, which does not officially recognize the foreign naturalization of any Frenchman, nor any of his sons. Born in a foreign country a Frenchman's son may keep on as a foreigner, but should he please to claim himself as a Frenchman, he is by this very fact registered as French, enjoying all his citizenship rights, providing he does his military duties. Therefore, Julio enlisting, was becoming a Frenchman and had to

serve in the *Régiment French Army* and not at all in the *Legion Etrangere*.

Very careful to surround himself with the required technical talent for his pictures, Mr. Ingram engaged precisely a French Non Com (myself), born in Paris and living in America since twenty years. When the war broke out I was one of the first to answer the call. As such I lived nearly three years in the trenches and was decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*. Needless to say I must know something about the uniforms worn by the French, Allied and foreign armies.

With besides ten years' practical experience in the moving picture business under masters by the names of D. W. Griffith, C. B. de Mille, and others, up to the present celebrities, I may say without any boasting that I am entitled to qualify as a technical man for certain pictures.

Trusting that you will see fit to insert the present rectification in the next copy of your very valuable magazine, with my thanks, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

EUGENE TOFFET

Assistant to Mr. Ingram, Metro Picture Corporation.

Clearwater, Fla.  
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Sir:

I have read with enthusiasm the review of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" published in the current PHOTOPLAY, and hasten to congratulate you upon it. It exactly expresses my own feelings about this picture and I am delighted that at last proper publicity is being given to this most objectionable feature.

I can only add that it is my sincere hope that others will follow your courageous example and that the picture will be withdrawn in response to public opinion.

Yours always sincerely,

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Alexandria, Va.  
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Sir:

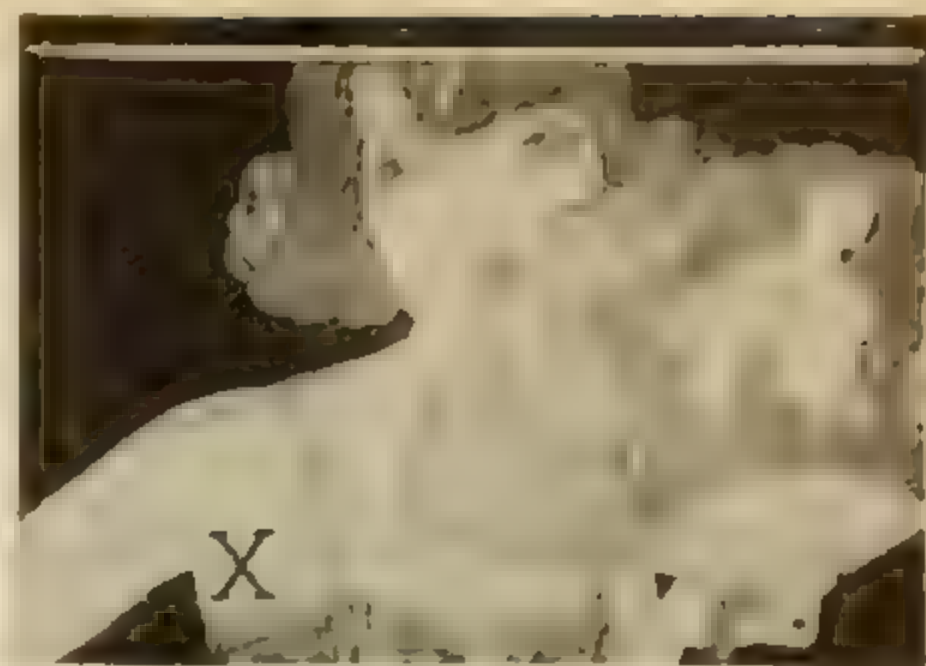
Recently I saw "Tolable David" at the Metropolitan Theatre in Washington, D. C. I thought it the greatest picture I had seen since "The Birth of a Nation." The next day I bought the February number of your magazine, hoping to find some review or appreciation of the picture. I was delighted to find your review of it on page 64 and to find that you agreed with me in thinking it a great picture, a masterpiece. I only wished that your review had been fuller, much, much fuller.

One sentence in the review struck me: "See if you can't prove to the doubting magnates that you do appreciate fine things on the screen." This had been my feeling, too, that I owed it to the makers of the picture to express my appreciation. I did not know any other way of doing it than to write them (and, of course, to tell all my friends to see the picture). So I sat down and wrote a letter to the producing company, a letter which very poorly expresses my admiration.

I hope you will publish more photographs taken from the play, more reviews of it, more appreciations, and keep writing and writing about it until everyone shall have seen the picture and recognized the greatness of it.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS VALIANT SPIER  
(Mrs. Peter A.)



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In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, your questions will be answered by mail. This department is supplementary to the fashion pages conducted by Miss Van Wyck, to be found this issue on pages 54 and 55.



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# 10 Years Ago



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Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 11 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electric, made of soft rubber, and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes, night and morning. By a gentle manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years, Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, restriction of exercise. Send generally by drug stores everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of \$5 plus \$1.00 to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (\$5.20 in all). Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed.

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### REMEMBER!

The June issue of Photoplay will be on sale on the newsstand May 15th

**LOOKING** backward into the past of the photoplay to the year of 1912 we find a curious period perfumed of the quaintness that pervades an excursion into grandmother's attic on a rainy Sunday afternoon, or an idle hour over the old plush album on Aunt Mary's black walnut whatnot in the little cottage home upstate.

**MARY PICKFORD** was an unknown little girl who had played a part in "The Warrens of Virginia" for David Belasco.

**THERE** was a director by the name of D. W. Griffith working for the Biograph Company in New York. He had some ideas about a big picture to be called "Judith of Bethulia." Biograph thought Griffith was a pretty capable man in some ways but they never advertised anybody.

**THEDA BARA**, having not yet discovered that she was born in the Egyptian desert of royal and ancient lineage, was acting in a little theater in New York's East Side.

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS** had about decided that he was not so fond of Wall Street and the study of corporation law as he had once supposed, and was heading back at a stage career.

**AN** actor by the name of Francis Xavier Bushman was beginning to be mentioned a bit.

**MARY MILES MINTER**, who was probably then, as ever since, just sixteen years old, was in a theatrical road company.

**THE** Moving Picture World, the leading trade paper of that day, remarked: "There is power in a good name and evil in a bad one. 'Nickelodeon' is dead; 'Photoplay' is being so seldom used that it may soon be forgotten."

**MISS ASTA NIELSON** burst into American fame in 1912 as the star of "Gypsy Blood," one of a series of pictures made by the Deutsches Biograph Company of Berlin.

**THE** Mutual Film Corporation was organized by a group of sessionists from the Motion Picture Sales Company, the association of "independents" then fighting the "trust" as represented by the General Film Company operating under license of the Motion Picture Patents Company. There were only two kinds of film in those days, licensed and unlicensed.

**PAUL RAINEY'S** African Hunt pictures arrived with a vast blare of publicity.

**THE** American Film Company announced: "A new version of 'Get Rich Quick Wallingford' in a subject entitled 'The Other Wise Man,' for release May 13, 1912."

**VITAGRAPH** was advertising violently, giving great space to titles and none to the names of stars, although its roster of players then included John Bunny, Florence Turner, Earle Williams and many others of equal rank.

**P. A. POWERS** captured Florence Lawrence, a Lubin player, and started to feature her as an "Independent" star.

**THE** Solax company fired a thrilling broadside at the motion picture trade with the announcement of "Fra Diavolo" in three reels, a \$25,000 production.

**ANNOUNCING** that he hoped to interest "successful writers like Richard Harding Davis, Rex Beach and other people of that sort in this new and coming field of art," William H. Clifford set forth that he would, in behalf of the Pacific Motion Picture Company, pay a royalty to authors of five dollars per print of the production issued. Mr. Clifford said that in view of the prospect of issuing as many as a hundred prints this would bring the author's reward up to maybe \$500.

**IN** seven lines of type, the coming of "Twins," for release June 18, 1912, a Thanhouser production featuring a couple of little girls, was given publicity. Some years later the Fairbanks Twins were world famous.

**THE** names of the leading producers of the day included among the "trust" or licensed members of the General Film Company: Biograph, Kalem, Lubin, Pathe, Selig, Vitagraph, Cine, Edison, and Melies; and among the "independents": Rex, Italia, Champion, Thanhouser, Gaumont, Majestic, Solax, Bison, Gem, Reliance, and Universal.

**CONSIDERING** the status of the close-up and its value in dramatic focus and accent in the motion pictures of today, regard the following comment from the columns of the Moving Picture World of April 6, 1912.

Sometime ago in the columns of the World there was voiced a polite protest against the tendency of many motion picture makers to cut the feet of the actors out of the scene. There were fond hopes hereabouts that the morsel of suggestion thus cast upon the waters would some day come back twice blessed, having blessed the sender as well as the giver. But the fond hope was not fulfilled; for, instead of following that bit of wise counsel, the film makers straightway began cutting off the figures at the knees. Nor did it end there. Things kept getting worse, until now it is a common sight to witness a photoplay the greater part of which is acted so close to the camera that the actors are seen only from the waist upwards. . . . Actors are sent to the tropics and to lands that are rugged in nature for the sake of their excellent backgrounds. When the pictures they make are thrown on the screen, the actors so completely block out the scenery that they could as well have saved their carfare and done the work at home. . . . An arrangement with the feet cut off is not a complete and harmonious whole. There is something lacking. . . .

(Concluded on page 121)



# 10 Years Ago

(Concluded from page 120)

UNIVERSAL'S players included: Lou Weber, Ethel Grandin, Anna Little, Owen Moore, King Baggot, Margareta Fischer, Marion Leonard, and John Manley.

NAT C. GOODWIN appeared in "Nathan Hale," proclaimed as "A complete show of two big reels, four colored posters, four page herald, ten original photographs."

THE Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, announces:  
A feature of features: Last Rites of the Maine and the Burial of its Dead. Perfectly photographed. Under official auspices. Special release for Wednesday, April 3rd, 1912, 1,000 feet

ESSANAY, with much flourish of black type, announced four releases for the week of April 9, 1912:  
"Broncho Billy and the Girls"—G. M. Anderson and a superb cast  
"All in the Family"—A 1,000 feet of comedy-drama.  
"Lonesome Robert"—A plot based on wireless telegraphy  
"Under Mexican Skies"—With G. M. Anderson, taken on the Mexican border.

A YOUNG fellow by the name of Adolph Zukor, who was in business with Marcus Loew, had an idea that big stage stars ought to make a hit in pictures. He wanted a license from the "Trust," but they laughed him out of the office. So he organized Famous Players and imported a foreign picture entitled "Queen Elizabeth," featuring Sarah Bernhardt.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was beginning to get across pretty well in a bit in a drunk act in an English skit called, "A Night in a Music Hall." He had funny feet and baggy pants.

SAMUEL L. ROTHAPPEL, a young showman, was making something of a sensation by insisting that the motion picture was an entertainment for our best people, demonstrating his theories at the Lyric in Minneapolis.

## Backing the Bobbers

THE bobbed hair brigade has come in for a lot of criticism ever since it organized. But now that it is going down in defeat before newer coiffures, several emments are rushing to its rescue. Among them, the distinguished artist, Augustus John

"What objection could there possibly be to bobbed hair?" he asks. "Personally, I think it is convenient and not at all objectionable when worn by the right person. What kind of head should the right person possess? Ah! that is impossible for me to define."

You have to trust to luck. But you never saw a bobbed-hair girl whose shorn coiffure was not becoming, did you?

ROBINSON: "It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?"

Brown: "Oh, I shan't say much, you know. 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—Tit-Bits.

IN Massachusetts a man who speaks ten tongues has just married a woman who speaks seven.

We are betting on the lady Philadelphia Public Ledger.



And now cover a cure for bothersome SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and thus destroys the growth without electricity. Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it leaves the skin soft and smooth. Guaranteed not to harm even the most delicate skin. Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods for ZIP. Avoid imitations.

Which of the three types of superfluous hair have you? Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you, or call at my salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION

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The ideal liquid deodorant—Cannot stain, harmless, 50c  
Also MADAME BERTHE'S  
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Madame Berthe's Specialist

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The man who marries a good time woman, knowing that he is not personally in control, the worst crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some sweet innocent girl is trusting in your honor. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. The way leads happiness to you. Get cheer up—I can help you. STRONGFORTISM—The modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidence, at 3000 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa. to help you. Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy. It's a health-boosting and life-saving. Send for it Right Now.

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Physical and Health Specialist

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## Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 90)

**QUIZ, NEWPORT NEWS.**—It may be true that hundreds of elephants go to make piano keys. But they don't go of their own free will. Albert Roscoe in "Cleopatra" and "City of Comrades." He is six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has brown eyes and black hair, and may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. He is married. Jerome Patrick played *Adrian Maitland* in "Her First Elopement."

**VIRGINIA**—Rudolph Valentino? I really don't know whom you mean. In case you're referring to the Latin lover known as Signor Rudolf Valentino, I'll tell you he is divorced from Jean Acker and reported to be engaged to Natalya Rombova. (Please don't be too hard on me if I've got the latter lady's name wrong. Cal York is out right now, and he's the only one I trust for things like that.)

**E. W. K.**—Bessie Love? Yes, yes—boy, page Miss Love! Why, she's playing an Oriental maiden in "The Vermilion Pencil," Sessue Hayakawa's latest screen adventure. Bessie has sort of dropped out recently. Remember those dear old days when she was "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," and D. W. Griffith was predicting for her a future as bright as any screen child's?

**M. H., SEATTLE.**—I went to visit the American Museum of Natural History the other day. (I say I went to visit, not to stay.) It always renews my faith in human nature to look at the extinct dodo birds and dinosaur(?) and things. Charles Ray is married to Cora Grant. She was an extra girl once. Charles is now his own director, scenario writer, I believe, and star. Must keep him pretty busy. Constance Talmadge is obtaining a divorce from John Pralogo.

**JAMES W. JOHNSTON, AKRON, OHIO.**—I am overwhelmed. Positively you have saved my day—and many other days, if can only hold the thought you express in your letter. Understand, I don't hand myself all those bouquets, but I like to smile 'em, anyway. Come up to see me whenever you are in Manhattan; I'll be really glad to see you. If I had a wife she wouldn't mind the letters I receive from the fair. She'd be too sensible. (This may lead you to some philosophical observation as to why I'm still single.) Charles Ray makes his own pictures for First National now.

**PRC**—So you saw Lillian and Dorothy Gish in person at the opening of "Orphan of the Storm," and think they're just as nice as they look in pictures? Well, you're right they are. Lillian is a very delightful young woman, with much intelligence and humor and Dorothy is a lovable and lovely child. You see, I've known her a long time, and in spite of the fact that she is Mrs. Renny and very much grown-up and all, I feel still have the right to a fatherly "child once in a while. Dorothy Dalton has bobbed her hair. She is in "Moran of the Lady Letty" with Valentino and is making a new Paramount picture.

**MISS HUGHES**—Some film star may have neglected to write you a three page personal letter at one time. That's the only reason. I can assign for your gloomy disposition. I can't help you and I can't answer you because you see my own disposition is so unfailingly charming, so beautifully cheerful. I don't feel that we are in the same class at all. (Chorus of protests: "Who does he think he is, anyway?" "Where does he get that good disposition stuff?")



You may have heard how awfully temperamental these film stars can be. Disliking to disappoint, it is nevertheless our duty to show you Pauline Starke and Alice Calhoun, both working on the same Vitagraph lot, sharing the same box of candy—and still smiling





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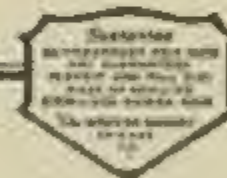
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